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AN INTRODUCTION  
TO  
THE STUDY OF  
ENGLISH LITERATURE;

COMPRISING REPRESENTATIVE MASTERPIECES IN POETRY AND  
PROSE, MARKING THE SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF ITS GROWTH,  
AND A METHODICAL EXPOSITION OF THE GOVERNING  
PRINCIPLES AND GENERAL FORMS, BOTH OF THE  
LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE; WITH CO-  
PIOUS NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS-  
GLOSSARY, AND CHRONOLOGY,  
DESIGNED FOR SYSTEM,  
ATIC STUDY.

BY

HENRY N. DAY,

AUTHOR OF "LOGIC," "ART OF COMPOSITION," "ART OF DISCOURSE," "RHETORICAL  
PRAXIS," "AMERICAN SPELLER," ETC.



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## PREFACE.

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It is a most gratifying sign of progress in our educational pursuits that the study of our vernacular language and literature is receiving such increasing attention and favor. Such an exclusion from our courses of instruction of the study of English as has prevailed heretofore, cannot be vindicated on any ground except that of the want of the needful helps and guides. Happily this want has been responded to by numerous and able contributors both to linguistic science generally and also to the proper knowledge of the English tongue. There is ample reason for believing not only that the chief aim and object in education — the quickening and shaping and starting in fixed habit the various faculties and capacities of the mind — may be best effected by the introduction of English into the course, but also that even the particular ends of classical studies may most fully and easily be attained by it. The light that the learner may gather from a short study of his vernacular will dissipate a great deal of obscurity, through which without such help he can but grope with much trouble, and perplexity, and hindrance.

The numerous text-books in English literature that have been within the last four years called forth by the growing interest in the study, are chiefly of two classes: one class consisting of brief selections accompanied with brief biographical sketches of authors, and presented in chronological order; the other class being characteristically histories of authorship in English. There seems to be wanting still a manual that shall introduce the learner to the literature itself as a growth. In order to this it is necessary to take specimens of our literature at certain marked stages of its growth, and as represented in its best forms by the best writers. Further, not mere fragments of poems or of prose discourses, comprising but a few verses or a few paragraphs, but entire artistic products, so far as practicable, must be presented. Still further, no worthy study of our literature as an historic growth is possible except as it is investigated in its proper form and style belonging to it at the time of its production. Modernized forms of it only mislead and hinder. Moreover, as the great objection to the study of English literature has been that it has no plan, no method; as system is necessary which shall further the great disciplinary ends of education, and particularly shall give the learner possession of the principles which have presided over the growth and shaping of our language and literature, and of the general facts in regard to its manifold forms, so that he may appreciate its true excellences, understand its apparent anomalies, and so



reduce them to rule and be prepared to prosecute his studies as well as guide his selections in the reading to be incidentally pursued in subsequent life, it is necessary to refer the learner all along to the elements of our literature, that by the study of single words, of single sentences, of single poems or discourses, he may gradually come to a methodical and familiar acquaintance with all the characteristic phenomena of our language and literature.

Such is accordingly the motive to the preparation of this new text-book, and such its design and plan. The book consists of two parts. In the first part, after a chapter on the origin and affinities of our language, selections preceded by brief biographical or historical notices are given from our greatest authors, those conceived to be the best representatives of our literature at the special stage of its growth when they wrote. As far as possible complete poems, or large extracts are presented, so that they may be studied in respect to the thought, its character and form, and also æsthetically as complete artistic products. These selections are followed by copious notes, etymological, grammatical, historical, and æsthetical, referring all along to the systematic presentation of the elements of our language and literature which constitute the second part. The selections are given in the orthographical form of the original editions so far as has been practicable ; as there can be no satisfactory study of the orthographical peculiarities of our language without such an historic

study of the changes in the forms of our words. A special care has accordingly been taken to obtain a reprint from the best accessible editions ; and where it has seemed important, a careful collation has been made with other editions of established reputation. In this connection grateful acknowledgment should be made of the courteous permission expressly accorded by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, publishers of the works of Professor Longfellow, to insert the selections from " Hiawatha."

The second part presents our language and literature in their elements in systematic order. Here are exhibited the principles governing the rise and formation of language ; of English orthoëpy, orthography, syllabication, word-formation, and of poetic forms in English ; the growth of our literature, also, in its several departments of oratory, history, scientific discourse, fiction, the drama, and poetry, with notice of leading authors in each department separately in their chronological succession.

The endeavor has been, while directing the study to the literature itself and not to a history of authorship, so to present the subject that it can be studied in specially assigned lessons, with a clear understanding of what is to be done in preparing the lesson, as in our common text-books in classical literature. Here has lain the chief difficulty in directing the study hitherto ; the learner has not known what he is to do in the study, or if he may have conjectured this or that thing

as the proper thing to be done, the needful aids were wanting. And there was no system. He might study out this or that word ; this or that peculiarity in sentence-construction ; this or that rhetorical figure ; this or that poetical form ; this or that historic or æsthetic element. But this gathering of scattered, isolated parts with no eye to system, to order, or to completeness, is of as little profit as of satisfaction. Study to be of service must be definite and must be comprehensive ; must know its road and see that it leads through to the end of the science.

In the study of the parallel versions of a portion of the Bible, an initiation is afforded into the etymology of the language. The individual word, in its history, its affinities, its form, its meaning and use, may be studied by the help of the Notes and the Glossary. It is thought that the student will be made to such a degree conversant with this branch of study, that he will not only be able, but will be prompted to study out afterwards any word that may occur, having the needful helps, just as the young botanist, after the analysis of a few scores or at least a few hundreds of flowers, is qualified to analyze any plant that may offer. This etymological study may be continued in the subsequent selections at pleasure ; but it has not been deemed necessary to work out for the student every word that occurs, but only such as for some reason invited special attention. There are in fact several distinct ends to be prosecuted in a study of literature which may advantage-

ously be pursued, for a time at least, separately and successively. Thus the etymology, the history of the word-forms, may be exclusively studied at the outset ; then the grammatical features, the elements of the sentence, may be attended to ; then the rhetorical elements ; then the more general historical and biographical as well as æsthetic characteristics. In this way method and completeness, and thus satisfaction and profit, will be secured in the study.

NEW HAVEN, *September*, 1868.



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## ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THIS WORK.

<i>adj.</i> . . . . .	stands for adjective.	<i>Ir.</i> . . . . .	stands for Irish.
<i>act.</i> . . . . .	active.	<i>Ital.</i> . . . . .	Italian.
<i>A.-S.</i> . . . . .	Anglo-Saxon.	<i>Lat.</i> . . . . .	Latin.
<i>aug.</i> . . . . .	augmentative.	<i>m., masc.</i> . . . . .	masculine.
<i>aux.</i> . . . . .	auxiliary.	<i>mid.</i> . . . . .	middle.
<i>cf.</i> . . . . .	compare.	<i>n.</i> . . . . .	noun, note.
<i>Ch.</i> . . . . .	Chaucer.	<i>neut.</i> . . . . .	neuter.
<i>comp.</i> . . . . .	compound.	<i>N. F.</i> . . . . .	Norman French.
<i>compar.</i> . . . . .	comparative.	<i>nom.</i> . . . . .	nominative.
<i>conj.</i> . . . . .	conjunction.	<i>O. Eng.</i> . . . . .	Old English.
<i>C. T.</i> . . . . .	Canterbury Tales.	<i>obj.</i> . . . . .	objective.
<i>D.</i> . . . . .	Dutch.	<i>P. L.</i> . . . . .	Paradise Lost.
<i>Dan.</i> . . . . .	Danish.	<i>part.</i> . . . . .	participle.
<i>dat.</i> . . . . .	dative.	<i>pass.</i> . . . . .	passive.
<i>def.</i> . . . . .	definitive.	<i>pers.</i> . . . . .	person.
<i>dem.</i> . . . . .	demonstrative.	<i>plu</i> . . . . .	plural.
<i>der.</i> . . . . .	derived, derivative.	<i>poet.</i> . . . . .	poetical.
<i>dim.</i> . . . . .	diminutive.	<i>pos.</i> . . . . .	possessive.
<i>e. g.</i> . . . . .	for example.	<i>prep.</i> . . . . .	preposition.
<i>Eng.</i> . . . . .	England, English.	<i>pres.</i> . . . . .	present.
<i>F. Q.</i> . . . . .	Faerie Queene.	<i>pret.</i> . . . . .	preterit.
<i>fem.</i> . . . . .	feminine.	<i>pron.</i> . . . . .	pronoun.
<i>freq.</i> . . . . .	frequentative.	<i>q. v.</i> . . . . .	which see.
<i>fut.</i> . . . . .	future.	<i>R. L.</i> . . . . .	Rape of the Lock.
<i>gen.</i> . . . . .	genitive	<i>S. A.</i> . . . . .	Samson Agonistes.
<i>Ger.</i> . . . . .	German.	<i>Sans.</i> . . . . .	Sanskrit.
<i>Gloss.</i> . . . . .	Glossary.	<i>Sax.</i> . . . . .	Saxon.
<i>Goth.</i> . . . . .	Gothic.	<i>sing.</i> . . . . .	singular.
<i>Gr.</i> . . . . .	Greek.	<i>Sp.</i> . . . . .	Spanish.
<i>Heb.</i> . . . . .	Hebrew.	<i>sup.</i> . . . . .	superlative.
<i>i. e.</i> . . . . .	that is.	<i>syn.</i> . . . . .	synonym.
<i>imp.</i> . . . . .	imperative.	<i>term.</i> . . . . .	termination.
<i>imperf.</i> . . . . .	imperfect.	<i>v.</i> . . . . .	verb.
<i>ind.</i> . . . . .	indicative.	<i>v. n.</i> . . . . .	verbal noun.
<i>inf.</i> . . . . .	infinitive.	<i>v. i.</i> . . . . .	verb intransitive.
<i>int.</i> . . . . .	interjection.	<i>v. t.</i> . . . . .	verb transitive.
<i>i. q.</i> . . . . .	the same as.	<i>ver.</i> . . . . .	verse.



# ENGLISH LITERATURE.

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## PART I.

### HISTORY AND SELECTIONS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### ORIGIN AND AFFINITIES.

1. THE most advanced investigations of philological science significantly point to an original unity of race and of language; and the Biblical narrative of the dispersion of the human family, and of the contemporaneous confusion of human speech, is the most trustworthy theory of race and dialect that the science of language and of literature, at its present stage, can propose to itself.

According to that narrative, a few centuries after the Deluge, the race of man, that up to that time had been kept together in the use of the same language, broke asunder, to seek in families or in larger tribal communities separate abodes for themselves, and in the separation framed to themselves separate dialects. This was the great historical epoch of the dispersion of the race and of the confusion of speech.

Whatever may have been the particular dialect spoken before the dispersion, whether more or less developed, it was among the necessities of things that, in a few cen-

turies, or even in a few generations, possibly in a single century, there should be a diversity of dialects which would be hardly intelligible beyond the respective families or tribes that spoke them. Small roving bands, scattering themselves over the unoccupied earth, with few wants to express, with no literature, no laws, no government, no social organization but that of the family, with no arts, dwelling in tents, in cabins, or in caves, could have had but the most meager vocabularies, and the rudest forms of speech. Moreover, even if the original speech had been as highly developed and inflected as the family of the Hebrew dialects, it could not but be that in a few generations, in such roving communities ever coming into collision with other similar migratory bands, the inflectional elements, together with all the formative words which are used to show the relations of thought, would fall away, and language would lapse to its primitive stock of root-words denoting only objects, with perhaps the common sign of negation, and the few pronominal elements. In communities, especially, of but little intellectual activity, this would be inevitably the result; while families or tribes characterized by great activity of thought in social directions, by enterprise, by inventive or poetic genius, might develop, in brief periods of time, dialects of great richness in number of words, and also in formative elements.

Such was the condition of the race, and of its speech, in the period just preceding the dawn of history. The race was migratory; the speech was diversified.

2. The migrations of the human family were, under general and diverse providential promptings, yet controlled by the affinities of descent and blood.

The descendants of Shem spread themselves over the extensive plains drained by the Euphrates and the Tigris, and passed over southwardly into Arabia, and westwardly into Syria.

The descendants of Ham occupied territories along the

Persian Gulf and in Southern Arabia, and also the southern coasts of the Levant, with Egypt and Ethiopia.

The descendants of Japheth, in one division, occupied Armenia, and the coasts of the Euxine. In another they moved southeasterly over into Media, and thence down into Hindostan. In other divisions still, they moved westwardly to the coasts and islands of the *Ægean*, and northwardly spread over the higher latitudes of Asia and of Europe. This branch of the descendants of Noah, choosing the less inviting regions, and the less propitious climates of the earth, scattered themselves the most widely, and became incomparably the most numerous of the three original branches, and most diversified in their speech. The great mass of the earth's inhabitants are descendants of Japheth; the great body of human dialects are Japhetic. Of Japhetic descent are the most elevated and also the most degraded portions of the race, as the most squalid poverty, the greatest ignorance, and the basest vice are found in closest proximity with the greatest affluence, the most advanced culture, and the highest refinement.

3. Human speech originates in the instinct divinely implanted in man's nature to communicate thought. The internal principle, the life of speech, is thought, not feeling, not purpose; and not mere thought, but thought that is to be communicated. While language proceeds from thought, it proceeds only in forms that can be understood in common by him that speaks, and by him that is spoken to. A primary and indispensable condition of the rise of speech is this: that the thought be expressed in a sound that shall be identified with the thought in the minds of both speaker and hearer.

This sound, which shall be the symbol of the thought to be communicated, may, in some cases, be identified with it, by its being the natural expression of the thought. The root of the word *horror*, the elements of which are the rough breathing and the vibrant *r* connected by a related

vowel, might easily symbolize the feeling of cold, of fear, and like sensations and emotions, when such a feeling happened to modify and characterize the thought to be communicated. From this partial fact, *the interjectional theory* of the origin of language has proceeded. See Part II., Chap. I., § 9.

The object thought may be identified with the sound also through the resemblance of the sound to that which may be given out, or occasioned in some way by the object. Many attributes are symbolized through this mode of identification, as *caw*, *coo*, *bark*, *yelp*, *whistle*, *creak*, etc., suggest the objects which give forth sounds resembling these vocal utterances. From this partial fact another theory of the origin of speech has arisen, called the *imitative*, or so-called *onomatopoetic theory*.

The object thought may, further, be identified with the sound through some accidental association with it in time and place. Or still further, a visible object already named may be identified in some way with the thought to be expressed. *Rock* comes to denote thus, shelter from heat or storm, protection, security, and the like. So other senses furnish their respective symbols of objects. And generally through identification, in some way more or less direct, of the thought with the sound, in the common experience of speaker and hearer, all language comes to be.

4. The first words were doubtless names of objects, which were either subjects or attributes. A very common name of *father*, is a syllable composed of a *p*, *b*, *m*, or other labial consonant, and the vowel *a*. The child bestows that sound on its parent as a seen and known concrete being, without necessary reference to any one attribute. Or some attribute of the object may be in the thought, and the word is provided to denote that; *man* may have come from the already thought and named attribute expressed by that sound — *minding* or *thinking*.

As all language contains, besides the proper pronominal



elements, two others — the object or matter which is thought, and the thinking element itself, in the early stages of speech only the former of these two elements, the matter, finds distinct expression ; the second element, the thought, is left to the hearer to supply. The copula is not expressed even in highly developed languages, unless emphasized ; it is still wanting in the Chinese. The relations of objects in thought, and generally all the so-called formative elements, whether those of inflection or separate words, as conjunctions and prepositions, find expression only later in the progress of language. The order is : first, the matter thought is named ; afterwards the forms of thought itself obtain distinct verbal expression. The sign of negation, however, comes very early, and from necessity, into language ; not improbably is the first form for expressing a modification of the thought itself, as distinguished from the object of thought, or that of which we think. The first and lowest, and the most essential modification of thought, of a judgment, or assertion, is that which distinguishes a negative from an affirmative. The positive assertion needs no sign ; *Numa rex* means *Numa is king*. The negative assertion requires a sign.

There is a third class of elements, distinct from the two mentioned, which came very early into language — not improbably the third in order of appearance. They are those which express the distinctions of *persons*, as speaking, spoken to, and spoken of — the so-called *pronominal* elements. The articulate sounds taken to represent these distinctions are the same in languages otherwise most widely separated from one another.

5. Language, primitively, was in all probability chiefly monosyllabic. Such we should suppose, beforehand, would be the case ; the thought would be symbolized in the simplest sound. The words in some of the least developed existing languages are of one syllable. But that dissyllabic words should occasionally be introduced is not at all improbable

in itself; and some of the ruder languages, as the Finnish, have dissyllabic roots.

The first noticeable step in the progress of language would be by the combination of these primitive monosyllables to express some modifications, either of property or relation. Thus, in Hungarian, *kes* means *knife*, *em* the person speaking; *kes-em* denotes *my knife* (= *knife-me*); *nek* means *to*, and *kes-em-nek*, *to my knife*. Here three separable words are joined together under one accent; but the roots are kept distinct in every combination, and the relation between them is not signified otherwise than by the mere union under the accent. As languages of the former class are called *Monosyllabic*, those of this class are called *Agglutinative*.

The third and last step is reached when an element is introduced to denote the relation or condition generally, and to be applied to all roots that admit the relation, as in the Latin *cultellus meus*, *my knife*, the *us* in *meus* expresses the kind of relation between the root *me* and *knife*. Languages using freely such forms are called *Inflectional*.

Linguistic science accordingly distributes languages into the three classes according as they are more characteristically monosyllabic without accentuated combinations, or with such accentuated combinations without proper inflections, or lastly inflectional. It must not be supposed, however, that any language actually exists which is purely monosyllabic or uninflectional, or that any inflectional language has not words formed as in the agglutinative dialects by mere combination of separable roots. See, for a fuller view of the subject of this section, Part II., Chap. I.

6. Of the Inflectional class of languages, those of Japhetic origin, called the Indo-European, have been gathered into one family, as they exhibit many signs of a close affinity. The family, distributed in respect to geographical locality, includes in the Eastern Division, (1.) the *Sanskrit*, with its kindred Indian dialects, and (2.) the *Iranian* in

Persia, Armenia, etc.; and in the Western Division, (1.) the *Greek*; (2.) the *Illyrian* in Albania; (3.) the *Italic*, embracing the Latin, and the languages of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France; (4.) the *Celtic*, embracing the Cymric or Welsh and the Gaelic in Scotland and Ireland; (5.) the *Slavic*, including the Lithuanian; and (6.) the *Teutonic*, embracing the three groups of the *High German*; the *Low German* or languages of England, Holland, Friesland, and the north of Germany; and the *Scandinavian*, or the languages of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.

The Semitic are generally inflected, but in different degrees in the different dialects; in none however so fully as in some Japhetic languages. The Hamitic, so far as represented in the old Egyptian, is somewhat less perfectly and fully inflected than the Semitic. The Japhetic family includes the most fully inflected dialects and also the purest monosyllabic tongues, the richest and the rudest and all intermediate gradations of dialects.

It is a significant fact bearing on the question of the original unity of languages, and thus of the original unity of the race, as also on the chronology of ancient peoples and their affinities, that the earliest known dialects in the three great divisions of the race, the Hebrew dialect of the Semitic, the old Egyptian of the Hamitic, and the Celtic of the Japhetic division, in the first place, are inflected; in the second place, are inflected only to a like limited extent; in the third place, have their inflections formed in leading particulars in the same way, as, for instance, having pronominal suffixes for personal inflections of verbs; and finally, have similar sounds for the sign of negation, and for the pronominal elements. In connection with this very remarkable coincidence in the three earliest dialects of which we have any knowledge, should be considered for the better understanding of the history of the rise and changes of dialects, the well established facts that, on the one hand, a given monosyllabic dialect may, under favoring conditions, in a

brief period be made a highly inflected language, and that on the other hand, a highly inflected dialect may also, in a brief period, wear off its inflectional elements and become characteristically monosyllabic. Either of these transformations may in rude migratory tribes be consummated in the course of several generations of men.

7. The English language belongs to the Teutonic branch of the Indo-European family, and to the Low German division of the Teutonic branch. It is hence closely allied to the dialects of Holland and of Friesland, but from the peculiarities in the condition of the people among whom it has had its growth, it is marked by very distinctive characteristics. As various tribes or peoples speaking various dialects have been brought into communication with one another in England, the modern English tongue has received its shape and character from divers sources.

8. The earliest inhabitants of England, so far as known, were of the Gomic or Celtic family. The Celtic dialect being the least developed of the Indo-European family, that is, having its formative or grammatical elements which express the relations of the thought least developed, it has left no traceable effect on the language in its grammatical character; and the modern vocabulary contains but few words of well established Celtic origin except names of places, rivers, men, etc. *Pen* in Welsh and *Ben* in Gaelic was the Celtic word for hill or mountain; we have hence the familiar names *Pen-rose*, *Pen-zance*, *Pen-dennis*, *Ben Lomond*, *Ben Nevis*, etc. *Aber* meant *mouth*; hence *Aberdeen* (= a mouth of the Dee). *Wans-beck-water*, is made up of three words of different sources, all signifying *water*, the first being Celtic, the second Saxon. Most names of mountains and of rivers in England are Celtic. In names of men, *O'*, *Mac*, and *Ap*, are Erse, Gaelic, and Welsh respectively, signifying *son* or *descendant*; we have thus the names of *O'Connell*, *Macaulay*, *Ap Richard*, now *Prichard*, *Ap Owen*, now *Bowen*.



It is claimed with much plausibility by a late critic that the English literature owes its proper æsthetic spirit — its element of style by which it is distinguished from its kindred Teutonic literatures — to the Celts.

9. In the year 55 B. C., the Romans under Julius Cæsar invaded Britain, and followed up their invasion till, under Agricola, they subjugated all the southern part of Great Britain beyond the Forth, together with the Orkney Islands. They made little impression on the language, however, and early in the fifth century they were driven out of the island. They occupied fortified places and have left traces of their tongue in names of places, as *Colchester*, a compound of Lat. *colonia* and *castrum*; *Stratton* (= street-town), from Lat. *stratum*. In subsequent times the Latin tongue won its way into England through the learned professions of the church and of the law, and the rites and forms which religion and civil polity thus introduced.

10. About the middle of the fifth century commenced the invasions of Britain by the Teutonic tribes. The Jutes led the way; they were followed by the Saxons and Angles, and still others from the neighboring islands and coasts of the continent. These invaders from Low German and Scandinavian tribes gradually supplanted the ancient Britons, and mingling together in modes and times to a great extent beyond the reach of historic research, introduced a new speech, the vocabulary of which was derived from sources as diverse as the origins of the invading bands, and the grammatical structure of which was heterogeneous and peculiar. The Angles and the Saxons predominating, the resulting language was known as the Anglo-Saxon. It is the proper ground-form and germ of the modern English. But it was subject to the conditions of growth imposed upon it by the growth and destiny of those who used it. It became, in fact, subject to very remarkable influences determining its growth and character.

11. In the ninth century the Northmen from Denmark

and Norway, of Scandinavian race, began their invasions of Britain, and in 1016, under Canute, achieved the sovereignty of England. They brought in a new element and a new force into the language, affecting, to some extent, its vocabulary and its grammatical forms, but without destroying the general identity of the dialect. Some new words were brought in; and the tendency to drop inflections, ever attending the mingling of dialects, was considerably strengthened. Words and roots, as well as grammatical forms, common to the Saxon and Scandinavian, were naturally more in use and so became more permanent and fixed in the growing language.

12. In 1066 took place the conquest of England by the Northmen under William the Conqueror, marking a new epoch in the formation of the language. The Northmen, branches of the same vigorous stock that had gained sway in Denmark and Norway and thence passed to the conquest of England, had pressed also into France, and firmly seated themselves there. They did not uproot the language spoken by the conquered inhabitants, which was a derivative of the Latin; but the vocabulary retained to a great extent its integrity, receiving, however, many new words from the conquering race, and the inflectional character gave way, as everywhere, before the abrading force of colliding dialects. This gothicized Latin, the Norman French, became the dialect of the court of the conqueror in England, and was used in the framing of the laws and generally in the administrative life of the people, while the old dialect of the conquered people remained in the departments of more private life.

From the fusion of these various peoples and dialects arose, in the progress of time, the proper English language. It attained full age with fixed and peculiar characteristics in that noble literature to which the latter half of the fourteenth century gave birth — the age of Langlande, Mandeville, Wycliffe, Chaucer, and Gower.

## CHAPTER II.

### REPRESENTATIVE SELECTIONS.

#### 1. VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

**THE** first translation of the entire Scriptures into the English language was made by John Wycliffe or Wiclif, who was born in Yorkshire in 1324, and died December 31st, 1384. His translation of the Bible was made from the Vulgate near the close of his life. As this was about half a century before the introduction of the art of printing, the publication could be effected only by public readings and by manuscript copies.

The first translation of the whole Bible from the original Hebrew and Greek was made by William Tyndale, born in Yorkshire probably in 1484, and executed in Brabant, October 6th, 1536. It was first printed at Worms in 1525. The selection here given is from a revision by himself in 1534.

The Geneva version was made by Miles Coverdale and others, fugitives from England during the reign of Queen Mary. The New Testament was printed in Geneva in 1577; the whole Bible appeared in 1560.

The authorized, or King James' version, was first printed in 1611. This version was made under the direction of the king, by forty-seven learned men, meeting in six different companies, two in Oxford, two in Cambridge, and two in Westminster. The Bible, including the Apocrypha, was divided into six parts, and one part given to a company, each member of which prepared a translation of the entire part. After the translations of these several parts had been compared in each company, the approved version was sent to each of the other five companies to be corrected; and finally the whole was revised by a committee of twelve men from the whole body of translators.

The language of this last version, it should be remarked, is more antique than that of the age in which it dates. The translators were expressly instructed by the king to follow the ordinary Bible read in the churches, called the Bishops' Bible, as closely as the original would admit. "The old ecclesiastical words were to be kept, as the word *church* was not to be translated *congregation*." Moreover, Tyndale's, Coverdale's, Matthew's, Cranmer's, and the Geneva translations were to be used when they agree better with the text than the Bishops' Bible. Words, phrases, forms of sentences which had become antiquated in common use, were thus readily retained. Indeed, many of these obsolete expressions were held in a kind of reverence which would prevent unnecessary change.

Of these translations, Matthew's appeared in 1537; Cranmer's, styled *The Great Bible*, in 1539; *The Bishops' Bible*, in 1568.

Besides these versions of the Scriptures into English, may be mentioned the Douay Bible, of which the New Testament part was printed at Rheims, in 1582, and the Old Testament part at Douay, in 1609-10.

The selections here presented are copied immediately from the English Hexapla, published by Samuel Bagster & Sons, London.

## VERSIONS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

WYCLIFFE—1380.

JOHN 14. <sup>1</sup> BE not ȝoure herte affraied : ne drede it, ȝe bileuen in god : and bileue ȝe in me, <sup>2</sup> in the hous of my fadir, ben many dwellyngis, if ony thing lasse I hadde seid to ȝou,

<sup>3</sup> for I go to make redi to ȝou a place, and if I go and make redi to ȝou a place, eftsone I come and I schal take ȝou to my silf, that where I am : ȝe be,

<sup>4</sup> and whidir I go ȝe witen : and ȝe witen the wey, <sup>5</sup> thomas seith to hym, lord we witen not whidir thou goist, and hou moun we wite the weie,

<sup>6</sup> ihesus seith to him, I am weye truthe and liif, no man cometh to the fadir : but bi me, <sup>7</sup> if ȝe hadden knowe me : sothli e hadden knowe also my fadir, and aftirwarde ȝe schuln knowe him, and ȝe han seen hym.

<sup>8</sup> Filip seith to him, lord schewe to us the fadir : and it sufficith to us, <sup>9</sup> ihesus seith to hym, so long tyme I am with ȝou : and han ȝe not knowen me ? Filip, he that seeth me : seeth also the fadir, hou seist thou : schewe to us the fadir, <sup>10</sup> bileuest thou not : that I am in the fadir and the fadir is in me, the wordis that I speke to ȝou, I speke not

TYNDALE—1534.

14. <sup>1</sup> AND he sayd vnto his disciples : Let not youre herte be troubled. Beleve in god and beleve in me. <sup>2</sup> In my fathers housse are many mansions. If it were not so, I wolde have tolde you. I go to prepare a place for you. <sup>3</sup> And yf I go to prepare a place for you, I will come agayne, and receave you even vnto my selfe, that where I am, there maye ye be also. <sup>4</sup> And whither I go ye knowe, and the waye ye knowe.

<sup>5</sup> Thomas sayde vnto him : Lorde we knowe not whyther thou goest. Also how is it possible for vs to knowe the waye ? <sup>6</sup> Iesus sayd vnto him : I am the waye, the truthe and the life. And no man commeth vnto the father, but by me. <sup>7</sup> Yf ye had knowen me, ye had knowen my father also. And now ye knowe him, and have sene him.

<sup>8</sup> Philip sayd vnto him : Lorde shew vs the father, and it suffiseth vs. <sup>9</sup> Iesus sayde vnto him : have I bene so longe tyme with you : and yet hast thou not knowen me ? Philip, he that hath sene me, hath sene the father. And how sayest thou then : shew vs the father ? <sup>10</sup> Belevest thou not that I am in the father, and the father in me ? The wordes that I speake vnto you, I speake

GENEVA — 1557.

14. AND he sayd vnto his disciples, Let not your hart be troubled. ye beleue in God: beleue also in me. <sup>2</sup>In my Fathers house are many dwelling places: if it were not so, I would haue tolde you: I go to prepare a place for you. <sup>3</sup>And if I go to prepare a place for you, I wil come againe, and receaue you, euen vnto my selfe: that where I am, there may ye be also. <sup>4</sup>And whyther I go ye knowe, and the way ye knowe. <sup>5</sup>Thomas sayd vnto hym, Lord we know not whither thou goest: how then is it possible for vs to knowe the way? <sup>6</sup>Iesus sayd vnto hym, I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh vnto the Father, but by me. <sup>7</sup>If ye had knowen me, ye sholde haue knowen my Father also, and euen now ye knowe him, and haue sene hym.

<sup>8</sup>Philip sayd vnto him, Lord shewe vs thy Father, and it suffiseth vs. <sup>9</sup>Iesus sayd vnto hym, Haue I bene so longe tyme with you, and yet hast thou not knowen me? Philip, he that hath sene me, hath sene my Father: how then sayest thou, Shewe vs thy Father? <sup>10</sup>Beleuest thou not, that I am in my Father, and my Father in me? The wordes that I speake vnto you, I speake not of my selfe:

AUTHORIZED — 1611.

14. Let not your heart be troubled: yee beleue in God, beleue also in me. <sup>2</sup>In my Fathers house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would haue told you: I goe to prepare a place for you. <sup>3</sup>And if I goe and prepare a place for you, I will come againe, and receiue you vnto my selfe, that where I am, there ye may be also. <sup>4</sup>And whither I goe yee know, and the way ye know. <sup>5</sup>Thomas saith vnto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest: and how can we know the way?

<sup>6</sup>Iesus saith vnto him, I am the Way, the Trueth, and the Life: no man commeth vnto the Father but by mee. <sup>7</sup>If yee had knowen me, ye should haue knowen my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and haue seene him. <sup>8</sup>Philip sayth vnto him, Lord, shew vs the Father, and it sufficeth vs.

<sup>9</sup>Iesus saith vnto him, Haue I bin so long time with you, and yet hast thou not knowen me, Philip? he that hath seene me, hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou then, Shew vs the Father? <sup>10</sup>Beleeuest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speake vnto you, I speak not of my selfe



WYCLIFFE — 1380.

of my self: but the fadir hym  
sif dwelling in me, doith the  
werkis, <sup>11</sup> bileue 3e not that I  
am in the fadir: and the fadir  
is in me? ellis: bileue 3e for  
thilke werkis, <sup>12</sup> truli truli I  
seye to 3ou, if a man bileueth  
in me: also he schal do the  
werkis that I do, and he schal do  
gretter werkis thanne these, for  
I go to the fadir, <sup>13</sup> and what  
euer thing 3e axen the fadir in  
my name: I schal do this thing,  
that the fadir be glorified in the  
sone,

<sup>14</sup> if 3e axen any thing in my  
name, I schal do it. <sup>15</sup> if 3e  
louen me keepe 3e my comaundementis, <sup>16</sup> and I schal  
preie the fadir: & he schal 3eue  
to 3ou another counfortour the  
spirit of truthe, to dwelle with  
3ou with outen ende, <sup>17</sup> whiche  
spirit the world may not take,  
for it seeth hym not, nether  
knowith hym, but 3e schuln  
knowe hym: for he schal dwelle  
with 3ou, and he schal be in 3ou,  
<sup>18</sup> I schal not leue 3ou fadirles:  
I schal come to you,

<sup>19</sup> 3it a litil and the world seeth  
not now me, but 3e schuln se  
me: for I lyue and 3e schulen  
lyue, <sup>20</sup> in that day 3e schulen  
knowe that I am in my fadir,  
and 3e in me, and I in 3ou, <sup>21</sup> he  
that hath my comaundementis &

TYNDALE — 1534.

not of my selfe: but the father  
that dwelleth in me, is he that  
doeth the workes. <sup>11</sup> Beleve  
me; that I am [in] the father  
and the father in me. At the  
leest beleve me for the very  
workes sake.

<sup>12</sup> Verely verely I saye vnto  
you: he that beleveth on me,  
the workes that I doo, the same  
shall he do, and greater workes  
then these shall he do, because  
I go vnto my father. <sup>13</sup> And  
whatsoever ye axe in my name,  
that will I do, that the father  
might be glorified by the sonne.  
<sup>14</sup> Yf ye shall axe eny thinge  
in my name, I will do it.

<sup>15</sup> If ye love me kepe my comaundementes, <sup>16</sup> and I will  
praye the father, and he shall  
geve you another comforter,  
that he maye byde with you  
ever, <sup>17</sup> which is the sprete of  
truthe whome the worlde cannot  
receave, because the worlde  
seyth him not, nether knoweth  
him. But ye knowe him. For  
he dwelleth with you, and  
shalbe in you. <sup>18</sup> I will not leave  
you comfortlesse: but will come  
vnto you.

<sup>19</sup> Yet a litell whyle and the  
worlde seith me no more: but  
ye shall se me. For I live,  
and ye shall live. <sup>20</sup> That daye  
shall ye knowe that I am in my  
father, and you in me, and I  
in you.

<sup>21</sup> He that hath my com-

GENEVA — 1557.

but my Father that dwelleth in me, is he that doeth the workes.

<sup>11</sup> Beleue me, that I am in my Father: and my Father in me: at the leest beleue me for the very workes sake. <sup>12</sup> Verely

verely I say vnto you, he that beleueth on me, the workes that I do, the same shal he do also, and greater workes than these shal he do: for I go vnto my Father. <sup>13</sup> And what soeuer ye

aske in my name, that wil I do: that the Father may be glorified in the Sonne. <sup>14</sup> If ye shal aske any thyng in my name, I wil do it.

<sup>15</sup> If ye loue me, kepe my commandementes. <sup>16</sup> And I wil pray the Father, and he shal geue you another Comforter, that he may byde with you for euer. <sup>17</sup> Euen the Sprite of

truth, whom the worlde can not receaue, because the world seeth hym not, nether knoweth him: but ye knowe hym: for he dwelleth with you, and shalbe in you. <sup>18</sup> I will not leaue you

confortlesse: but wyl come to you. <sup>19</sup> Yet a lytle whyle, and the world seeth me no more, but ye shal se me: for I lyue, and ye shal lyue. <sup>20</sup> That day shal ye knowe that I am in my Father, and you in me, and I in you.

<sup>21</sup> He that hath my commiandementes and kepeth them, the same is he that loueth me: and

AUTHORIZED — 1611.

but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doth the works.

<sup>11</sup> Beleeue me that I am in the Father, and the Father in mee: or else beleeue me for the very workes sake.

<sup>12</sup> Uerely, verely I say vnto you, he that beleeueth on me, the works that I doe, shall hee doe also, and greater workes then these shall he doe, because I goe vnto my Father. <sup>13</sup> And

whatsoever ye shall aske in my Name, that wil I doe, that the Father may be glorified in the Sonne. <sup>14</sup> If ye shall aske any thing in my Name, I will doe it.

<sup>15</sup> If ye loue mee, keepe my commandements. <sup>16</sup> And I will pray the Father, and hee shali giue you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for euer, <sup>17</sup> Euen the Spirit of trueth, whom the world cannot receiue, because it seeth him not. neither knoweth him: but yee know him, for hee dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

<sup>18</sup> I wil not leaue you confortlesse, I will come to you.

<sup>19</sup> Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more: but ye see me, because I liue, ye shall liue also. <sup>20</sup> At that

day ye shall know, that I am in my Father, and you in me, and I in you. <sup>21</sup> He that hath my commandements, and keepeth them, hee it is that loath

WYCLIFFE — 1380.

kepith hem he it is that loueth me, and he that loueth me: schal be loued of my fadir, and I schal loue him, and I schal schewe to hym my silf,

<sup>22</sup> iudas seith to hym: not he of scarioth, lord what is don: that thou schalt schewe thisilf to us, and not to the world?

<sup>23</sup> ihesus answerid and seide to hym, if ony man loueth me: he schal kepe my word, & my fadir schal loue hym, and we schuln come to hym and we schuln dwelle with hym, <sup>24</sup> he that loueth me not kepith not my wordis and the word whiche 3e han herde, is not myn: but the fadris that sente me, <sup>25</sup> these thingis I haue spokun to 3ou dwellynge among 3ou,

<sup>26</sup> but thilke holi goost the counfortour whom the fadir schal sende in my name: he schal teche 3ou alle thingis and schal schewe 3ou alle thingis what euer thingis I schal seie to 3ou,

<sup>27</sup> pees I leue to 3ou my pees I 3eue to 3ou, not as the world 3eueth I 3eue to 3ou, be not 3oure herte afraied: ne drede it,

<sup>28</sup> 3e han herde that I seide to 3ou: I go and I come to 3ou, if 3e loueden me: forsothe 3e schulden haue ioie, for I go to

TYNDALE — 1534

maundementes and kepeth them, the same is he that loveth me. And he that loveth me, shal be loved of my father: and I will love him, and will shewe myne awne selfe vnto him.

<sup>22</sup> Iudas sayde vnto him (not Iudas Iscarioth) Lorde what is the cause that thou wilt shewe thy selfe vnto vs, and not vnto the worlde? <sup>23</sup> Iesus answered

and sayde vnto him: yf a man love me and wyll kepe my sayinges, my father also will love him, and we will come vnto him, and will dwelle with him.

<sup>24</sup> He that loveth me not, kepeth not my sayinges. And the wordes which ye heare, are not myne, but the fathers which sent me.

<sup>25</sup> This have I spoken vnto you beyng yet present with you.

<sup>26</sup> But that comforter which is the holy gost (whom my father will sende in my name) he shall teache you all thinges, and bringe all thinges to youre remembraunce whatsoever I have tolde you. <sup>27</sup> Peace I

leve with you, my peace I geve vnto you. Not as the worlde geveth, geve I vnto you. Let

not youre hertes be greved nether feare ye. <sup>28</sup> Ye have hearde how I sayde vnto you: I go and come agayne vnto you. If ye loved me, ye wolde verely reioyce, because I sayde, I go vnto the father. <sup>29</sup> For

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he that loueth me, shalbe loued of my Father: and I wil loue him, and wil shewe myne owne selfe to him manifestly. <sup>22</sup> Iudas sayd vnto him (not Iudas Iscariot) Lord what is the cause that thou wilt shewe thy self vnto vs, and not vnto the world? <sup>23</sup> Iesus answered, and sayd vnto him, Yf a man loue me, he wil kepe my sayinges: and my Father wil loue him, and we wil come vnto hym, and wil dwel with him. <sup>24</sup> He that loueth me not, kepeth not my sayinges: and the wordes which ye heare, are not myne, but the Fathers which sent me.

<sup>25</sup> These haue I spoken vnto you, beyng yet present with you. <sup>26</sup> But that Comforter, which is the holy Gost, whom my Father wil send in my name, he shal teache you al thynges, and bring all thinges to your remembrance, what so euer I haue told you.

<sup>27</sup> Peace I leue with you, my peace I geue vnto you: not as the world geueth, geue I vnto you: let not youre hartes be troubled, nether feare ye. <sup>28</sup> Ye haue heard how I sayd vnto you, I go, and wil come vnto you. If ye loued me, ye wold verely reioyce, because I said, I go vnto my Father: for my Father is greater than I. <sup>29</sup> And now haue I shewed you, before

AUTHORIZED — 1611.

me: and he that loueth me shall be loued of my Father, and I wil loue him, and will manifest my selfe to him. <sup>21</sup> Iudas saith vnto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thy selfe vnto vs, and not vnto the world? <sup>23</sup> Iesus answered, and said vnto him, If a man loue me, he will keepe my wordes: and my Father will loue him, and wee will come vnto him, and make our abode with him. <sup>24</sup> He that loueth mee not, keepeth not my sayings, and the word which you heare, is not mine, but the Fathers which sent mee.

<sup>25</sup> These things haue I spoken vnto you, being yet present with you. <sup>26</sup> But the Comforter, *which* is the holy Ghost, whom the Father wil send in my Name, hee shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I haue said vnto you.

<sup>27</sup> Peace I leaue with you, my peace I giue vnto you, not as the world giueth, giue I vnto you: let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. <sup>28</sup> Yee haue heard how I said vnto you, I goe away, and come againe vnto you. If yee loued me, ye would reioyce, because I said, I goe vnto the Father: for my Father is greater then I. <sup>29</sup> And now I haue

## WYCLIFFE — 1380.

the fadir, for the fadir is greetter thanne I, <sup>29</sup> and now I haue seide to 3ou bifor that it be don : that whanne it is don 3e bi-leuen,

<sup>30</sup> now I schal not speke many thingis with 3ou, for the prince of this world cometh : and hath not in me any thing. <sup>31</sup> but that the world knowe that I loue the fadir, & as the fadir 3af a comaundement to me : so I do, rise 3e go we hennes.

## TYNDALE — 1534.

the father is greater then I. And now have I shewed you, before I come, that when it is come to passe, ye might beleve.

<sup>30</sup> Here after will I not talke many wordes vnto you. For the rular of this worlde cometh, and hath nought in me. <sup>31</sup> But that the worlde maye knowe that I love the father : therfore as the father gave me commaundment, even so do I. Ryse let vs go hence.

## NOTES ON THE VERSIONS.

**VERSE 1. Be**, 3 pers. sing. imp. aux. with *affraied*, having for subject *herte*. So *let be troubled* in authorized version is best regarded as in 3 pers. sing. imp., and also *let us go*, ver. 31, in 1st pers. plu. In this last case, the subject is in the objective case because following *let*, which was originally a notion-word and took an object after it. *Be* is from A.-S. *beo* n. The earliest traceable stem-form of the substantive verb, so called, is Sans. *as*; hence, 1 pers. sing. *as mi*; 2 pers. *as i* (as *si*); 3 pers. *as ti*. From this stem, by adding pronominal affixes, we get our *a m* (as *m*), *a r* (as *st*), *is*, Goth. *is t*. The plural *are*, which probably came into the English through the Danish, has the primitive *s* changed to *r*, and the pronominal affixes as well as the sibilant *s* in the primitive stem, are lost off. The primitive stem was strengthened by the intensive labials, *b* as in Eng. *be*; *w* in *was*, A.-S. *wes an* to be; *f* or *fu* as in Lat. *fui*; the digamma in Greek; *bhu* in Sans. The irregularities in the conjugation of this verb arise chiefly from the intermingling of these intensified forms with the simple forms. — **Not**, A.-S. *naht*, comp. of sign of negation *n*, § 5, and *aht*, aught, anything, the *h* a demonstrative pronominal element, § 4, the *t* a formative element, § 42. See § 48 (3), and cf. Mod. Greek *δέν* (οὐδέν), and Fr. *ne-pas*, *ne-point*. — **Joure**. For initial letter see § 25 (1); it represents pronominal element of 2 sing. § 4; *r* formative, § 42; *e* inflectional, § 26. — **Herte**, heart. Cf. under Grimm's Law, § 35, Lat. *cordis*; Gr. *καρδία*; Germ. *hertz*. The stem letters are *hrt*, the vowel being unstable. Notice different spellings in the different versions. The *a* in King James version is an orthographic expedient for showing the *e* to be of long quantity, § 18 (1). The final *e* inflectional, § 26. — **Affraied**, afraid, made to fear; A.-S. *afaeran*, to make afraid; Norman Fr. *affrayer*. The stem *fr* is Teutonic, having *f*, where the Lat., as by Grimm's Law, has *p* as in *pavor*. The Mod. Fr. has been Teutonic and Latin stems in different words, as *frayeur*, and *peur*. The *af* for *a* or *an* is intensive, § 44 (2). The *ai* is also intensive of transitive class, § 41 (2, a). The *d* is formative, § 42; the *e* connective, § 33. — For punctuation see § 50. — **Ne**, nor. A.-S. and early Eng. used *ne* as both simple negative *not*, and also as conj. *neither*, *nor*. — **Drede**, dread, 3 sing. imp., having for subject *it* (= heart), from A.-S. *dræd an*. The stem-sonnants are *d* and *r* as in *dare*, cf. Gr. *θαῦρεῖν* and



## GENEVA — 1557.

It come : that when it is come to passe, ye myght beleue.  
<sup>80</sup> Here after wyl I not talke many wordes vnto you : for the prince of thys world commeth, and hath nought in me. <sup>31</sup> But that the world may knowe that I loue my Father : therfore as the Father gaue me commandement. euen so do I. Ryse, let vs go hence.

## AUTHORIZED — 1611.

told you before it come to passe, that when it is come to passe, ye might beleue. <sup>80</sup> Hereafter I will not talke much with you : for the prince of this world commeth, and hath nothing in me. <sup>31</sup> But that the world may knowe that I loue the Father : and as the Father gaue mee commandement, euen so I doe. Arise, let vs goe hence.

*rapárw.* — **It**, A.-S. and Old Eng. *hit* ; see § 4. It is here subject of *drede*, and **has** as its antecedent *herte*. — **Ye**. See § 4. — **Bileuen**, believe, plu. of *bileve*, comp. of *be* intensive, and A.-S. *lefan* and *lyfan*, to permit. The A.-S. word for *believe* was *gelifan* and *gelyfan*. See § 44 (2). Trace the orthography of this word in the different versions. The spelling with *ie* was introduced about the middle of the seventeenth century. *F* in A.-S. took the sound of *v* between two vowels, and hence, when this character *v* was introduced, the sound was properly represented by it ; § 19. — **In**, prep. common in Indo-European dialects, but not traceable to its origin.

**VER. 2.** **The**, definite article from dem. pron., § 7 ; *th* being dem. element, § 4, and *e* inflectional, § 26. — **Hous**, A.-S. *hus*. In monosyllabic nouns the A.-S. *u* has passed very generally into *ou*, as *muth* became *mouth* ; *pund*, *pound* ; *wund*, *wound* ; *cu*, *cow*. So adjectives *ful*, *foul*, but we have derivative *fulsome* ; *sund*, *sound* ; *sur*, *sour* ; *ure*, *our*. So *thu*, *thou* ; *hu*, *how* ; *nu*, *now* ; *ut*, *out*, etc. The rule is not universal, however. See § 26. — **Fadir**, father. The change of *d* to *th* in this word took place after Chaucer. See Grimm's Law, § 35. — **Ben**, 3 plu. of *be*. Wycliffe forms the plural generally in *n* with or without connecting vowel according to euphony. — **Many**, A.-S. *manig*. The final guttural as usual was dropped. Cf. Ger. *manch*. — **Dwellyngis**, a participial noun from *v. dwell*, from Dan. *draele*, to linger, to tarry. Cf. *abode* from *abide* and Lat. *mansio* from *maneo*. For final *is* see §§ 42, 38. — **If**, A.-S. *gif*, imp. of *gifan*, to give, § 6. — **Ony**, any ; A.-S. *anig*, *aenig*. See *many* above. — **Thing**, A.-S. *thing*, old Ger. *dinc*, Mod. Ger. *ding*. Conjectural origin is *th* dem., § 4, and *ng* formative, § 42. — **Lasse**, less, A.-S. *laessa*, *laes*, compar. of *lytel*. — **I**, § 4. — **Hadde**, had, aux. *v.* past tense used for conditional (= would have). A.-S. *haefde* from *habban*, to have. — **Seid**, said, told ; A.-S. *segde*, and *sae de*, past tense of *secgan*, *seggan* and *sae gan*, to say, to tell. — **To**. Cf. under Grimme's Law, § 35, Lat. *ad*, Ger. *zu*. **Too**, A.-S. *to*, is the same word originally, but distinguished from the prep. by affix, § 43. Cf. *of*, *off*. Notice absence of apostrophes in *fathers* in the three later versions. — **Wolde** in Tyndale, *would*, A.-S. *wolde*, past tense of *willan*, to will. The *u* in *would* is orthographic, § 18.

**VER. 3.** **For**, conj. from the prep. The classical form by Grimm's Law and transposition is *pro*. The rise of the conj. is from the use of the prep. to govern the clause as if a noun. — **Go**, A.-S. *ga*, from *gan*, to go ; allied to *gin*. *begin*

**To make.** The Eng. inf. originated in the A.-S. gerund, which, as a noun in character, was governed by prep. *to*. After verbs admitting not the direct but only the remote object, as here, the *to* is really a preposition governing the verb in the inf. After *ask*, as, *I ask to go*, the *to* is mere sign of the inf. "Art of Composition," § 282, Obs. 1, 2. *Make* is from A.-S. *macian*. Cf. Ger. *mach en*, Lat. *fac io*. — **Redi**, ready, A.-S. *rad*, *raed*, *raeth*, ready, quick. From the comparative of this, *radhor*, comes our *rather*. — **A**, indef. art., contracted from A.-S. *an*, *aen*, one. — **Place**, Fr. *place*, Dan. *plads*. Cf. Ger. *platz*, Lat. *platea*, Gr. *πλατὺς*, Eng. *flat*. — **And**, A.-S. *and*, *ant*. — **Eftso**, forthwith, again, comp. of A.-S. *eft*, or *aest*, after, and *sone*, soon. — **Come**, A.-S. *cum an*. — **Schal**, shall, fut. aux., A.-S. *sceal*. — **Take**, A.-S. *tac an*. Cf. Gr. *δέχομαι*. — **Silf**, A.-S. *self*, *silf*, *sylf*, *sælf*, *seolf*. Cf. Ger. *selb*. — **That**, §§ 4, 42. Cf. Ger. *das*. It is used here as clausal conj. to denote that the clause following is used as a noun, here depending on a prep. understood, as *for*. "Art of Composition," § 328. — **Where**, A.-S. *huwaer*. In A.-S., as in Greek, the sign of aspiration was placed before the letter to be aspirated; in Latin and English it is placed after. Cf. *ρήτωρ*, Lat. *rhetor*, Eng. *rhetoric*. See §§ 20 and 4. — **Am**. See *be*, ver. 1. — **Be**, potential, without aux. Cf. *be glorified*, ver. 13. — The spellings of *receive* in the three later versions are noticeable. The *i* is more recent; but both *a* and *i* are orthographic merely, and not etymological, § 18.

**VER. 4. Whidir**, whither. See *fadir*, ver. 2. The *wh* is interrogative or relative, § 4; the *d* or *th* demonstrative; the *r* formative, § 42. For *i*, see § 38. — **Witen**, know, plu. from A.-S. *wit an*, to know. Cf. under Grimm's Law, § 35, Lat. *vid es*, Ger. *wissen*. It was sometimes spelled *weet*. The stem remains in *to wit*, and *righteous* (*right-wis*). — **Wey**, way, A.-S. *weg*. Cf. A.-S. *weg an*, to carry; Lat. *via* and *veh ere*. Notice spellings in different versions, also in ver. 5 of the Wycliffe version.

**VER. 5. Thomas**. The use of initial capitals is exceedingly irregular in Wycliffe. More commonly, as here, proper names are without capitals. — **Seith**. See *seid*, ver. 2. *Th* was the usual 3 sing. ending in Wycliffe's time. — **Hym**. The *h* is demonstrative, § 4; the *m* formative of object, case, § 42. The *i* and *y* were interchangeable, as we find *him* in next verse. See § 23. — **Lord**, Old Eng. *laverd*, *loverd*; A.-S. *hlaford*, comp. of *hlaf*, bread, loaf, and *weard*, keeper. — **We**, § 4. — **Goist**. For stem see *go*, ver. 3; *st* formative of 2 sing., § 42; connective *i*, § 38. — **Hou**, how, A.-S. *hu*, § 4. — **Moun**, can, A.-S. *mag on*, plu. pres. of *mag an*, to be able; past tense *mighte*, *might*, and *meahte*, *mought*, which is now obsolete, except provincially. The *n* is plu. formative. The guttural being dropped, the vowel was lengthened and changed into *ou*. — **Wite**, inf. object of *moun*. Although this latter verb became the potential auxiliary, it has its old meaning here, and is better regarded as a principal verb. — **Weie**. See *wey*, ver. 4. The inflectional *e* being retained, the *y* becomes *i*, according to rule, § 23.

**VER. 6. Ihesus**. For **I**, see § 22. The *h* seems to be used simply to indicate that the *i* is consonantized, § 14. — **Truthe**, abstract noun from verb *troiw*, A.-S. *treowian*, *truwian*, *trywian*, to accept as true, to believe, § 42. Notice spellings in the different versions. — **Liif**, life; A.-S. *lif*, Ger. *leben*. The second *i* is orthographic, § 18. — **No**, abbreviated from *none*, A.-S. *nan* (*ne* and *an*, one). — **Man**, A.-S. *man* and *mon*. — **Cometh**. *Th* is formative of 3 sing. *Commeth* in Tyndale is from rule for indicating short quantity, § 18 (2). — **But**, A.-S. *butan*, *bute*, comp. of prep. *be* and *ut*, out.

**VER. 7. Knowe**, A.-S. *cnowan*, allied to *cun nan*, to ken. Cf. Lat. *no sco*, *no vi*. The auxiliaries, being originally principal verbs, took the infinitive regularly after them as object. The meaning is: *had knowing of me*, *knowledge of me*. The participle from *had known* should receive a slightly different explication. In this case

the meaning is, *had me as known object*. The infinitive form is retained in such expressions as *had better be*, *had as lief go*, *had rather do*, and the like. *Had* is past tense used for potential. The supposition that *had* comes from *'d* used colloquially for *would*, is untenable, for we find the expression in Chaucer when the dissyllable *wolde* was in regular use, before it was shortened to *would*; and to put the matter beyond all possible doubt, we find in Chaucer, C. T., ver. 11,835, the verb following *hadde*, with the sign of the infinitive *to* : —

“ I hadde wel lever ever to suffren wo  
Than to depart the love betwixt you two.”

There is no way of disposing of *suffren* here but to regard it as infinitive object of *hadde*. The same form of expression occurs frequently in Chaucer, showing that it was accepted as a settled form in the language.

“ And he had lever talken with a page.” Ver. 11,004.

“ Yet had I lever spenden all the good.” Ver. 16,844.

“ Yet had this brid, by twenty thousand fold,  
Lever in a forest that is wilde and cold,  
Gon eten wormes.” Ver. 17,118-17,120.

In the following, *hadde* is followed by a clausal noun as its object : —

“ I hadde lever than a barrel of ale,  
That goode lefe my wif had herde this tale.” Ver. 13,899.

This passage is confirmatory of the view presented that the infinitive was regarded by Chaucer as object of *hadde*, in the other quotations. Two centuries later, this form of expression was equally current : “ I had rather be a doorkeeper.” Ps. lxxxiv. 10 : “ I had rather speak five words.” 1 Cor. xiv. 19. “ They had not had sin.” John xv. 22. In Shakespeare, it is very common. “ I had as lieve not be.” J. C. i. 2. “ Brutus had rather be a villager.” *Ibid.* “ I had rather coin my heart.” *Id.* iv. 3. It would be a great loss to our language to let this form of expression go out of use. The theory that objects to it would, if consistently applied, drive out such expressions as “ O had I wings ; ” “ Had it been otherwise ; ” indeed, would discard the use everywhere of the imperfect tense to express the conditional mood, in opposition to the general tendency and usage of languages. — **Sothli**, verily ; A.-S. *sothlice*, adv., and *sothlic*, adj., from *soth*, truth, and suffix *lic*, -ly, § 45, 111. Cf. Eng. *for sooth* (for truth). See ver. 28. — **Also**, A.-S. *alswa*, comp. of *al*, all, and *swa*, so. — **Aftirwarde**, A.-S. *afterweard*, and *aftewearde*, comp. of *after*, compar. of *aft*, (see *eftson*, ver. 3), and *weard*, towards. Cf. Lat. *versus*, from *vert ere* ; Ger. *warts*. — **Schuln**, fut. aux. from A.-S. *sculan* and *scealan*, plu. pres. indic. of *sceal*, I owe, I must. *Shall* being intransitive, cannot take an object like *have* ; hence it is followed always by the infinitive form. — **Sholde** in Geneva version is A.-S. *sceolde*, past tense of *sceol*. The *u* in *should* in Authorized version is orthographic. — **Han**, 3 plu. pres. ind., contraction of *haben*. — **Seen**, A.-S. *segun*, past part. of *seon*, to see.

VER. 8. **Filip**. Wycliffe not unfrequently represents the Greek  $\phi$  by *f*. He is not uniform, however, in this. — **Schewe**, show ; A.-S. *sceawian*. — **Sufficith**, from Lat. *sufficere*, through French. Notice spellings in the different versions.

VER. 9. **So**, A.-S. *swa*. — **Long**, A.-S. *long*, *lang* ; Ger. *long* ; Lat. *longus*. — **Tyme**, A.-S. *tima*, time ; Lat. *tempus*.

VER. 10. **Wordis**, A.-S. *word*. Cf. Ger. *wort* ; Lat. *verbum*. — **Speke**, A.-S. *specan* and *speacan*. The *a* in *speak* is orthographic. — **Him** with *self* must be regarded as uninflected. — **Doith**, A.-S. *don*, to do. Cf. Ger. *thun*. — **Werkis**, *wyrc* and *weorc*.

VER. 11. **Ellis**, else ; A.-S. *elles*, gen. of stem *ael* or *el*, other, foreign, § 42. Cf. Lat

*al ius*. — **Thilke**, the very, same; A.-S. *thylc* and *thillic*, comp. of demonstrative *th* or *the* and *lic*, like, same, § 45, 111.

VER. 12. **Truly**, A.-S. *treow lic*, from *treow*, true. — **Gretter**, greater; A.-S. *great*. Cf. Ger. *gross*. For the second *t* and the *a* in *great*, see § 18. — **Thanne**, than; A.-S. *thanne*, *thone*, *thanne*, and *thaen*; an old acc. form like Lat. *quam*. Its proper force is, in respect to *this*, greater in respect to these, that is, in comparison with these. See n. P. P. 21.

VER. 13. **Ever**, A.-S. *aefor* and *aefre*. For change of *f* to *v*, see § 19. — **Axen**, A.-S. *aesian* and *ascian*, to ask. — **Be glorified**, subjunctive. Fr. *glorifier*; Lat. *glorifico*.

VER. 15. **Loven** A.-S. *lufian*. See § 19. — **Keepe**, A.-S. *cepan*. — **Comaundementis**, Late Lat. *comandamentum*.

VER. 16. **Preie**, Old Fr. *preier*, Lat. *precari*, to pray; the *i* or *y* in *pray* is orthographic. — **3eve**, give, A.-S. *gifan* and *geofian*, past tense *gaef* and *gaf*. Cf. Ger. *geben*. The *f*, being phthongal between vowels, became *v*, as in *ever*, *love*, *give*, vv. 13, 15. See § 19. — **Another**, A.-S. *an* and *odher*. — **Counfortour**, Fr. *conforter*, to comfort, Lat. *confortare*, from *con* and *fortis*. The *u* is orthographic, § 18. — **Spirit**, Lat. *spiritus*. — **Withouten**, A.-S. *widhutan*, comp. of *widh* and *utan*, from *ut*, out. — **Ende**, A.-S. *ende*.

VER. 17. **Which**, A.-S. *hwile*, compounded of the interrogative or relative, § 4, and *ilc* for *lic*, as *thilke*, ver. 11 above. — **World**, A.-S. *weorold*, *worold*, and *world*. — **May not** is not able. See *moun*, ver. 5. — **Nether**, A.-S. *nadhor*, *nadher*, and *nawdher*, comp. of *n* and *odher*. The *i* in Mod. Eng. *neither* is orthographic, and introduced after Wycliffe, who always writes *ether*, *nether*, except rarely *neather*. To sound the *i* is to mistake the origin and design of the letter.

VER. 18. **Leve**, leave; A.-S. *laefan* and *lefan*. Cf. Ger. *bleiben* (*be* and *leiben*); Gr. *λεῖπω*. — **Fadirles**, *fadir* and privative suffix, A.-S. *leas*.

VER. 19. **3it**, yet; A.-S. *get*, *git*, and *iet*, *iette*. — **Litel**, A.-S. *lytel*, *lyt*. — **Now**, A.-S. *nu*; Ger. *nun*; Gr. *vũ*; Lat. *nunc*. — **Lyve**, A.-S. *liban*, *libbian*, and *leofian*. Ger. *leben*.

VER. 20. **Day**, A.-S. *daeg*, Ger. *tag*, Lat. *dies*.

VER. 22. **Scarioth**. Wycliffe frequently, but not invariably, observes Grimm's Law in rendering Greek proper names. The initial *ĩ* easily falls away before *S*.

VER. 23. **Answerid**, A.-S. *andsvarian* and *answerian*, to answer, comp. of *and*, against, and *svarian*, to swear.

VER. 24. **Herde**, A.-S. *her an*. The *a* in *heard* is orthographic, § 18.

VER. 25. **Among**, A.-S. *amang* and *onmong*, comp. of prep. *an* or *a*, and the stem *mang*, which appears in A.-S. *mengian*, to mix. Cf. Ger. *mengen*; in *manig*, many; Eng. *mingle*, etc.

VER. 26. **Holi**, A.-S. *halig*, from *hal*, safe; Ger. *heilig*. — **Goost**, A.-S. *gast*; Ger. *geist*. The second *o* is orthographic, § 18. For the *h* in *ghost*, see § 21 (1). — **Sende**, A.-S. *sendan*. — **Name**, A.-S. *nama*, Ger. *name*, Lat. *nomen*. — **Teehe**, A.-S. *taecan*, Ger. *zeigen*, Lat. *docere*. — **Alle**, A.-S. *eal*, *eall*, *al*, *ael*.

VER. 27. **Pees**, peace; Old Fr. *pais*, *pes*; Lat. *paz*, *pacis*. — **As**, probably a contraction of *all* and *so*, or *all* and demonstrative *s*. Cf. A.-S. *eall-swa*; Ger. *als*; Fr. *aussi*; Dan. *ogsaa*. — **Be not youre herte afraied**; **ne drede it**. See ver. 1. *Afraied* has here but one *f*; in ver. 1 there are two.

VER. 28. **Forsothe**. See ver. 7, on *sothli*. — **Ioie**, joy; Old Fr. *goie*, *joie*; Lat. *gaudium*.

VER. 29. **Bifor**, before. Comp. of A.-S. *bi* or *be*, and *for*, before. — **That it be don**, clausal noun after prep. *bifor*. "Art of Composition," §§ 290 (3), 322. — **Bileuen**, subj. mood. Cf. *ye be*, ver. 3.

VER. 30. **Prince**, Fr. *prince*, Lat. *princeps*.

VER. 31. *Ȝaf*, gave, A.-S. *gifan*, to give; past tense *gaf* and *gaef*. See *geve*, ver. 16.  
 —*Rise*, A.-S. *risan*. — *Hennes*, hence. The stem is demonstrative, § 4; *s* is formative of possessive, § 42.

# STATE OF THE LANGUAGE IN THE LATTER PART OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

1. The *orthography* was unsettled. The governing principle was to represent as near as was practicable through the alphabetic characters in use the sounds of the words according to the received pronunciation. In a poem "On the Death of Edward III.," in 1377, as given by Mr. Marsh, E. L. L., p. 288–300, the past participle of *to see*, now spelled *seen*, occurs in the last verse of each of eleven of the different stanzas, fourteen in all. It is written three times *iseiȝe*; once *seye*; six times *seiȝe*; and once *iseye*. So in *Piers Ploughman*, *Mandeville*, *Wycliffe*, and *Chaucer*, the same word is spelled diversely by the same writer. The vowels were often interchanged, especially before *r* and when used as connectives in inflection or derivation. The characters *i* and *j* were not discriminated, nor *u* and *v*. Long quantity when necessary, was generally indicated by the insertion of a vowel or by a final *e*, but not uniformly. The practice of marking short quantity by doubling the following consonant, universal in the "*Ormulum*," a work of the thirteenth century, was but partially observed. A character now represented by a *ȝ* from another font of type was used to represent *y* initial and also the phthongal and aphthongal gutturals, *g* and *gh*.

The *inflectional* character of the language had become very nearly what it is now. The inflections were, however, somewhat unsettled. Higden, writing about 1350, says there were then three dialects spoken in England, the Southern, Midland, and Northern, or West Saxon, Mercian, and Northumbrian. He exemplifies them thus in indicative pres. of the verb *hope*:—

Southern, sing. *hope*, *hopest*, *hopeth*; plu. *hopeth*.



Midland, sing. *hope, hopes, hopes* ; plu. *hopen*.

Northern, sing. *hope, hopes, hopes* ; plu. *hopes*.

Piers Ploughman, Wycliffe, Mandeville, and Chaucer, all followed the southern usage, in the singular. In the plural Chaucer used both *th* and *n* or *en* ; in the imperative, usually *th*, but often omitted all plural terminations. Piers Ploughman has infinitive with *n* or *en* more commonly, but sometimes without. Wycliffe and Chaucer usually omit the *n* after the auxiliary *have* ; being transitive when used as principal word, the infinitive was sometimes used where now we use the participle, as *hadde rise* for *hadde risen*. For the contingent or optative mood, the past tense of the indicative was commonly employed. In the participle of irregular verbs, Wycliffe uses *u*, as *knowun*, while Chaucer prefers *e*, as *knownen*. The adjective sometimes had a plural in *e*, the remains of the old Anglo-Saxon inflection. The genitive singular and the plural of nouns were in *s*, with or without a connecting word as euphony required, but without the apostrophe. The first person pronoun was often written *ich* in Piers Ploughman. The *h* was worn off from the third person neuter, *hit*, although *hit* occurs in Piers Ploughman ; but the old possessive *his* was used for both masculine and neuter, *its* having been introduced in the seventeenth century. The *h* in the third person plural had not passed into *th*. We find accordingly *her* and *hern* for *their* and *thern*, but *they* or *thei* was already in use. *Ye* and *you* were used by Chaucer in addresses to individuals.

There is noticeable a tendency to form new words by uniting fragments of words in use so as to disguise the etymology, while following probably the common colloquial pronunciation, as in *artou*, art thou ; *seestou*, seest thou, etc., in Piers Ploughman ; *sumdel*, some deal : *upsodoun*, up side down, in Chaucer and Wycliffe. The compounding of words generally was more freely allowed than now. Thus we find *agen*, Lat. *re*, both in the sense of *again* and of *against*, in composition with many simple verbs in Wycliffe,

as *agenbie*, redeem ; *agenrise*, rise again ; *agenstande*, resist ; etc.

## 2. THE VISION OF PIERS PLOUGHMAN.

THIS remarkable poem may, with good reason, be placed at the very origin of proper English literature. For while the transition from the Old Saxon to what has been termed the Semi-Saxon stage of the language was gradual and by imperceptible stages, the change appears more decisive and complete to the proper English stage in this poem, than in any other monument of our literature. It is every way worthy to stand at the head of the richest form of literature the world has seen.

The poem is attributed to a monk of the name of Langland — a name variously spelled Longland, Longlande, Langlande, Langland, etc. Tradition gives him the Christian name of Robert; but an entry made in the fifteenth century on an old manuscript copy in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, says his first name was William. He was born, according to tradition, at Cleobury-Mortimer in Shropshire, was educated at Oxford, and became a monk at Malvern, a town in Worcestershire, on the eastern declivity of the Malvern Hills. The entry above alluded to, however, states that he dwelt at Shipton-under-Wickwood, in the county of Oxford. He lived in the fourteenth century; and from some internal evidences is supposed to have written his poem in the latter part of the year 1362. He was accordingly a contemporary of Wycliffe, 1324-1384, who is mentioned by name in the "Creed of Piers Ploughman," probably written a few years after the "Vision," as a victim of priestly persecution: "Wyclif that warned hem with trewthe," ver. 10,512. He doubtless participated fully in the rising spirit of freedom, both religious and civil, which characterized that age. His poem, indeed, is essentially a bold and vigorous satire upon the impiety, the superstition, and the immoralities of the times. The succession of heavy calamities that had swept over England was regarded as but the visitation of Divine justice, working in harmony with natural laws, or more correctly through these laws, upon the sins of the people.

The production was received with great favor among a people suffering under the power of oppressive superiors in state and in church, and beginning to clamor for relief and reform.

"The poem of 'Piers Ploughman,'" says Mr. Wright, from whose excellent edition these general statements, as well as the selections from the text and many of the verbal explanations are taken, "is peculiarly a national work. It is the most remarkable monument of the public spirit of our forefathers in the Middle, or, as they are often termed, Dark Ages. It is a pure specimen of the English language at a period when it had sustained few of the corruptions which have disfigured it since we have had writers of 'Grammars'; and in it we may study with advantage many of the difficulties of the language which these writers have misunderstood. It is, moreover, the finest example left of the kind of versification which was purely English, inasmuch as it had been the only one in use among our Anglo-Saxon progenitors, in common with the other people of the North. To many readers it will be perhaps necessary to explain that rhyming verse was not in use among the Anglo-Saxons. In place of rhyme, they had a system of verse of which the characteristic was a very regular *alliteration*, so arranged that, in every couplet, there should be two principal words in the first line beginning with the same letter, which letter must also be the initial of the first word on which the stress of the voice falls in the second line. There has, as yet, been discovered no system of foot-measure in Anglo-Saxon verse, but the common metre consists apparently in having two rises and two falls of the voice in each line. These characteristics are accurately preserved in the

verse of "Piers Ploughman;" and the measure appears to be the same, if we make allowance for the change of the slow and impressive pronunciation of the Anglo-Saxon for the quicker pronunciation of Middle English, which therefore required a greater number of syllables to fill up the same space of time."

The poem, as it respects the form of the thought, is a succession of dreams "The dreamer, weary of the world, falls asleep beside a stream amid the beautiful scenery of Malvern Hills. In his vision, the people of the world are represented to him by a vast multitude assembled in a fair meadow; on one side stands the tower of Truth elevated on a mountain, the right aim of man's pilgrimage, while on the other side is the dungeon of Care, the dwelling-place of Wrong. In the first sections, *passus*, of the poem, are pictured the origin of society, the foundation and dignity of kingly power, and the separation into different classes and orders." In the progress of the poem the different forms of evil with the opposing virtuous or corrective principles are represented as they appeared to the poet's eye on the stage of life. Conscience is at the close represented as forced to abandon the castle of Unity, in which it had taken shelter with Nature personified under the name of Kind, and sets out on another pilgrimage in search of Piers the Ploughman. The dream here closes.

The selection is from the Introduction as far as to the end of the famous fable of the Belling of the Cat.

#### THE VISION OF PIERS PLOUGHMAN.

IN a somer seson  
 Whan softe was the sonne,  
 I shoop me into shroudes  
 As I a sheep weere,  
 In habite as an heremite  
 Unholy of werkes,  
 Wente wide in this world  
 Wondres to here;  
 Ac on a May morwenynge  
 On Malverne hilles 10  
 Me bifel a ferly,  
 Of fairye me thoghte.  
 I was very for-wandred,  
 And wente me to reste  
 Under a brood bank  
 By a bournes syde;  
 And as I lay and lenede,  
 And loked on the watres,  
 I slombred into a slepyng,  
 It sweyed so murye. 20

Thanne gan I meten  
 A merveillous swevene,  
 That I was in a wilderness,

Wiste I nevere where, 24  
 And as I biheeld into the eest  
 An heigh to the sonne,  
 I seigh a tour on a toft  
 Trieliche y-maked,  
 A deep dale bynethe,  
 A dongeon therinne,  
 With depe diches and derke  
 And dredfulle of sighte. 32  
 A fair feeld ful of folk  
 Fond I ther bitwene,  
 Of alle manere of men,  
 The meene and the riche,  
 Werchyng and wandrynge,  
 As the world asketh.

Some putten hem to the  
 plough,  
 Pleiden ful selde, 40  
 In settyng and sowynge  
 Swonken ful harde,  
 And wonnen that wastours  
 With glotonye destruyeth. 44

And somme putten hem to  
pride, 45  
Apparailed hem therafter,  
In contenaunce of clothynge  
Comen degised.

In preires and penaunces  
Putten hem manye,  
Al for the love of oure Lord  
Lyveden ful streyte,  
In hope to have after  
Hevene riche blisse;  
As ancre and heremites 55  
That holden hem in hire selles,  
And coveiten noght in contree  
To carien aboute,  
For no likerous lifode  
Hire likame to plesse.

And somme chosen chaffare;  
Thei cheveden the bettre,  
As it semeth to our sight  
That swiche men thryveth.

And somme murthes to make,  
As mynstralles konne, 66  
And geten gold with hire glee,  
Giltles, I leeve.

Ac japeres and jangeleres,  
Judas children,  
Feynen hem fantasies,  
And fooles hem maketh,  
And han hire wit at wille  
To werken, if thei wolde.  
That Poul precheth of hem 75  
I wol nat preve it here;  
But *Qui loquitur turpiloquium*  
Is Luciferes hyne.

Bidderes and beggeres  
Faste aboute yede,  
With hire belies and hire  
bagges  
Of breed ful y-crammed;  
Faiteden for hire foode, 88

Foughten at the ale. 84  
In glotonye, God woot,  
Go thei to bedde,  
And risen with ribaudie,  
Tho Roberdes knaves;  
Sleep and sory sleuthe  
Seweth hem evere.

Pilgrymes and palmeres  
Plighten hem togidere,  
For to seken saint Jame,  
And seintes at Rome. 94  
They wenten forth in hire wey,  
With many wise tales,  
And hadden leve to lyen  
Al hire lif after.

I seigh somme that seiden  
Thei hadde y-sought seintes;  
To ech a tale that thei tolde  
Hire tonge was tempred to lye,  
Moore than to seye sooth,  
It semed bi hire speche. 104

Heremytes on an heep  
With hoked staves  
Wenten to Walsyngham,  
And hire wenches after,  
Grete lobies and longe  
That lothe were to swynke;  
Clothed hem in copes,  
To ben knowen from othere;  
And shopen hem heremytes,  
Hire ese to have. 114

I fond there freres,  
Alle the foure ordres,  
Prechyng the peple  
For profit of himselfe;  
Glosed the gospel,  
As hem good liked;  
For coveitise of copes,  
Construed it as thei wolde  
Many of thise maistre freres  
Now clothen hem at likyng, 124

For hire moneie and hire mar-  
chaundize 125

Marchen togideres.

For sith charité hath been chap-  
man,

And chief to shryve lordes,  
Manye ferlies han fallen

In a few yeres ;

But holy chirche and hii

Hold bettre togidres,

The mooste meschief on molde  
Is mountynge wel faste. 134

Ther preched a pardoner,  
As he a preest were ;  
Broughte forth a bulle  
With many bisshopes seles,  
And seide that hymself myghte  
Assoillen hem alle,  
Of falshede, of fastynge,  
Of avowes y-broken.

Lewed men leved it wel,  
And liked hise wordes ;  
Comen up knelynge 145  
To kissen hise bulles.

He bouched hem with his  
brevet,

And blered hire eighen,  
And raughte with his rageman  
Rynges and broches.

Thus thei gyven hire gold  
Glotons to kepe,  
And leveth in swiche losels  
As leccherie haunten. 154

Were the bisshope y-blessed,  
And worth bothe hise eris,  
His seel sholde noght be sent  
To deceyve the peple.  
Ac it is noght by the bisshope  
That the boy precheth ;  
For the parisshe preest and the  
pardoner 161

Parten the silver, 162  
That the poraille of the parisshe  
Sholde have, if thei ne were.

Parsons and parisshe preestes  
Pleynd hem to the bisshope,  
That hire parissches weren  
povere

Sith the pestilence tyme,  
To have a licence and leve  
At London to dwelle, 170  
And synge ther for symonie ;  
For silver is swete.

Bisshopes and bachelers,  
Bothe maistres and doctours,  
That han cure under Crist,  
And crownyng in tokene  
And signe that thei sholden  
Shryven hire parissches,  
Prechen and praye for hem,  
And the povere fede, 180  
Liggen at Londone  
In Lenten and ellis.

Somme serven the kyng,  
And his silver tellen  
In cheker and in chauncelrie,  
Chalangen hise dettes  
Of wardes and of wardemotes,  
Weyves and streyves.

And somme serven as ser-  
vauntz

Lordes and ladies, 190  
And in stede of stywardes  
Sitten and demen ;  
Hire messe and hire matyns  
And many of hire houres  
Arn doon un-devoutliche ;  
Drede is at the laste,  
Lest Crist in consistorie  
A-corse ful manye.

I perceyved of the power  
That Peter hadde to kepe, 200



To bynden and unbynden, <sup>201</sup>  
 As the book telleth ;  
 How he it lefte with love,  
 As oure Lord highte,  
 Amonges foure vertues,  
 The beste of alle vertues,  
 That cardinals ben called,  
 And closynge yates.  
 There is Crist in his kingdom  
 To close and to shette,  
 And to opene it to hem, <sup>211</sup>  
 And hevene blisse shewe.

Ac of the cardinals at court  
 That kaughte of that name,  
 And power presumed in hem  
 A pope to make,  
 To han that power that Peter  
 hadde,  
 Impugnen I nelle ;  
 For in love and in lettrure  
 The election bilongeth, <sup>220</sup>  
 For-thi I kan and kan naught  
 Of court speke moore.

Thanne kam ther a kyng,  
 Knyghthod hym ladde,  
 Might of the communes  
 Made hym to regne.

And thanne cam kynde wit,  
 And clerkes he made,  
 For to counseillen the kyng,  
 And the commune save. <sup>230</sup>

The kyng and knyghthod,  
 And clergie bothe,  
 Casten that the commune  
 Sholde hemself fynde.

The commune contrevded  
 Of kynde wit craftes,  
 And for profit of al the peple  
 Plowmen ordeyned,  
 To tilie and to travaille,  
 As trewe lif asketh. <sup>240</sup>

The kyng and the commune,  
 And kynde wit the thridde, <sup>242</sup>  
 Shopen lawe and leauté,  
 Ech man to knowe his owene.

Thanne looked up a lunatik,  
 A leene thyng with-alle,  
 And, knelynge to the kyng,  
 Clergially he seide :

“ Crist kepe thee, sire kyng !  
 And thi kyng-ryche, <sup>250</sup>  
 And lene thee lede thi lond,  
 So leauté thee lovye,  
 And for thi rightful rulyng  
 Be rewarded in hevene.”

And sithen in the eyr an  
 heigh

An aungel of hevene  
 Lowed to speke in Latyn,  
 For lewed men ne koude  
 Jangle ne jugge,  
 That justifie hem sholde, <sup>260</sup>  
 But suffren and serven ;  
 For-thi seide the aungel :  
*Sum rex, sum princeps,*  
*Neutrum fortasse deinceps ;*  
*O qui jura regis,*  
*Christi specialia regis,*  
*Hoc quod agas melius,*  
*Justus es, esto pius.*

*Nudum jus a te*  
*Vestiri vult pietate ;* <sup>270</sup>  
*Qualia vis metere,*  
*Talia grana sere.*  
*Si jus nudatur,*  
*Nudo de jure metatur ;*  
*Si seritur pietas,*  
*De pietate metas.*

Thanne greved hym a go-  
 liardeis,  
 A gloton of wordes,  
 And to the aungel an heigh <sup>279</sup>

Answerde after :

*Dum rex a regere*

*Dicatur nomen habere ;*

*Nomen habet sine re,*

*Nisi studet jura tenere.*

Thanne gan al the commune

Crye in vers of Latyn,

To the kynges counseil ;

Construe who so wolde :

*Præcepta regis*

*Sunt nobis vincula legis.*

With that ran ther a route

Of ratons at ones,

And smale mees myd hem

Mo than a thousand,

And comen to a counseil

For the commune profit ;

For a cat of a contree

Cam whan hym liked,

And overleep hem lightliche,

And laughte hem at his wille,

And pleide with hem perill-  
ousli,

And possed aboute.

"For doute of diverse dredes,

We dar noght wel loke ;

And if we grucche of his gamen,

He wol greven us alle,

Cracchen us or clawen us,

And in hise clouches holde,

That us lotheth the lif

Er he late us passe.

Mighte we with any wit

His wille withstonde,

We mighte be lordes o-lofte,

And lyven at oure ese."

A raton of renoun,

Moost renable of tonge,

Seide for a sovereyn

Help to hymselfe : [quod he

"I have y-seyen segges,"

280

"In the cité of Londoue,

Beren beighes ful brighte

Abouten hire nekkes,

And somme colers of crafty  
werk ;

Uncoupled thei wenten

Bothe in wareyne and in waast

Where hemself liked.

And outhur while thei arn ellis-  
where,

As I here telle ; [beighe,

Were ther a belle on hire

By Jhesu, as me thynketh,

Men myghte witen wher thei  
wente,

And away renne !"

"And right so," quod that  
raton,

"Reson me sheweth,

To bugge a belle of bras,

Or of bright silver,

And knydden it on a coler

For oure commune profit,

Wher he ryt or rest,

Or renneth to pleye ;

And if hym list for to laike,

Thanne loke we mowen,

And peeren in his presence

The while him pleye liketh :

And, if hym wratheth, be war,

And his way shonye."

Al this route of ratons

To this reson thei assented.

Ac tho the belle was y-brought,

And on the beighe hanged,

Ther ne was raton in al the  
route,

For al the reaume of Fraunce,

That dorste have bounden the  
belle

About the cattes nekke,

320

330

340

350

354

Ne hangen it about the cattes  
hals, 355

Al Engelond to wynne.  
Alle helden hem un-hardy,  
And hir counseil feble;  
And leten hire labour lost  
And al hire longe studie.

A mous that muche good  
Kouthe, as me thoughte,  
Strook forth sternely,  
And stood bifore hem alle,  
And to the route of ratons 365  
Reherced thise wordes :

“ Though we killen the cat,  
Yet sholde ther come another  
To cacchen us and al oure  
kynde,

Though we copen under  
benches.

For-thi I counseille al the  
commune

To late the cat worthe;  
And be we nevere bolde  
The belle hym to shewe;  
For I herde my sire seyn, 375  
Is seven yeer y-passed,  
Ther the cat is a kitone  
The court is ful elenge;  
That witnesseth holy writ,  
Who so wole it rede :

*Væ terræ ubi puer rex est ! etc.*

For may no renk ther reste have  
For ratons by nyghte; 383

The while he caccheth co-  
nyngnes, [oyne,

He coveiteth noght your car-

But fedeth hym al with veny-  
son : 396

Defame we hym nevere.  
For better is a litel los  
Than a long sorwe,  
The maze among us alle,  
Theigh we mysse a sherewe;  
For many mennes malt  
We mees wolde destruye,  
And also ye route of ratons 395  
Rende mennes clothes,  
Nere the cat of that court  
That can yow over-lepe;  
For hadde ye rattes youre wille,  
Ye kouthe noght rule yow  
selve.” [mous,

“ I seye for me,” quod the  
“ I se so muchel after,  
Shal nevere the cat ne the kiton  
By my counseil be greved,  
Thorough carpynge of this coler  
That costed me nevere 405  
And though it hadde costned  
me catel,

Bi-knowen it I nolde  
But suffren, as hymself wolde,  
To doon as hym liketh,  
Coupled and uncoupled  
To cacche what thei mowe.  
For-thi ech a wis wight I  
warne,

Wite wel his owene.”

What this metels by-meneth,  
Ye men that ben murye  
Devyne ye, for I ne dar,  
By deere God in hevene. 417

#### NOTES ON THE SELECTION FROM PIERS PLOUGHMAN.

1. **Somer**, A.-S. *sumer*, Dan. *sommer*, from the same root, probably, as *sam*, together; spelled *somer* by Wycliffe, *sommer*, F. Q. I. i. 7.; *sommer* and *somer* by Gower. The second *m* indicates short sound of *o* or *u*, § 18 (2), and is not pronounced. — **Seson**, season. Fr. *saison*. The French *ai* had the sound of the A.-S. *e*

very nearly. The *a* in *season* and the *y* in *seyson*, as the word is spelled by Mandeville, are orthographic, § 18 (1).

2. **Whan**, A.-S. *hwan*, *hwaene*, an old acc. form of the relative pronoun. See n. on *thanne*, ver. 21. The *h* simply indicates that the *w* is apthongal, § 20 (1). — **Softe**, soft. The final *e* is A.-S. inflection, nom. fem. sing. in the definite declension. — **Sonne**, sun, A.-S. *sunne*, which, as in Arabic and some Teutonic languages, was feminine. The *u* was early changed to *o*; afterwards it was restored and the terminal *ne* dropped.

3. **Shoop**, A.-S. *sceop*, past tense of *scapan* or *sceapan*, to shape, form, make. A.-S. *sc* has generally passed into *sh*, § 20 (3). The second *o* is orthographic, § 18 (1). **Shroudes**, A.-S. *scrud as*, clothes. The A.-S. plural in *as* was first changed into *es*; then the connecting vowel was dropped. The word exemplifies the narrowing process often occurring in the use of words, § 47 (1).

4. **Sheep**, shepherd. Another text reads, "As y shepherde were." A.-S. *sceþ*, *sceap*, *sceop*, *scaep*, sheep. — **Weere**, A.-S. *waere*, were, subjunctive past of A.-S. *beo*, be. See Versions, 1. The second *e* in *weere* is orthographic, § 18 (1).

5. **Habite**, Fr. *habit*, Lat. *habitus*. The final *e* would indicate the long quantity of the *i*. — **An**, A.-S. *aen*, one. As a numeral, and also as an indefinite pronoun, as "such a one," "one knows," the spelling is *one*. As the indefinite article, it was formerly spelled *an* in all cases. The *n* has been gradually dropped, till now the article is pronounced, and should be written, *a*, except before vowels, where the *n* is retained, to prevent the hiatus from the concourse of two vowels. The one exception to this rule is by virtue of the same principle — euphony, that the *n* be retained before the apthongal vowel *h* when not under accent. Thus we say and write "an horizon;" but "a horizontal." — **Heremite**, hermit. From Gr., whence Lat. *eremita*, Fr. *ermite*, *hermite*.

6. **Werkes**, works; A.-S. *werc as* and *weorc as*.

7. **Wente**, A.-S. *went*. The inflectional *e*, which, as common in irregular verbs had been dropped in A.-S., came to be restored. Cf. *habite*, above.

8. **Wondres**, A.-S. *wundr as*, wonders, plu. of *wundr*; also written *wunder*, *wonder* and *wondor*. — **Here**, A.-S. *her an*, to hear; the *a* in which is orthographic, § 18 (1), as is the *e* in *here*, § 23.

9. **Morwennyge**, A.-S. *morg en*, *morg yn*, *morgh en*, *merg en* and *morn*. The *w* is probably from the *gh* in one of the A.-S. forms of the word. Wycliffe, *morewe*, in the sense of *morning*. Chaucer has *morwening* and *morwe*.

10. The Malvern Hills separate Worcestershire from Herefordshire and Monmouthshire, in England. They run north and south for nearly nine miles. — **Hilles**, hills, from A.-S. *hill*.

11. **Me**, A.-S. dat. and acc. 1 pers. sing. pron. See § 4. Here it is remote object of *bifel* — **Bifel**, befell, A.-S. *befeoll* or *befeol*, past tense of *be-feallan*, comp. of *be* or *bi*, and *feallan*, to fall. — **Ferly**, a wonder, a surprising thing; A.-S. *fearlich*, sudden.

12. **Fairye**, old Fr. *faerie*, illusion. — **Me**, remote object of *thoghte*. — **Thoghte**, A.-S. *thuh te*, past tense of *thincan*, to seem. A.-S. *methin:th*, means thus, it seems to me. Hence our *methinks*, *methought*.

13. **Wery**, wearily. A.-S. *werig*, weary. — **Forwandred**, from A.-S. *for*, forth, and *wandrian*, to wonder.

14. **Me**, object of *reste*. — **Reste**, A.-S. *restan*. For final *e* see n. ver. 7.

15. **Brood**, A.-S. *brad*, broad. The second *o* in *brood*, and the *a* in *broad*, are orthographic, § 18 (1).

16. **Bournes**, gen. sing. from A.-S. *burne*, a brook. The word is retained in Scotch, as *Bannock-burn*. — **Syde** A.-S. *side*.

17. **Lenede**, leaned; A.-S. *hlinian*, past tense *nlinode*. The A.-S. initial element was an apthongal *l*, § 15.

18. **Loked**, looked; A.-S. *loc ian*, *loc ode*. The second *o* in *look* is orthographic § 18 (1). — **Watres**, A.-S. *waeter*, plu. *waeteru*, *waetru*.

19. **Slombred**, A.-S. *slumer ian*, *slumer ode*. In regard to change of vowels *o* and *u*, cf. *somer*, ver. 1, *sonne*, ver. 2. The *b* is euphonic affix, § 33. Cf. *number*, Lat. *numerus*; *cucumber*, Lat. *cucumis*.

20. **Sweyed**, A.-S. *sweg de*, sounded. — **Murye**, merry; A.-S. *murig*, *myrig*, and *mirig*. Also *myrge*.

21. **Thanne**, A.-S. *thanne*, also *thonne*, *thaenne*, *thaen*, *thon*, *then*. This adverb was originally the regular accusative of the demonstrative adjective pronoun, which was used also as the definite article. It may be supposed to be governed by some preposition understood, as A.-S. *ymbe*, about, concerning, with respect to. The accusative inflection was frequently used when a word which was primitively an adjective or noun became an adverb or a conjunction. The same is common in Greek and Latin. In the case of adverbs, the relation implied in the case-form is outward, objective; in the case of conjunctions, it is one of thought only, internal, subjective. *Thanne*, then, as also *hwaene*, when, like Lat. *tum*, *quum*, properly expressed the relation of the accusative — *during*, *through*, Lat. *per*. *Thanne*, used as a comparative conjunction, like Lat. *quam*, expresses a relation of thought only. Thus, the sentence, "John is taller than James," is to be interpreted: John is comparatively tall (= taller), when we look to James as a standard of comparison. The Greek genitive of comparison is to be explained in the same way, only we have now the reversed direction of thought; — we look *from* the standard of comparison, not *to*, and use accordingly the *whence* case, the genitive in Greek, the ablative in Latin, not the *whither* case, the accusative. As, *virtus præstantior est robore* is to be interpreted: virtue is relatively better, looking *from*, to judge *from*, strength, the standard or object of comparison. The initial *th* in A.-S. *thanne* was apthongal. The change to the phthongal is unexplained. It occurs also in the definite article, and all pronominal words having this initial element and their derivatives; as *the*, *thou*, *thine*, *thy*, *thee*; *this*, *that*, *these*, *those*; *thence*, *there*, *thither*, *thus*; *therefore*, and *though*. The *th* final is regularly apthongal also, except in the prepositions *with* and derivatives *beneath*, *underneath*; the verbs *bequeath* and *mouth*; and *smooth*: adjective and verb, and *booth*. — **Gan**, began, A.-S. *be*, intensive, and *gyn*, to begin. Cf. βῆ δ' ἔειπεν, βῆ δὲ θέειν, in the Iliad. — **Meten**, A.-S. *met an*, to meet; here, *to experience*.

22. **Nerveillous**, Fr. *merveilleux*, Lat. *mirabilis*. — **Swevene**, A.-S. *swefene*, a dream, from *swefan*, to sleep. Cf. *swoon*. For change of A.-S. *f* into *v*, see § 19.

24. **Wiste**, knew, A.-S. *wit an*, to know, past tense *wiste*. The root appears in Eng. *wist*, *wot*, *wit*, *righteousness* (rightwisness). — **Nevere**, A.-S. *naefre*, comp. of *ne* and *aefre*.

25. **Biheeld**, beheld, A.-S. *beheald an* and *beheld an*, to behold; past tense *beheola* and *beheld*. — **Eest**, east, A.-S. *est*. The second *e*, as also the *a* in Eng. *east* is orthographic, § 18 (1).

26. **An**, on, A.-S. *an* or *on*. — **Heigh**, high; A.-S. *hig*, *hih*, and *heah*.

27. **Seigh**, saw; A.-S. *seah*, 1 sing. past tense of *seon*, to see. Cf. *heigh*, ver. 26, from *heah*. — **Tour**, tower, A.-S. *tur*, *tor*, and *torr*. — **Toft**, hill, A.-S. *toft*.

28. **Trieliche**, choicely, perfectly; from same root as *try*, A.-S. *treow ian*, and *true*, A.-S. *triwe*. Cf. Chaucer: "With suger which is *trie*" — which is choice. — **Y-maked**, made; A.-S. *gemacod*, past part. of *macian*, to make.

29. **Bynethe**, beneath: A.-S. *be*, *bi*, or *by*, and *nythan* or *neothan*, beneath. The *a* in *beneath* is orthographic, § 18 (1); for final *e* see § 26.

30. **Therinne**, A.-S. *therinne*. On initial *th* see ver. 21.

31. **Depe**, A.-S. *deop* and *diop*. Cf. *deep*, ver. 29. — **Diches**, ditches, A.-S. *dic as*. *Dyke* and *ditches* have the same origin. The element *ch* was already in the

language, as is shown by this spelling. The *t* is orthographic affix — **Derke**, dark, A.-S. *dearc*, and *deorc*. For final *e* see § 26.

32. **Dredfulle**, A.-S. *ðred* and *ful*. The *a* in *dread* is orthographic. — **Sighte**, A.-S. *gesight*, part. from *seon*, to see. The preposition *of* expresses the whence-relation of the thought. The meaning is, dreadful as regarded from the sight.

33. **Fair**, A.-S. *faeger* and *faegr*. The guttural has fallen out. — **Feeld**, field A.-S. *feld* and *fild*. The second *e* is orthographic. — **Ful**, A.-S. *ful* and *full*. — **Folk**, A.-S. *folc*. Cf. Lat. *vulgus*, under Grimm's Law, § 35.

34. **Fond**, found, A.-S. *fund*. past tense of *finden*, to find. — **Ther**, there. — **Bitwene**, between, A.-S. *be* and *tweonum*, *tweonan*, or *twynan*, two.

35. **Manere**, manner; Fr. *maniere*. The second *n* in *manner* is orthographic, § 18 (2).

36. **Meene**, A.-S. *maene*, mean. Same stem as in *many*, and A.-S. *gemaen*, whence our *common*, Ger. *gemein*.

37. **Werchyng**, pres. part. from A.-S. *weran*, *wyrcan*, *weorc an*, to work. — **Wandryng**, pres. part. from A.-S. *wandrian*, to wander, which is a derivative from *wend an*, to wend, to go.

39. **Putten**, put, 3 pers. plu. of past tense from a root *not*, so far as known, occurring in A.-S. In Danish, however, we have *put-te*, to put. Cf. Lat. stem *pos* in *pono* (= *pos-no*). The *n* with connecting vowel *o* usually, but more rarely with *a* and *e*, was the plu. ending of the perf. in A.-S. and also of the present of some verbs which became auxiliaries, as *seal*, *magan*, *cunnan*, and *mot*. This sign of the plural also took the place of the present plural in *th* in the parts of England where Danish influence reached, while in the west and southwest the form in *th* remained still in use. Thus the "Buch of Layamon," written in the western dialect, 1155, and the "Ancren Riwlen" (Anchors' Rules), written probably in Dorsetshire about a century and a half later, alike use *th*; the "Ormulum," written, it is supposed, at about the same time as the "Ancren Riwlen," in a northeastern or eastern county, has *en*, or rather, as the author, Orm, uniformly doubled the consonant after a short vowel, *enn*. — **Hem**, them. The 3 pers. sing. masc. in A.-S. was thus inflected: nom. *he*; gen. *his*; dat. *him*; acc. *hine*. The 3 pers. plu. in all genders was: nom. *hi*; gen. *hira*; dat. *him*; acc. *hi*. Layamon has *heom* in both dat. and acc.; the "Ancren Riwlen," *him*; and Orm writes *hemm*. The *h* in nom. plu. first passed into *th*; in poss. and obj. plu. *her* and *hem* were used by Wycliffe and Chaucer.

40. **Pleiden**, played; A.-S. *pleg an* and *pleg ian*, past tense *pleg ode*. — **Seld**, seldom; A.-S. *seld*, *seldom*, also *seldan* and *seldon*. The last three are old dat. plural forms.

42. **Swonken**, toiled; A.-S. *swinc an*, past tense, *swanc*. The word, now obsolete, was used by Spenser and by Milton.

43. **Wonnen**, won; A.-S. *win nan*, past tense, *wan*, plu. *wunnon*. — **That**, what, that which. — **Wastours**, wasters; Fr. from Lat. *vastatores*. The A.-S. verb was *west an*, to waste.

44. **Gloutonye**, gluttony; A.-S. *glut o*, a glutton; Fr. *glouton*, Lat. *glut o*. — **Destruyeth**, destroyeth; Old Fr. *destruir*, Lat. *destruere*. The *th* is plural affix.

45. **Somme**, some; A.-S. *sum* or *som*, plu. *sume* or *some*. The second *m* is orthographic, § 18 (2).

46. **Apparailed**, Fr. *appareil*.

47. **Contenaunce**, appearance, from Lat. *continere*. — **Clothyng**, clothing, A.-S. *clæth*, a garment.

48. **Comen**, come; A.-S. *cum an*, past tense *com*, plu. *comon*. — **Degised**, disguised; Fr. *deguiser*.

49. **Preires**, prayers; Fr. *prières*.



50. **Manye**, A.-S. *manig*, plu. *manige*.
51. **Al**, all; A.-S. *al*. — **Our**, A.-S. *ure*, § 4.
52. **Lyveden**, lived. The *en* is plu. affix. See ver. 39. — **Streyte**, narrowly, strictly; A.-S. *gestreht*, from *strac* or *strec*, narrow. Cf. Lat. *strict us*.
53. **After**, originally compar. of *aft* or *aest*, but subsequently used as prep. It is not here followed by any object expressed, and is equivalent to *hereafter*.
54. **Hevene**, heaven's; A.-S. *heofun* and *hefan*, from *hebban* or *hefan*, to heave, to raise. See § 42. The sign of the genitive was sometimes omitted, as *ancre riwlen*, anchorites' rules. See ver. 212.
55. **Ancre**s, anchorites, from *αναχωρητής*, one who has retired; written by Chaucer, *anker*, by Donne, *anachorit*.
56. **Hire**, their. The A.-S. gen. plu. in all genders was *hira*; spelled *here* by Wycliffe, and *her* by Chaucer. The gen. sing. was *hire*, spelled by Mandeville, *here*. See § 4. — **Selles**, cells; Lat. *cella*.
57. **Coveiten**, covet; Old Fr. *coveiter*, Lat. *cupid us*. — **Noght**, nothing; A.-S. *naht*, *noht*, and *nocht*, from *ne* and *aht*, aught. See Versions, 1. — **Contree**, country; Fr. *contrée*, Lat. *contra*, over against, with suffix.
58. **Carien**, care; A.-S. *cari an*. — **Aboute**, about; A.-S. *a-butan*, comp. of *an*, *be*, and old acc. form *utan*, out. Versions, 6.
59. **Likeraus**, delicate, voluptuous; A.-S. *liccera*, a glutton. — **Liflode**, mode of life; A.-S. *lif-lade*, life-lead.
60. **Likame**, body; A.-S. *lichama*. — **Plese**, please; Fr. *plaisir*.
61. **Chaffare**, merchandise; A.-S. *ceap*, bargain; hence, *ceapman*, *chapman*, a bargainer, and *ceap ian*, to chaffer.
62. **Cheveden**, succeeded, achieved; Fr. *achever*, comp. of *a* for *ad*, to, and *chef*, Lat. *cap ut*, head. — **The**, old ablative, meaning *by that*, *by so much*. Cf. Lat. *eo* — *quo*. "Eo gravior est dolor, quo major." — **Bettre**, better; A.-S. *betere* and *betre*. The final *e* is inflectional.
64. **Swiche**, such; A.-S. *swilc*, comp. of *swa*, so, and *ilc*, same, like. Written also *soche* and *suche* in P. P., and *siche* and *swilche* by Wycliffe. — **Thryveth**, 3 pers. plu.
65. **Murthes**, plu. from A.-S. *mirth* and *myrth*.
66. **Mynstralles**, minstrels; Old Fr. *menestral*, Lat. *ministrellus*. — **Konne**, know; A.-S. *connan* and *cunnan*, to know, to have skill in, to be able.
68. **Giltless**, guiltless; A.-S. *gilt*, a fault, and *laes*, privative suffix. The A.-S. *g* was always guttural. For *u* in *guilt*, see § 21 (1). — **Leeve**, believe; A.-S. *leafan*, to believe.
69. **Ac**, but; an A.-S. conj. now obsolete. — **Japeres**, jesters. The verb *jape* is probably from A.-S. *gabb an*, to jest. The initial *g* became *i* or *y*, as in *geoc*, *ioc*, a yoke; *geong*, *gung*, *iung*, young; *gea*, *ia*, yea. This change would be effected through the insertion of a light vowel element, a *sheva*, after the initial consonant — a very common practice. — **Jangeleres**, praters; Fr. *jangler*.
71. **Feinen**, feign; Fr. *feindre*, Lat. *ingere*. The Fr. part. is *feign ant*; 3 plu. pres. *feign ent*. — **Hem**, dat. plu. See n. ver. 39.
73. **Han**, have, contraction of *habban*; 3 plu. *habban*, to have. The regular 3 plu. ind. was *habboth*, but the *th* passed into *n*, which seems to be the older form. See n. ver. 39.
74. **Wolde**, would. The A.-S. perf. plu. of *will en*, to will, was *woldan*. The plu. sign, *n*, was dropped. See n. ver. 39.
76. **Wol**, wil. Cf. A.-S. *will an*, Ger. *will en*, Dan. *will e*, Lat. *vol o*, *vell e*, Gr. *βούλωται*. — **Nat**, not; A.-S. *nate*, from *ne* and *aht*. — **Preve**, prove; A.-S. *profian*. Cf. Dan. *prøve*, Ger. *prüfen*, Fr. *prouver*, O. Fr. *prover*, Lat. *probare*. Wycliffe has *preef*, *profe*, and *prevyden*. Cf. *meve*, move, *chese*, choose, in Chaucer, Mandeville, and Wycliffe.

77. He who speaks foul speech.
78. **Luciferes**, A.-S. genitive. — **Hyne**, servant; A.-S. *hyne*, *hine* and *hina*.
79. **Bidderes**, petitioners; A.-S. *biddere*, from *biddan*, to ask, to bid.
80. **Yede**, went; A.-S. *gan*, to go, past tense *eode*, pronounced *yode*. Cf. F. Q. III. viii. 34, "So forth they *yode*;" and I. ii. 5, "Then badd the knight his lady *yede* aloof."
81. **Bagges**, A.-S. *baelg*, bag, belly. Cf. Lat. *baga*, Gael. *bag* and *baelg*. There is a play on the words *belies*, bellies, and *bagges*, the two being the same originally.
82. **Breed**, bread; A.-S. *bread* and *breod*, from *breowan* and *brīwan*, to brew. *Bread* is thus *brewed*. It was variously spelled *brede*, *breed*, and *bread*, by early English writers. The pronunciation was doubtless the same.
83. **Faiteden**, begged; Old Fr. *fait en*.
85. **Woot**, knows; A.-S. *wat*, 1 and 3 sing. pres. ind. of *witan*, to know; past tense. *wist e*. The second *o* is orthographic, § 18 (1).
86. **Bedde**, bed; A.-S. *bed*, *baed*, and *bedde*.
87. **Ribaudie**, ribaldry, from Fr.
88. **Tho**, those; A.-S. *tha*. — **Roberdes knaves**, a class of evil-doers, also called *wastours*, particularly named in the statutes of Edward III. and Richard II. "Gentz-qui sont appelez *Roberdesmen*, *Wastours*, et *Draghelatche*."
89. **Sleuthe**, sloth; A.-S. *sleuth* and *slæweth*, from *slaw*, slow, idle, lazy.
90. **Seweth**, follow; Fr. *suiivre*, Lat. *sequi*. We find these forms, *sywede*, *sewed*, *suede*, *sued*, followed; and *sewe*, *sue*, follow. Cf. *ensue*, *pursue*. — **Evere**, ever, adv.; A.-S. *æfre* and *æfer*.
91. **Palmeres**, pilgrims, so called from the staves of palm which they bore from the Holy Land.
92. **Plighen**, pledge; A.-S. *pliht en*, plight, pledge. Cf. under Grimm's Law. Lat. *obligo*. — **Togidere**, together; A.-S. *to-gaedere* and *to-gadre*.
95. **Wey**, way; A.-S. *weg*. See Versions, 4.
97. **Lyen**, lie; A.-S. *leogan*.
98. **Seigh**, ver. 27. — **Seiden**, Versions, 2.
101. **Ech**, each; A.-S. *aelc* and *elc*. The A.-S. *c* has passed in many words into *ch*, as *sc* into *sh*.
102. **Tenge**, tongue, often written *tong*. Cf. *tongs*.
103. **Moore**, more; A.-S. *mar*. The *r* is compar. affix, § 42. The second *o* is orthographic, § 18 (1). — **Seye**, say; A.-S. *seegan*, or *saegan*. See Versions, 2. — **Sooth**, truth; A.-S. *soth*. See Versions, 7.
104. **Semed**, seemed; A.-S. *seman*. The second *e* is orthographic, § 18 (1). **Speche**, speech; A.-S. *specan*, to speak. The second *e* in speech, and the *a* in *speak* are orthographic, § 18 (1).
105. **An**, see ver. 5. — **Heep**, heap; A.-S. *heap*, a company or large band.
106. **Hoked**, hooked; A.-S. *hoc*, a hook, see § 18 (1). — **Staves**, A.-S. *stafas*, plu. of *staef*. The etymology indicates that the *a* has the sound of *a* in father, rather than *a* in fate. For *r*, see § 19.
107. **Wolsyngham**, a parish in Norfolk county, England, where was a shrine of the Virgin Mary, of great celebrity. The followers of Wycliffe, especially, denounced pilgrimages to this shrine.
108. **Wenches**, A.-S. *wenche*, a maid, daughter. It was used in a good sense, as P. P. applies it to the Virgin Mary.
109. **Grete**, great; A.-S. *greut*, the pronunciation of which was represented by the spelling *grete*. — **Lobies**, loobies or lubbers. The stem is *lob*, a clown. "Bion therefore, was but a very *lob*." — Holland. "I am none of those heavy lobcocks that are good for nothing." — Caryl, 1671. "And though you think it lubberlike." — Gascoigne. The verb *to lob* signifies *to droop*, hence *to be inert*, *to be heavy*,

'And their poor jades lob down their heads.' — Shakespeare, Henry V. iv. 2  
Cf. Dan. *lubben*, gross; Ger. *lappe*.

110. **Lothe**, loath; A.-S. *lath*. — **Swynke**. See ver. 42.

111. **Copes**, A.-S. *cappa* and *caeppe*, a cap, a hood. See § 46 (2).

112. **Ben**, old inf. and 3 plu. of *to be*. — **Othere**, others, plu. of other.

113. **Shopen**, made, plu. past tense of *shape*; A.-S. *scap an* or *sceop an*. See ver. 3.

115. **Fond**, found; A.-S. *fand*. See ver. 34. — **Freres**, friars or brothers; Fr. *freres*, Lat. *fratres*. The word was spelled in the sixteenth century *friere*. It seems to have become a regular dissyllable, and the accent being drawn back by the analogy of the language, the *i*, a mere supposititious element in the word, came to appear as a true primitive in it, and took its long usual sound at the end of an accented syllable. The four orders of friars were the Franciscans, Augustines, Dominicans, and Carmelites.

117. **Peple**, people, here dat. plu.; Fr. *peuple*, Lat. *populus*. Wycliffe wrote *puple*, Luke iii. 7; Rom. x. 21, xi. 1; Chaucer, *peple*; Gower, writing more under influence of French literature, *people*. Hume, in his "Grammar," 1617, censures this spelling, *people*. "For *peple*, they write *people*, I trow because it comes from *populus*; but if that be a reason, I wold understand a reason quhy they speak not soe alsoe."

118. **Hemselve**, themselves. Cf. *hem*, ver. 39. The *e* final is sign of plural.

119. **Glosed**, interpreted, glozed. "A gloss," says Hallam, "properly meant a word from a foreign language, or an obsolete or poetical word, or whatever requires interpretation. It was afterwards used for the interpretation itself." "Literature of Europe," chap. i. § 69. The modern word *gloze* has been lowered to an unfavorable sense, meaning *misinterpret*. The *s* was phthongal by rule, § 19, and is now rightly written *z*.

120. **Hem**, to them, dat. plu. — **Liked**, seemed; A.-S. *lic*, a form or shape. It is used impersonally, like thinks in *methinks*, ver. 330.

121. **Covetise**, covetous desire. Spenser, F. Q. III. iv. 7, uses the noun *covetize*. Old Fr. *covetise*, from Lat. *cupidus*. Cf. Wycliffe, 1 John ii. 16, "Coveitise of fleisch and coveitise of izen."

122. **Construwed**, construed; Lat. *con-struo*.

123. **Maistre**, master; Lat. *magister*.

125. **Moneie**, money; Old Fr. *moneie*, Lat. *moneta*, A.-S. *mynet*, from *myn an* to remember, to mean, a coin. A piece of money was thus something meant or marked for a special use; *mint* is from the same source. Vossius derives *moneta* from *moneo*. "quia nota inscripta monet nos auctoritatis et valoris." — **Marchandize**, Fr. *marchand*, a merchant; Lat. *mercans*, from *mercari*, to traffic.

126. **Marchen**, march, travel; Fr. *marcher*. The primitive stem is found in A.-S. *mearc* or *marc*, a mark, hence a boundary. *To march* meant to go to the boundaries for defense, hence applied to an army. — **Togideres**, together, an old gen. form. Cf. *towards*, A.-S. *to wardes*.

127. **Sith**, afterwards, late, adv. from A.-S. *sith*, a path, a movement, time. Hence *sith than* and *sith thans*, after that, since. — **Charite**, Fr. *charité*, Lat. *caritas*. — **Chapman**. See ver. 61.

128. **Shryve**, shrive; A.-S. *scrif an*. Hence *script*, shrift, confession

129. **Ferlies**. See ver. 11.

130. **Yeres**, years; A.-S. *gear* and *year*.

131. **But**, unless; Versions, 6. — **Hii**, they. See ver. 39. The final *i* is orthographic merely.

133. **Mooste**, most; A.-S. *maest*. The second *o* is orthographic; the final *e*, inflectional. — **Meschief**, mischief; Old Fr. *meschef*. — **Molde**, earth; A.-S. *moeld*.

The meaning is: unless Holy Church and they hold together better, the greatest mischief on earth increases very fast.

138. **Seles**, seals; A.-S. *sigel*, the sun, anything that glitters, a jewel, a seal. Spelled *seel*, ver. 157.

139. **Myghte**, was able, A.-S. *mihte*, past tense of *magan*, to be able.

140. **Assouillen**, absolve; Old Fr. *assoile*, Lat. *absolvere*.

141. **Falshede**, falsehood, from *false* and suffix *head* or *hood* *Falsehede* of *fastynge* is breaking of fasting.

142. **Avowes**, vows, from Norman Fr. Cf. Fr. *vœu*; Lat. *vc tum*, *vov ere*. — **Y-broken**. The prefix *y* is for *ge*, part. prefix, § 44 (2).

143. **Lewed men**, men of the laity, not ecclesiastics; A.-S. *laewede*, laical, belonging to the laity, from *laewian*, to mislead, betray. The worse sense has prevailed in the modern use of the word. — **Leved**, believed. See ver. 68.

145. **Comen**, plu. form. See ver. 39 on *putten*. — **Knelynge**, probably from Dan. *knael e*, to kneel, A.-S. *cneowian*. The stem is *kn*. Cf. Gr. γόνν; Lat. *gen u*.

147. **Bouched hem**, stopped their mouths. Cf. Fr. *bouche*, mouth. Another reading is: *He blessed hem*; and still another: *bunchith hem*, beats, or pushes them.

148. **Blered**, bleared. Of doubtful etymology, perhaps connected with *blur*. — **Eighen**, eyes, A.-S. *eah* and *eage*. The presence of the guttural, as characteristic element of the stem represented by *y* in *eye*, is noticeable in Lat. *oculus*, Gr. ὄκος, Ger. *auge*, Icelandic *auga*.

149. **Raughte**, reached, old past tense of *to reach*, A.-S. *raccan*; past tense, *rahte*. — **Rageman**. Nares says this word stands for the devil. *Ragman's roll*, that is, *devil's roll*, was "a collection of those deeds by which the nobility and gentry of Scotland were tyrannically constrained to subscribe allegiance to Edward I. of England, in 1296." — Jamieson. Afterwards *ragman* came to mean a writing or scroll. *Rignarole* is a corruption of *ragman's roll*. The meaning here seems to be: the pardoner drew up rings and brooches with his scroll.

150. **Broches**, broaches; Fr. *broche*, a spit. In P. P. 11,857 it means something that is easily ignited. The original meaning was probably a splinter, hence, a sharp stick, a spit, a bodkin, an ornament of which a slender, splinter-like piece, as a pin, was a characteristic part. It is spelled *broach*, *brooch*, *broche*, but pronounced the same way in all the three spellings.

153. **Leveth**, believe. See ver. 68. — **Losels**, vagabonds, profligates, from A.-S. *léosan* and *leoran*, to lose, to wander away. It is akin to *lorn*, which is a participle of the same verb. If *lorel* be a different word from *losel*, as some insist it should be regarded, it is of the same origin, and has the same import.

155, 156. This passage is very obscure. If the text be correct, the meaning would seem to be: If the bishop were in bliss, and it should come to his full hearing. — **Worth**, happen, become; A.-S. *weorthan*, to be, become. Cf. Ezek. xxx. 2, "Wo worth the day;" wo happen, come to the day. — **Eris**, ears; A.-S. *eare*. Cf. Dan. *øre*; Ger. *ohr*, the *h* here being orthographic; Lat. *auris*; Gr. οὔς. *Eris* is dative, remote object of *worth*.

157. **SeeI**, seal. See ver. 138. — **Sholde**, should, A.-S. *sceolde*, past tense of *sceal*, shall. — **Noght**, not. See ver. 57.

160. **Boy**. Cf. Dan. *pog*; Fr. *page*, Lat. *puer*. P. P. uses this word in connection with "beggere," as, ver. 6,962: "No beggere ne boye amonges us;" and "To beggeres and to boyes that loth ben to worcke."

161. **Parisshe**, parish; Fr. *paroisse*, Lat. *parochia*, Gr. παρoικία, from παρὰ, by, and οἶκος. — **Preest**, priest; A.-S. *preost*, Lat. *presbyter*, Gr. πρεσβύτερος, older.

163. **Poraille**, poor, a collective, or rather a mass noun; Norman Fr. *pour* Mod. Fr. *pauvre*; Lat. *pauper*.

166. **Pleynded hem**, bewailed themselves; Fr. *plaindre*, Lat. *plangere* Cf. "And to himself thus *plained*." — Milton, "Par. Lost," bk. iv. 504. The prefix *com* in *complain* is intensive; and the stronger word has crowded out of use the weaker which was in frequent use by the earlier English writers.

167. **Povere**, poor; Fr. *pauvre*.

168. **The pestilence**, the great plague of 1349-50. — **Sith**. See ver. 127.

169. In order to have leave to dwell at London.

175. **Cure**, charge. Lat. *cura*. — **Crist**. The *chi* ( $\chi$ ) of the Greek was often represented in Latin and derived languages by the unaspirated guttural.

181. **Liggen**, lie; A.-S. *liggan* and *liggan*, to lie down. The A.-S. of *lie*, to deceive, was *leogan*.

182. **Lenten**, in Lent. — **Ellis**, at other times, A.-S. *elles*, else. See Versions, 11.

184. **Tellen**, tell, compute, A.-S. *tellan*.

185. **Cheker**, the Exchequer. See n. Task, ii. ver. 162.

186. **Chalangen**, demand, Fr. *chalanger*, Lat. *calumniari*.

187. **Wardes**, guards, A.-S. *ward*. — **Wardemotes**, ward-meetings, A.-S. *ward* and *mot*, an assembly.

188. **Weyves**, plu. of *waif*, something found belonging to an unknown owner, originally applied to what was thrown away, *waived*, by a thief. — **Streyyes**, estrays. This law-term has an Anglo-Norman physiognomy, although of affinity to A.-S. *strægan*, to scatter.

189. **Servauantz**, servants; Old Fr. *servantes*.

191. **Stede**, stead, place; A.-S. *stede*. — **Stywardes**, stewards; A.-S. *stowward*, literally, place-guard.

192. **Demen**, deem, judge, A.-S. *deman*. Hence, *doom*.

193. **Messe**, mass; A.-S. *maesse* and *messe*, Lat. *missa*. The name arose from the words used to dismiss catechumens, *ite missa est*, sc. *ecclesia*, before the communion, at which they were not allowed to be present.

195. **Arn**, plur. of *to be*. — **Doon**, done. Cf. *brooch* and *broche*, ver. 150. The *o* was long as in *note*. — **Undevoutliche**, undevoutly. A hybrid having Lat. stem *devotus*, and A.-S. prefix *un*, and suffix *liche*.

196. **Drede is at the last**, there is ground of fear.

197. **Consistorie**, place of judging, judgment seat, Lat. *consistorium*.

198. **Acorse**, accurse; A.-S. *cursian*, with transitive prefix *a* for *an*.

204. **Highte**, bade; A.-S. *hatan*, past tense *het*, *heht*.

205. **Amonges**, among; A.-S. *mengan*, to mix, with prefix *a* for *an*. The *es* is sign of gen., § 42. The *t* in *amongst* is euphonic, § 38.

207. **Cardinals**, prime or fundamental virtues, on which others hinge or turn; Lat. *cardinalis*, from *cardo*, hinge.

208. **Yates**, gates. See § 25.

210. **Shette**, shut; A.-S. *scittan*. The vulgar pronunciation, *shet*, appears to be in accordance with the usage in Langland's time. Many vulgarisms are genuine archaisms.

212. **Hevene bliss**. See n. ver. 54. — **Shewe**, show; A.-S. *sceawian*.

214. **Kaught of that name**, caught hold of that name. *Catch* is from Old Fr. *carer*, *cucier*, from Lat. *captare* (*captiare*), the last guttural in the stem passing into *ch* represented by *tch* in the present; in the past tense, *caught*, passing into *gh*.

218. **Nelle**, will not, am unwilling; A.-S. *nelle*, 1 sing. pres. ind. of *nyllan*, to be unwilling.

219. **Lettrure**, learning, scripture; Lat. *literatura*. Cf. Chaucer, C. T. 14,415; "To techen him *lettrure* and curtesie."

221. **For-thi**, for this; therefore.

224. **Knyghthod**, A.-S. *cniht hod*, properly boyhood, from *cniht*, a boy hence, a military follower, and *hod*, habit, state, condition. — **Ladde**, led; A.-S. *laed an*, to lead; past tense, *laed de*, led.

226. **Regne**, reign; Old Fr. *reign er*, Lat. *regn are*. The popular election of kings was not unknown in the time of Langlande.

227. **Kynde**, natural; A.-S. *cynd*, nature, *cynde*, natural. The stem letters are *cn*. Cf. Lat. *gen u i*. The *d* is formative.

223. **Casten**, determined; Dan. *kaste*, to cast.

234. **Hemself**, here in the nom. in apposition with *commune*. — **Fynde**, invent, contrive, as in next ver. it is said they did.

235. **Contreved**, contrived; Fr. *controuuer*; Ital. *con* and *trovare*, to find. Cf. *preven*, prove, ver. 76.

239. **Tilie**, till; A.-S. *tilian*. — **Travaille**, labor, Fr. *travailler*.

242. **Thridde**, third, A.-S. *thridde*, § 46 (1).

243. **Shopen**. See ver. 3. — **Leauté**, loyalty; Fr. *loyauté*, Ital. *lealta*, Lat. *legalitas*.

248. **Clergially**, in a learned way, is the manner of a clergyman.

250. **Kyngriche**, kingdom; A.-S. *cyngrice*, comp. of *cyn*, and *rica*, government. Cf. *bishopric*.

251. **Lene**, grant; A.-S. *laen ian*, to lend. The meaning is: and grant thee to lead (govern) thy land so that loyal subjects may love thee, and for thy rightful ruling to be rewarded in heaven. Cf. Chaucer, "Legende," 2081: "And *lene* me never such a case befall."

252. **Lovye**, subj. mood; A.-S. *lufige*, from *luf ian*, to love.

254. **Be rewarded**, inf. and object. of *lene*.

255. **Sithen**, afterwards, then. See ver. 127. — **Eyr**, air, Fr. *air*; Lat. *aer*. "I fighte not as beting the *air*." Wycliffe, 1 Cor. ix. 26. Tyndale has *ayer*; Chaucer writes *eyre*. — **An**, on, A.-S. *an* and *on*.

257. **Lowed**, made himself low, condescended, § 47 (2).

258. **Koude**, could; A.-S. *cuthe*, past tense of *cunn an*, to ken, to know, to be able. The *l* in the modern *could* is probably from a mistaken analogy in this form to *would* and *should*. It was spelled *coude* by Chaucer, and *couth* by Spenser.

259. **Jugge**, judge; Fr. *juger*.

262. **For-thi**. See ver. 221.

262-276. In this Latin should be noticed the absence of the double accent, and of the alliteration that belong to the English of the poem. It has however, a limping rhyme, which is noticeable. A close translation is:—

I am king, I am chief,  
Neither perhaps hereafter;  
O thou who administerest laws,  
Christ's special laws administerest,  
That which thou mayest better do,  
Be just, be merciful.  
Bare justice by thee  
Should be clothed with mercy.  
What thou wouldst reap  
Such seed sow.  
If justice is bared,  
Of bare justice must thou reap;  
If mercy be sown,  
Of mercy mayst thou reap.

277. **Greved**, grieved; Old Fr. *griever* and *grever*. — **Goliardeis**, a parasite. **Goliards**, says Mr. Wright, were "riotous and unthrifty scholars who attended on



the tables of the richer ecclesiastics, and gained their living and clothing by practicing the profession of buffoons and jesters."

281-284. Since ruler from ruling  
Is said to have his name,  
He has the name without the thing  
Unless he aims to keep the laws.

285. **Gan**, began. See ver. 21.

289, 290. The commandments of the king are to us the constraints of law.

291. **Route**, an irruption; Fr. *route*.

292. **Ratons**, rats; A.-S. *raet*; Old High Ger. *rato*. — **Ones**, once. See § 42.

293. **Mees**, mice; A.-S. *mus*, plu. *mys*. — **Myd**, with; A.-S. *mid* and *myd*.

294. **Mo**, more; A.-S. *ma* and *mae*, contraction of *mara*, compar. of *mych*, much.

298. **Hym**, remote object of liked (= pleased). See ver. 120.

299. **Overleep**, overleaped, past tense, from A.-S. *ofer* and *hleap an*.

302. **Possed**, pushed; Fr. *pousser*.

304. **Dar**, dare; A.-S. *dear an*.

305. **Grucche**, grudge, complain, formerly written *gruch*, *grutch*, and *groche*; Old Fr. *grouch er*. — **Gamen**, sport; A.-S. *gamen*.

307. **Cracchen**, scratch; Dan. *kradse* and *kratse*. The initial *s* in *scratch* is intensive prefix. Cf. *creak*, *scream*; *cringe*, *scringe*.

308. **Clouches**, clutches, fr. A.-S. *gelaeccan*, to seize; Scotch, *cluk*, to snatch.

309. **Lotheth**, is loathsome. See ver. 110.

310. **Late**, let; A.-S. *laet an*, to let.

312. **Withstonde**, withstand, from A.-S. *stand an*.

313. **O-lofte**, aloft, on high; A.-S. *on* and *lyft*, the air.

315. **Renoun**, renown; Fr. *renommée*.

316. **Renable**. Another reading has *resonable*, reasonable.

318. **Hymselfe**, themselves. The final *e* here is sign of plural. Cf. *hemself*, ver. 234.

319. **Y-seyen**, seen; A.-S. *gesegen*. The *y* is for *ge*, participle prefix. See §§ 23, 44 (2). — **Segge**, men; A.-S. *secg*, a speaker, a man. — **Quod**, said; A.-S. *cuaeth an*, to say, past tense *cuaeth* and *cuaed*.

320. **Cité**, city; Fr. *cité*.

321. **Beren**, bear; A.-S. *ber an*. — **Beighes**, collars; A.-S. *beah*, *beh*, *baeh*, a metal ornament, whether ring, necklace, or crown.

325. **Wareyne**, a warren, a guarded place, an inclosure; A.-S. *waerian* and *werian*, to protect, to guard; Old Fr. *varenne*; New Fr. *garenne*.

326. **Hemself liked**. See vv. 120, 320.

327. **Outher**, other; A.-S. *athor*, *author*, and *other*.

330. **Me thinketh**, to me seemeth. Cf. *hem liked*, ver. 120; *hym liked*, ver. 298; *hemself liked*, ver. 326; *hym list*, ver. 341; *him pleye liketh*, ver. 344; *hym wratheth*, ver. 345.

331. **Myghte**, might; A.-S. *mihte*, past tense of *mag an*, to be able. — **Witen**, know; A.-S. *wit an*.

332. **Awey**, away; A.-S. *a-weg*, from *an* and *weg*. — **Renne**, run; A.-S. *rennen*, to run.

335. **Bugge**, buy; A.-S. *bycg an*.

337. **Knyttten**, bind; A.-S. *cnitt an* and *cnytt an*, to knit; to bind.

339. **Ryt**, ride, 3 sing. pres.; A.-S. *rid*.

341. **Laike**, play; A.-S. *laec an* and *lac an*. — **For** expresses relation of object of design or purpose.

342. **Loke**, look; A.-S. *locian*. — **Mowen**, may; A.-S. *mag an*.

343. **Peeren**, appear; Fr. *paraître*.

345. **Wratheth**, is angry with, wraths, provokes; A.-S. *wrathian*. *Hym* is object of *wratheth*, ver. 330. Cf. Wycliffe, Heb. iii. 16. "For summen heryenge *wratheden*," provoked.

347. **Shonye**, shun; A.-S. *scunian*, to shun.

352. **Reaume**, realm; Old Fr. *realme*, *reaume*; New Fr. *royaume*; Spanish *realme* (= *regalme*).

353. **Dorste**, durst; A.-S. *dear*, dare; 3 past tense, *dorste*.

354. **Cattes**, old gen. with connecting vowel.

355. **Hals**, neck; A.-S. *hals*, cf. Lat. *collum*.

362. **Kouthe** knew; A.-S. *cunnan*, past tense *cuthe*. — **Me thoughte**. See ver. 380.

366. **Reherced**, rehearsed; apparently a hybrid comp. of A.-S. *heran*, to hear and Lat. prefix *re*.

370. **Crope**, should creep; A.-S. *creopan*, past tense, plu. *crupan*.

372. **Worthe**, be; A.-S. *weorthan*, to become, to be.

377. **Ther**, when. The A.-S. demonstratives *thaer*, *ther*, and *thaer*, as well as *se*, *sco*, *thæt*, and *thæ*, were commonly used as relatives — **Kitone**, a diminutive from *cat*, with change of vowel. Cf. *chicken*, from *cock*. The *n*, not the *o*, is the sign of the diminutive.

378. **Elenge**, ailing; A.-S. *eglian*, and *elian*, to ail.

381. "Wo to the land where the king is a child!" — Eccl. x. 16.

382. **Renk**, man; — "a word used chiefly in the metrical romances and in popular poetry." — Wright, "Dictionary."

384. **Cacceth**, catcheth. See ver. 214. — **Conynges**, rabbits; Old Fr. *conil*, *conin*, Lat. *cuniculus*, Dan. *kanin*.

385. **Caroyne**, carrion, from Lat. *caro*.

389. **Sorwe**, sorrow; A.-S. *sorg*, *sorh*.

390. **Maze**, wonder, of doubtful etymology; A.-S. *mase*, whirlpool, and *missian*, to miss, to err, have been suggested.

391. **Theigh**, though; A.-S. *theh*, *theah*. — **Sherewe**, a shrew, a perverse person, from the verb, *to screw* meaning a screwed, twisted person. See J. C. II. i.

396. **Nere**, were not; A.-S. *neom* (= *ne* and *eom*), am not; past tense, subj. *naere*, were not.

401. **Muchel**, much; A.-S. *mycel*.

406. **Catel**, goods, property; Anglo-Norman *catal*, Lat. *capitale*.

407. **Bi-knowen**, acknowledge. — **Nolde**, would not; A.-S. *nolde*, past tense of *nyllan*, to be unwilling, to will.

413. **Wite**, know; A.-S. *witan*.

414. **Metels**, dream; A.-S. *maetan*, to dream.

### 3. SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE, 1300-1372.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE was born in St. Albans, a borough in Hertfordshire, about ten miles northwest of London, in 1300. He was highly educated and became proficient in theology, natural philosophy, and medicine. In 1322 he "passed the sea" and "went thorough many divers lands, and many provinces, and kingdoms, and isles," Tartary, Persia, Armenia, Lybia, Chaldea, Ethiopia, India, etc. Thirty-four years after, in 1356, he wrote a narrative of his travels in Latin, which he translated into French, and "translated it again out of French into English." His book, which is a singular collection of personal observations and fabulous hearsays, was very popular, and many manuscript copies of it were in circulation. It is regarded

as the oldest proper English work in prose. The diction is, however, less antique than the poetry of his contemporaries, Langlande and Chaucer. It contains, as would be supposed, many more French words and idioms. He died in Liège, Nov. 17, 1372.

The following extract is from chapter xv. in the London edition of 1839, by O. Halliwell. It is paragraphed for convenience of reference.

1. In that Lond, ne in many othere bezonde that, no man may see the Sterre transmoutane, that is clept the Sterre of the See, that is unmevable, and that is toward the Northe, that we clepen the Lode Sterre. But men seen another Sterre, the contrarie to him, that is toward the Southe, that is clept Antartyk. And right as the Schip men taken here avys here, and governe hem be the Lode Sterre, right so don Schip men bezonde the parties, be the Sterre of the Southe, the whiche Sterre apperethe not to us. And this Sterre, that is toward the northe, that wee clepen the Lode Sterre, ne apperethe not to hem.

2. For whiche cause, men may wel perceyve, that the Lond and the See ben of rownde schapp and forme. For the partie of the firmament scheweth in o contree, that schewethe not in another contree. And men may well preven be experience and sotyle compassement of wytt, that 3if a man fond passages be Schippes, that wolde go to serchen the world, men myghte go be Schippe alle aboute the world, and aboven and benethen.

3. The whiche thing I prove thus, afre that I have seyn. For I have ben toward the parties of Braban, and beholden the Astrolabre, that the Sterre that is clept the Transmontayne, is 53 degrees highe. And more forthere in Almayne and Bewme, it hathe 58 degrees. And more forthe toward the parties septentrioneles, it is 62 degrees of heghte, and certeyn Mynutes. For I my self have mesured it by the Astrolabre. Now schulle 3e knowe, that a3en the Transmontayne, is the tother Sterre, that is clept Antartyke; as I have seyde before. And the 2 sterres ne meeven nevere.

4. And be hem turnethe alle the Firmament, righte as dothe a Wheel, that turnethe be his Axille Tree: So that tho sterres beren the Firmament in 2 egalle parties; so that it hathe als mochel aboven, as it hathe benethen. Afre this, I have gon toward the parties meridionales, that is toward the Southe; and I have 3ounden, that in Lybye, men seen first the Sterre Antartyk. And so fer I have gon more forthe in tho Contrees, that I have founde that Sterre more highe; so that toward the highe Lybye, it is 18 degrees of heghte, and certeyn Minutes (of the whiche, 60 Minutes maken a Degree).

5. Afte goynge be See and be Londe, towards this Contree, of that I have spoke, and to other Yles and Londes beyond that Contree, I have founden the Sterre Antartyk of 33 Degrees of heghte, and mo mynutes. And 3if I hadde had Companye and Schippyng, for to go more beyond, I trowe wel in certeyn, that wee scholde have seen alle the roundnesse of the Firmament alle aboute. For as I have seyde you be for, the half of the Firmament is betwene tho 2 Sterres; the whiche halfondelle I have seyn.

6. And of the tother halfondelle, I have seyn toward the Northe, undre the Transmontayne 62 Degrees and 10 Mynutes; and toward the partie meridionale, I have seen undre the Antartyk 33 Degrees and 16 Mynutes: and thanne the halfondelle of the Firmament in alle, ne holdethe not but 180 Degrees. And of tho 180, I have seen 62 on that o part, and 33 on that other part, that ben 95 Degrees, and nyghe the halfondelle of a Degree, and so there ne faylethe but that I have seen all the Firmament, saf 84 Degrees and the halfondelle of a Degree; and that is not the fourthe part of the Firmament.

7. For the 4 partie of the roundnesse of the Firmament holt 90 Degrees: so there faylethe but 5 Degrees and an half, of the fourthe partie. And also I have seen the 3 parties of alle the roundnesse of the Firmament, and more 3it 5 Degrees and an half. Be the whiche I seye you certeynly, that men may envirovne alle the Erthe of alle the world, as wel undre as aboven, and turnen a3en to his Contree, that hadde Companye and Schippyng and Conduyt; and alle weyes he scholde fynde Men, Londes, and Yles, als wel as in this Contree.

8. For 3ee wyten welle, that thei that ben toward the Antartyk, thei ben streghte, feet a3en feet of hem, that dwellen undre the transmontane; als wel as wee and thei that dwellyn under us, ben feet a3enst feet. For alle the parties of See and of Lond han here appositees, habitables or trepassables, and thei of this half and beyond half. And wytethe wel, that afte that, that I may parceyve and comprehende, the Londes of Prestre John, Emperour of Ynde, ben undre us. For in goynge from Scotland or from Englund toward Jerusalem, men gon upward always.

9. For oure Londe is in the lowe partie of the Erthe, toward the West: and the Lond of Prestre John is the lowe partie of the Erthe, toward the Est: and thei han there the day, whan wee have the nyghte, and also highe to the contrarie, thei han

the nyghte, whan wee han the Day. For the Erthe and the See ben of round forme and schapp, as I have seyd befor. And that that men gon upward to o Cost, men gon downward to another Cost. Also 3ee have herd me seye, that Jerusalem is in the myddes of the World; and that may men preven and schewen there, be a Spere, that is pighte in to the Erthe, upon the hour of mydday, whan it is Equinoxium, that schewethe no schadwe on no syde. And that it scholde ben in the myddes of the World, David wytnessethe it in the Psautre, where he seythe. *Deus operatus est salutē in medio Terre.* — [Ps. lxxiv., 12.]

10. Thanne thei that parten fro the parties of the West, for to go toward Jerusalem, als many iorneyes as thei gon upward for to go thidre, in als many iorneyes may thei gon fro Jerusalem, unto other confynyes of the Superficialitie of the Erthe bezonde. And whan men gon bezonde tho iorneyes, toward Ynde and to the foreyn Yles, alle is envyronynge the roundnesse of the Erthe and of the See, undre oure Contrees on this half. And therfore hathe it befallen many tymes of o thing, that I have herd cownted, whan I was 3ong; how a worthi man departed somtyme from oure Contrees, for to go serche the World.

11. And so he passed Ynde, and the Yles bezonde Ynde, where ben mo than 5000 Yles: and so longe he wente be See and Lond, and so enviround the World be many seysons, that he fond an Yle, where he herde speke his owne Langage, callynge on Oxen in the Plowghe, suche Wordes as men speken to Bestes in his owne Contree: whereof he hadde gret mervayle: for he knewe not how it myghte be. But I seye, that he had gone so longe, be Londe and be See, that he had envyround alle the Erthe, that he was comen a3en envyrounyng, that is to seye, goyinge aboute, unto his owne Marches, 3if he wolde have passed forthe, til he had founden his Contree, and his owne knowleche.

12. But he turned a3en from thens, from whens he was come fro; and so he loste moche peynefulle labour, as him self seyde, a gret while afre, that he was comen hom. For it befelle afre, that he wente in to Norweye; and there Tempest of the See toke him; and he arryved in an Yle; and whan he was in that Yle, he knew wel that it was the Yle, where he had herd speke his owne Langage before, and the callynge of the Oxen at the Plowghe: and that was possible thinge. But how it semethe to symple men unlerned, that men ne mowe not go undre the Erthe, and also that men scholde falle toward the Hevene, from undre.

13. But that may not be, upon lesse, that wee mowe falle toward Hevene, fro the Erthe, where wee ben. For fro what parties of the Erthe, that men duelle, outhen aboven or benethen, it semethe alweys to hem that duellen, that thei gon more righte than any other folk. And righte as it semethe to us, that thei ben undre us, righte so it semethe hem, that wee ben undre hem. For ȝif a man myghte falle fro the Erthe unto the Firmament; be grettere resoun, the Erthe and the See, that ben so grete and so hevvy, scholde fallen to the Firmament: but that may not be; and therfore seithe oure Lord God: *Non timeas me, qui suspendi Terrā ex nichilo?* [Job xxvi. 7.]

14. And alle be it that it be possible thing, that men may so envyyronne alle the World, natheles of a 1000 persones, on ne myghte not happen to returnen in to his Contree. For, for the gretnesse of the Erthe and of the See, men may go be a 1000 and a 1000 other weyes, that no man cowde redye him perfytely toward the parties that he cam fro, but ȝif it were be aventure and happ, or be the grace of God. For the Erthe is fulle large and fulle gret, and holt in roundnesse and aboute envyyroun, be aboven and be benethen 20,425 Myles, afre the opynyoun of the olde wyse Astronomeres. And here seyenges I repreve noughte.

15. But afre my lytylle wytt, it semeth me, savynge here reverence, that it is more. And for to have bettere understandyng, I seye thus: Be ther ymagyned a Figure, that hathe a gret Compas; and aboute the poynte of the gret Compas, that is clept the Centre, be made another litille Compas; than afre, be the gret Compas devised be Lines in manye parties; and that alle the Lynes meeten at the Centre; so that in as many parties, as the grete Compas schal be departed, in als manye schalle be departed the litille, that is aboute the centre, alle be it that the spaces ben lesse.

16. Now thanne, be the gret compas represented for the firmament, and the litille compasse represented for the Erthe. Now thanne the Firmament is devysed, be Astronomeres, in 12 Signes; and every Signe is devysed in 30 Degrees, that is 360 Degrees, that the Firmament hathe aboven. Also, be the Erthe devysed in als many parties, as the Firmament; and lat every partye answer to a Degree of the Firmament; and wytethe it wel, that afre the auctoures of Astronomeye, 700 Furlonges of Erthe answeren to a Degree of the Firmament; and tho ben 87 Miles



and 4 Furlonges. Now be that here multiplied by 360 sithes ; and than thei ben 31,500 Myles, every of 8 Furlonges, afre Myles of pure Contree. Somoche hathe the Erthe in roundnesse, and of heghte environ, afre myn opynyoun and myn undirstondynge.

## NOTES ON EXTRACT FROM MANDEVILLE.

**PARA. 1. Ne.** The duplication of the negative, common to the Greek and the Anglo-Saxon, is avoided in the Latin and the modern English. We find, thus, in A.-S. : *ne geseoh næfre nan mann God* : literally, no man never saw not God. — **May**, is able, A.-S. *magan*. — **Sterre**, star, A.-S. *steorra*. — **Clepen**, call ; A.-S. *clepan, cleopan, clipian*, to call, to name. *Clept*, also, *y-clept* is the past part. — **Seen**, plu. of *See*. See n. P. P. 39. — **Him**, it. The A.-S. formed the dat. masc. and neut. of the 3 pers. pron. alike in *him*. — **Right**, just. — **Here**, her. See n. P. P. 55. The second *here* is from A.-S. *her*, here. — **Avys**, advice, direction ; Fr. *avis* Lat. *ad-visum*, from *ad* and *videre*. — **Don**, plu. of *do*. See n. P. P. 39. — **The parties**, those parts, the being old form of demonstrative adj. — **Hem**, old. dat. plu. of 3 pers. pron. — **Wel**, spelled also *well*, both in A.-S. and in early English. It may be difficult to account for all the apparent anomalies in the orthography of words ending in the sound of *l* ; but there are three principles which are applicable respectively to different classes of these words. First, the form of the word in the language from which it is transferred into the English may have governed. Thus *ball, cell, null*. Secondly, the consonant was doubled as a mere orthographic expedient to show that the preceding vowel had its short sound. Thirdly, the English word may, as usually, have followed the inflected form, as A.-S. nom. *al*, gen. masc. *alles*, by the general rule that adjectives ending in a single consonant after a short vowel double the consonant in the indefinite declension. But in A.-S. we find both spellings ; as *al, all* ; *ful, full* ; *wel, well* ; and also in early English, even by the same author, as is evidenced in this selection from Mandeville. So late as the time of the King James version we find both forms.

**PARA. 2. Perceyve.** All derivatives in English from the Lat. stem *cap-*, take, as *conceive, deceive, receive*, take the *i* or *y* after the *e* to denote that the *e* has its long sound. The *i* in these words as in *either, neither*, should not be regarded as representing a proper sound of its own. — **O**, one. This shortened form of the numeral was very common in early English. — **Sotyle**, subtle ; Lat. *subtilis*, Portuguese *sobtil, sotil*, Ital. *sottile*. Wycliffe has, 2 Cor. xii. 16, *sutel* ; Chaucer, ver. 1,056, *sotrl*, but 612, *subtilly*. — **3if**, give. See § 25. — **Aboven**, above ; A.-S. *abufan*, prep. from *an* (on), *be*, and *ufan*, up, above.

**PARA. 3. That**, what. See P. P. 43. — **Braban**, Brabant. — **Astrolabre**, an instrument for taking the position of the stars. Gr. *ἀστρολάβος*. A preposition seems to be omitted. — **Forthere**, further, compar. of *forth*. There is here a double comparative. — **Almayne**, Germany ; Fr. *Allmayne*. — **Bewme**, Bohemia, Ger. *Bohmen*. But Bohemia proper does not extend beyond 51° of north latitude. — **Heghte**, hight : A.-S. *hehth* and *hihth*. — **Certeyn**, certain ; Fr. *certain*, Lat. *certus*, from v. *cer no*, to try, to judge. The stem-elements *cr* (*kr*) correspond here to the Teutonic *tr* in *try, trust, true*. Cf. Lat. *grad-i-or*, Eng. *tread* ; Lat. *circulus*, A.-S. *trendel*, a circle ; Lat. *cruciari*, A.-S. *treg-ian*, to torment ; Gr. *δάκρυ*, Lat. *lacryma*, A.-S. *tear* ; Lat. *acer*, A.-S. *teart, tart* ; Lat. *lacerare*, A.-S. *ter-an*, to tear. The digraph *ai* in the modern form of the word represents the short *e* sound as heard in *met*, as in *mountain, again*, etc. — **Mesured**, measured. The *a* is orthographic merely. — **Azen**, against, opposite ; also, again ; A.-S. *agen*, from

**an** (on), and **gen**, moreover — **Tother**, contraction of *the other*. — **Tho**, those. — **Meeven**, move. See P. P. 76.

PARA. 4. **Egalle**, equal, Fr. *égal*, Lat. *æqualis*. — **Mochel**, much, A.-S. *mucel*, *mycel*. The A.-S. *c*, here as elsewhere in many words, has passed into the *ch*. — **Founden**, seen, plu. forms. See n. P. P. 39. — **Fer**, far, A.-S. *feor*. — **Mo**, more. See P. P. 294.

PARA. 5. **Alle the roundnesse**, the entire circle. — **Jon**, dat. plu. § 25. — **Be forn**, before. The *n* is sign of inflection. — **Halfondelle**, semi-circumference, for half-rondelle.

PARA. 6. **Saf**, save, O. Fr. *sauv* and *sauf*. With final *e* the *f* element would regularly become phthongal. See § 19.

PARA. 7. **Holt**, holds. The A.-S. 3 pers. sing. of *healdan*, to hold, was *hylt*, also *healt*, and *helt*. — **Conduyt**, Old Fr. *conduicte*, Mod. Fr. *conduite*, guidance. The last syllable was originally accented; hence the *i* or *y*. — **Als**, as; A.-S. *ael*, signified both *all* and *else*, *other*. *All* and *other* are closely joined in thought; *I*, of the first person, the speaker, and *the other*, make up the *all*; in Greek *ἐγώ* and *ἄλλος* are the two coördinates in thought, which together make up the *ὅλος*. Thus the provincial saying: I can walk *as well as the other*, meaning, as well as any one of all the world. Our conj. *as*, Ger. *als*, is derivative from this stem denoting *other*, *else*. It comes naturally to be the sign of comparison, as it marks the object of thought which follows as the *other*, the coördinate in respect to the object which precedes. The progress of language, ever struggling on to keep pace with the discriminations in thought, changes the forms of the original word — at first in the less unstable or essential elements, as the vowels, then in the consonants exchanged first for others most nearly akin — and sets apart these divers forms for the respective special uses of thought. Form-words, as prepositions and conjunctions as well as auxiliaries, were, for the most part, originally object-words or notion-words.

PARA. 8. **Streghte**, strictly, exactly; A.-S. *strec can*, to stretch, past part. *gestreht*, *streht*. — **Dwellyn**. Cf. *duellen*, just above — **Here**, their. See Para. 1. — **Appositees**, opposites. French form of part. — **Habitables or trepassables**. These are Fr. plu. forms. *Trepassable*, that can be passed across, navigable; here as opposed to *habitable*. Fr. *trepasser*, from Lat. *trans* and *passare*, originally meaning to pass across, but in later use restricted to the meaning, to die, that is, to pass across the boundary of life. — **Wytethe**, know ye well. The A.-S. imper. was in *th*, when the noun was omitted. — **That I may parceyve and comprehend**, which I am able to perceive and comprehend.

PARA. 9. **Prestre John**, priest (presbyter) John, a mythical chief first appearing to history in the 11th century, said to have been converted to Christianity by the spirit of a departed saint. Mandeville makes him Emperor of India. He has been regarded by some as a Tartar chief, by others as a Nestorian prince. — **Beforn**, before, A.-S. *beforan*, compounded of *be* and *for-an*. The *n* indicates the inflectional ending as following the prep. *be*. — **That that**. The second *that* seems to be used in the sense of *as*, perhaps *since*. — **Myddes**, midst, old A.-S. gen. of *midde*, middle, from prep. *mid*, among, with. For final *t* in *midst*, see § 38. — **Pighte**, fixed, *it. figere*. — **Psautre**, psalter; Fr. *psautier*, Lat. *psalterium*.

PARA. 10. **Parten**, depart. — **For to go**. The prep. *for* here governs the inf. *to go*. This form of expression, now obsolete, was once common, and grammatically legitimate. — **Thidre**, thither, A.-S. *thider*. — **Confynyes**, confines, coterminous places. — **Superficialitie**, surface. The Lat. *superficies* (*super facies*) is the origin of the Fr. *surface*. The *e* is inflectional. When it was dropped out in spelling, the *i*, by rule, became *y*. See § 23. — **Foreyn**, foreign; Fr. *forain*, Lat. *foraneus*. Chaucer wrote *forain* and *foraine*; Spenser, F. Q. bk. v. c. 9, st. 37, *forrain*; James version, Eph. ii. 19, *forreiners*, where Tyndale and Cranmer both have *for-*

*ainers*. The *g* and the *i* in our *foreign* are both foreign to the word, and were both introduced probably to show the long quantity of the *e*, which formerly was in an accented syllable. — **Cownted**, recounted; Fr. *conter*, Lat. *com putare*, to think together or in connection. Lat. *com put um* is the origin of the Ital. *conto*, Fr. *compte*, and Eng. *count*, in legal use, meaning a story, a declaration. — **For to go serche**. *For*, a prep. governing *to go*, as above. — **Serche**, search, Old Fr. *cercher*, Mod. Fr. *chercher*, Lat. *circare*. This word exemplifies in its history and use several very common principles of our language. Etymologically it shows how *s* and *c* interchanged to denote the sibilant element; how the vowels interchange when preceding *r*; how the apththongal guttural perfect consonant represented by *k*, and also by *c* before *a*, *o*, and *u*, has changed to the labial imperfect consonant, or fricative *ch*; how the inflectional ending drops away in the progress of speech. Grammatically, the word shows that the primitive Eng. inf. was without the auxiliary or sign *to*; as is still the case in some expressions, as “bid him *go*,” “have him *do* it;” “heard them *say*,” and the like; and that the infinitive is governed by another verb.

PARA. 11. **Seysons**. seasons. See n. P. P. 1. — **Langage**, language; spelled likewise without the *u* by Wycliffe and Cranmer, Acts ii. 6. — **Plowghe**, a plow, Dan. *ploug* and *plow*, from *pløje*, to plow. The stem of this word is not found in A.-S., in which language the stem *er*, corresponding to Lat. *ar* in *arare* appeared in many forms; as v. *er ián*, to ear, to till, or plow, as in Eng. “the oxen that *ear* the ground shall eat, etc.” Isa. xxx. 24; n. *eard*, whence our *earth*, meaning *that which is eared or tilled*; adj. *earm*, toilsome, poor, miserable; a derivation which suggests that the condition of the A.-S. plowman was toilsome and abject. On the contrary, in Sans. this root came to denote the noble, the elevated, suggesting that the condition of the plowman, the cultivator, was comparatively elevated. It is curious to observe, in studying out the history of the words denoting this employment of plowing and tilling, that the French term is *laborer*, implying a similar connection to that which existed in the minds of the framers of the A.-S. tongue. While this word in the French denotes properly plowing, the Lat., from which it comes, denotes rather the condition than the original employment or activity, which meaning is retained in the Fr. adj. *laborieux*. Still further, Grimm’s Law, § 35, conducts us from Low German stem *pl* to *b* and *l* as the corresponding elements in Lat., which are the stem elements of *labor*, but transposed. Once more, the inquiry arises: What, in the condition of the people, or the application of the terms, displaced the stem *er*, and introduced the Danish stem *pl*? — **Marches**, boundaries, territories. See n. P. P. 126. — **Knowleche**, acquaintance, as *knowledge* is used to denote *things* or *persons known*. — **Thens**, thence, old *gen.* form, § 42.

PARA. 12. **Peyneful**, literally worsening, wearing, impairing. A Lat. stem, *pejor*, worse, Old Fr. *peire*, and Teut. suffix. The word occurs in our early writers, not with the prefixed prep. *in*, as we have it now in our *impair*, but with *ad*, as in *apaire*, and *apeire*, from Lat. *ad* and *pejorare*, through the Old French, *appeirer*. Thus, Chaucer, C. T. ver. 3149: —

“It is a sinne, and eke a gret folie  
To *apeiren* any man, or him defame.”

Also Wycliffe: “We have *apeired* no man,” 2 Cor. vii. 2. Cf. “That in nothing ye suffer *peirement* of us,” *Ibid.* ver. 9.

PARA. 13. **May not be**, cannot be. — **Upon lesse**, unless, formerly written *onless*, and *onles*. Tooke derives this conj. from the A.-S. v. *onlesan*, to unloose. But this phrase of Maundeville shows the true origin of the word, *upon lesse than* being the full form of expression with the adj. followed by the comparative *than*. The meaning is: That may not be, is not possible on less condition than this, that we can fall toward heaven from the earth where we are. — **That men**

**dwelle**, in which men dwell. — *That* is used as relative with omission of the prep. as above, *that he was comen home*, unless, what seems preferable, we change the punctuation by striking out the comma before *that*, and govern the clause by the prep. *afre*. — **Outher**, either. It would seem that the use of this disjunctive in the sense of *either*, that is, as the first of the two correlatives *either* — *or*, being more infrequent than that of the simple disjunctive *or*, the old full form has been retained for this first use, while the contracted form *or* is used for the latter more frequent use. — **Righte**, upright, erect. — **Semeth hem**, seems to them; *hem* being old dat. without prep. and immediately depending on the verb. — **Fro**, from. — **Resoun**, reason. The *u* was inserted to show the long sound of the *o*, the accent which was on this syllable in the Lat. *ration* is being retained in the Fr., although the inflectional syllable was elided.

PARA. 14. **Alle be it**, albeit, be it all, grant it all be; *be* being in the potential mood of the concessive form. — **Na the les**, not the less, nevertheless; A.-S. *na theles*, from *na*, not, *the*, old ablative of demonstrative pron., and *laes*, less. In such expressions as, "*the farther he goes, the worse he fares*," *the* is to be regarded as not the def. article limiting *farther* and *worse* or their nouns, but as the relative and demonstrative, equiv. to Lat. *quo* — *eo*, as "*homines quo plura habent, eo cupiunt ampliora*," "the more men have, the more they crave." See n. P. P. 62. — **Cowde** (= *coude*), could. — **Redye**, bring back, from Fr. *reduir*, Lat. *reducere*. — **Perfite ly**, perfectly, exactly; Old Fr. adj. *parfeit*, and *parfit*, perfect, Mod. Fr. *parfait*. — **Be aventure**, peradventure, by adventure, by chance. — **Happ**, hap. A short vowel in a final syllable doubled the following consonant, § 18 (2). **Holt**, holds. A.-S. 3 pers. sing. of *heoldan*, to hold, was *hylt*, *healt*, and also *helt*. See Para. 7. — **Here**, their.

PARA. 15. **Repreve**, reprove, censure. See in glossary, *preve*. — **A gret compass**, a large circle. — **Devised**, divided; Fr. *diviser*, Lat. *dividere*, to divide. — **In**, into; A.-S. *in*, in, and into. like Lat. — **Departed**, separated, divided, Fr. *departir*, Lat. *de* and *partiri*. *Depart* was once used transitively, as "That he depart with me the heritage." Wycliffe, Luke xii. 13.

PARA. 16. **Lat**, let; A.-S. *laet*, from *laetan*, to let, permit. — **Auctoures**, authors; Lat. *auctores*; the second *u* is mere orthographic expedient, as in *resoun* above. — **The**, those, they. — **Sithes**, times, A.-S. *sith*, time, whence *sithens*, contracted into our modern *since*. — **Every**, every one.

#### 4. GEOFFREY CHAUCER, 1328-1400.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, it is supposed, was born in London in 1328. It is inferred from a passage in his Testament of Love, that he was educated at Cambridge. Having been introduced in some way into court life, he was recognized in 1367 in a patent of King Edward Third, issued in the forty-first year of that monarch's reign, and granting him an annuity of twenty marks, as *valettus noster*, our valet or yeoman; and was employed subsequently in many honorable services, particularly as a royal envoy and diplomatist. He married Philippa de Rouet, one of the maids of honor to the Queen, and by this marriage became allied to the renowned John of Gaunt (Ghent), who married Philippa's sister, Mrs. Catharine Swynborn, as his third wife. With this famous leader he sympathized in the defense of the opinions of Wycliffe. In the troubles of the times he lost office and property, escaping himself to France, where, and in Denmark, he wrote some of his books. Retiring from public life, he gave himself up to literary labors, first at Woodstock, and afterwards, on the death of John of Lancaster, in 1399, at Donnington Castle. He died Oct. 25th 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Chaucer's earliest important work was a translation into English iambic verse of four feet in successive rhyme, of the *Roman de la Rose*, a poem written in similar verse in French by Guillaume de Lorris about 1250. His other leading poems are *Troilus and Cressida*, the *House of Fame*, the *Death of Blanch the Duchess*, the *Parliament of Fowls*, the *Legend of Good Women*, and the *Canterbury Tales*, one of the last and greatest of his works. His prose works are his *Translation of Boethius*, *de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, a *Treatise on the Astrolabe* addressed to his son Lewis, the *Testament of Love*, and two of the *Canterbury Tales*.

The selection here given is printed from Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, published at Oxford in 1798.

In composing the *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer undoubtedly had in his mind the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. He had visited Italy and become more or less acquainted with Italian literature, at that time the most flourishing in Europe. If not favored with the personal society of Boccaccio (1313-1375) or Petrarch (1304-1374), he must have been brought under the influence of their writings, then the pride and the entertainment of the literary world. The *Decameron* consists of one hundred tales, said to have been told on ten successive days by seven ladies and three young gentlemen, who had fled to a retreat in the country from the ravages of a deadly pestilence which raged in Florence in 1348. Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales*, improves on this idea of Boccaccio, in giving somewhat of a dramatic character to his tales. He supposes a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of Thomas à Becket in Canterbury. Twenty-nine persons from the company of pilgrims who meet at the Tabard inn, Southwark, to beguile the tediousness of their journey, agree to tell each a story, in going and also in returning. The Prologue in 861 verses introduces the characters, with descriptions of each; and the several tales were to be connected throughout by suitable narrative. In the execution of his plan, the poet has left only twenty-four tales, not one for each in the journey to Canterbury, with none for the journey back. The first is the *Knights Tale*, which seems to have been originally composed as a separate work. It is the longest of all, consisting of 2,350 iambic pentameter verses. It is founded on a story by Boccaccio. It is, perhaps, the best for study, bearing the characteristics of Chaucer's genius and poetic skill in their highest degree, and is free from the exceptionable features of some of the other tales. The *Clerkes Tale*, which is here given, is about half as long as the *Knights Tale*. In the prologue it is said that the tale was learned of Petrarch, who, it seems, took it from the *Decameron*. It is the tenth tale of the tenth day in the *Decameron*. Petrarch speaks of the story as if an old one; but whence Boccaccio obtained it is unknown.

#### THE CLERKES TALE.

1. THER is right at the West side of Itaille  
Doun at the rote of Vesulus the cold,  
A lusty plain, habundant of vitaille,  
Ther many a toun and tour thou maist behold,  
That founded were in time of fathers old,  
And many another delitable sighte,  
And Saluces this noble contree highte.
2. A markis whilom lord was of that lond,  
As were his worthy elders him before,  
And obeysant, ay redy to his hond,



Were all his lieges, bothe lesse and more :  
Thus in delit he liveth, and hath don yore,  
Beloved and drad, thurgh favour of fortune,  
Both of his lordes, and of his commune.

3. Therwith he was, to speken of linage,  
The gentilest yborne of Lumbardie,  
A faire person, and strong, and yong of age,  
And ful of honour and of curtesie :  
Discret ynough, his contree for to gie,  
Sauf in som thinges that he was to blame,  
And Walter was this yonge lordes name.
4. I blame him thus, that he considered nought  
In time coming what might him betide,  
But on his lust present was all his thought,  
And for to hauke and hunt on every side :  
Wel neigh all other cures let he slide,  
And eke he n'old (and that was worst of all)  
Wedden no wif for ought that might befall.
5. Only that point his peple bare so sore,  
That flockmel on a day to him they went,  
And on of hem, that wisest was of lore,  
(Or elles that the lord wold best assent  
That he shuld tell him what the peple ment,  
Or elles coud he well shew swiche matere)  
He to the markis said as ye shull here.
6. O noble markis, your humanitee  
Assureth us and yeveth us hardinesse,  
As oft as time is of necessitee,  
That we to you mow tell our hevinesse :  
Accepteth, lord, than of your gentillesse,  
That we with pitous herte unto you plaine,  
And let your eres nat my vois disdaine.
7. Al have I not to don in this matere  
More than another man hath in this place,  
Yet for as moch as ye, my lord so dere,  
Han alway shewed me favour and grace,



I dare the better aske of you a space  
Of audience, to shewen our request,  
And ye, my lord, to don right as you lest.

8. For certes, lord, so wel us liketh you  
And all your werke, and ever have don, that **we**  
Ne couden not ourself devisen how  
We mighten live in more felicitee :  
Save o thing, lord, if it your wille be,  
That for to be a wedded man you lest,  
Than were your peple in soverain hertes rest.
9. Boweth your nekke under the blisful yok  
Of soveraintee, and not of servise,  
Which that men clepen spousaile or wedlok :  
And thinketh, lord, among your thoughtes wise,  
How that our dayes passe in sondry wise ;  
For though we slepe, or wake, or rome, or ride,  
Ay fleth the time, it wol no man abide.
10. And though your grene youthe floure as yet,  
In crepeth age alway as still as ston,  
And deth manaseth every agè, and smit  
In eche estat, for ther escapeth non :  
And al so certain, as we knowe eche on  
That we shul die, as uncertain we all  
Ben of that day whan deth shal on us fall.
11. Accepteth than of us the trewe entent,  
That never yet refuseden your hest,  
And we wol, lord, if that ye wol assent,  
Chese you a wife in short time at the mest,  
Borne of the gentillest and of the best  
Of all this lond, so that it oughte seme  
Honour to God and you, as we can deme.
12. Deliver us out of all this besy drede,  
And take a wif, for highe Goddes sake :  
For if it so befell, as God forbede,  
That thurgh your deth your linage shulde **slake**,  
And that a strange successour shuld take

Your heritage, o ! wo were us on live :  
Wherefore we pray you hastily to wive.

13. Hir meke praier and hir pitous chere  
Made the markis for to han pitee.  
Ye wol, quod he, min owen peple dere,  
To that I never er thought constrainen **me**.  
I me rejoyced of my libertee,  
That selden time is found in mariage ;  
Ther I was free, I moste ben in servage.
14. But natheles I see your trewe entent,  
And trust upon your wit, and have don **ay** ;  
Wherfore of my free will I wol assent  
To wedden me, as sone as ever I may.  
But ther as ye han profred me to-day  
To chesen me a wif, I you relese  
That chois, and pray you of that profer **cese**.
15. For God it wot, that children often ben  
Unlike hir worthy eldres hem before,  
Bountee cometh al of God, not of the **stren**,  
Of which they ben ygendred and ybore :  
I trust in Goddes bountee, and therfore  
My mariage, and min estat, and rest  
I him betake, he may don as him lest.
16. Let me alone in chesing of my wif,  
That charge upon my bak I wol endure :  
But I you pray, and charge upon your lif,  
That what wif that I take, ye me assure  
To worship hire while that hire lif may dure,  
In word and werk both here and elles where,  
As she an emperoures doughter were.
17. And forthermore this shuln ye swere, that **ye**  
Again my chois shul never grutch ne strive.  
For sith I shal forgo my libertee  
At your request, as ever mote I thrive,  
Ther as min herte is set, ther wol I wive :  
And but ye wol assent in swiche manere,  
I pray you speke no more of this matere.

18. With hertly will they sworn and assenten  
 To all this thing, ther saide not o wight nay :  
 Beseching him of grace, or that they wenten,  
 That he wold granten hem a certain day  
 Of his spousaile, as sone as ever he may,  
 For yet alway the peple somewhat dred,  
 Lest that this markis wolde no wif wed.
19. He granted hem a day, swiche as him lest,  
 On which he wold be wedded sikerly,  
 And said he did all this at hir request ;  
 And they with humble herte ful buxumly  
 Kneling upon hir knees ful reverently  
 Him thonken all, and thus they han an end  
 Of hir entente, and home agen they wend.
20. And hereupon he to his officeres  
 Commandeth for the feste to purvay.  
 And to his privee knightes and squieres  
 Swiche charge he yave, as him list on hem lay :  
 And they to his commandement obey,  
 And eche of hem doth al his diligence  
 To do unto the feste al reverence.

## PARS SECUNDA.

21. Nought fer fro thilke paleis honourable,  
 Wher as this markis shope his mariage,  
 Ther stood a thorpe, of sighte delitable,  
 In which that poure folk of that village  
 Hadden hir bestes and hir herbergage,  
 And of hir labour toke hir sustenance,  
 After that the erthe yave hem habundance.
22. Among this poure folk ther dwelt a man,  
 Which that was holden pourest of hem all :  
 But highe God sometime senden can  
 His grace unto a litel oxes stall :  
 Janicola men of that thorpe him call.  
 A doughter had he, faire ynough to sight,  
 And Grisildis this yonge maiden hight.

23. But for to speke of vertuous beautee,  
Than was she on the fairest under sonne :  
Ful pourely yfostred up was she :  
No likerous lust was in hire herte yronne ;  
Wel ofter of the well than of the tonne  
She dranke, and for she wolde vertue plese,  
She knew wel labour, but non idel ese.
24. But though this mayden tendre were of age,  
Yet in the brest of hire virginitee  
Ther was enclosed sad and ripe corage :  
And in gret reverence and charitee  
Hire olde poure fader fostred she :  
A few sheep spinning on the feld she kept,  
She wolde not ben idel til she slept.
25. And whan she homward came, she wolde bring  
Wortes and other herbes times oft,  
The which she shred and sethe for hire living,  
And made hire hed ful hard, and nothing soft :  
And ay she kept hire fadres lif on loft  
With every obeisance and diligence,  
That child may don to fadres reverence.
26. Upon Grisilde, this poure creature,  
Ful often sithe this markis sette his eye,  
As he on hunting rode paraventure :  
And whan it fell that he might hire espie,  
He not with wanton loking of folie  
His eyen cast on hire, but in sad wise  
Upon hire chere he wold him oft avise,
27. Commending in his herte hire womanhede,  
And eke hire vertue, passing any wight  
Of so yong age, as wel in chere as dede.  
For though the peple have no gret insight  
In vertue, he considered ful right  
Hire bountee, and disposed that he wold  
Wedde hire only, if ever he wedden shold.
- 28 The day of wedding came, but no wight can  
Tellen what woman that it shulde be,

For which mervaille wondred many a man,  
 And saiden, whan they were in privetee,  
 Wol not our lord yet leve his vanitee?  
 Wol he not wedde? alas, alas the while!  
 Why wol he thus himself and us begile?

29. But natheles this markis hath do make  
 Of gemmes, sette in gold and in asure,  
 Broches and ringes, for Grisildes sake,  
 And of hire clothing toke he the mesure  
 Of a maiden like unto hire stature,  
 And eke of other ornamentes all,  
 That unto swiche a wedding shulde fall.
  
30. The time of underne of the same day  
 Approcheth, that this wedding shulde be,  
 And all the paleis put was in array,  
 Both halle and chambres, eche in his degree,  
 Houses of office stuffed with plentee  
 Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vitaille,  
 That may be found, as fer as lasteth Itaille.
  
31. This real markis richely arraide,  
 Lordes and ladies in his compaignie,  
 The which unto the feste weren praide,  
 And of his retenue the bachelerie,  
 With many a soun of sondry melodie,  
 Unto the village, of the which I told,  
 In this array the righte way they hold.
  
32. Grisilde of this (God wot) ful innocent,  
 That for hire shapen was all this array,  
 To fetchen water at a welle is went,  
 And cometh home as sone as ever she may.  
 For wel she had herd say, that thilke day  
 The markis shulde wedde, and, if she might,  
 She wolde fayn han seen som of that sight.
  
33. She thought, I wol with other maidens stond,  
 That ben my felawes, in our dore, and see  
 The markisesse, and therto wol I fond

To don at home, as sone as it may be,  
The labour which that longeth unto me,  
And than I may at leiser hire behold,  
If she this way unto the castel hold.

34. And as she wolde over the threswold gon,  
The markis came and gan hire for to call,  
And she set down hire water-pot anon  
Beside the threswold in an oxes stall,  
And down upon hire knees she gan to fall,  
And with sad countenance kneleth still,  
Til she had herd what was the lordes will.
35. This thoughtful markis spake unto this maid  
Ful soberly, and said in this manere :  
Wher is your fader, Grisildis ? he said.  
And she with reverence in humble chere  
Answered, lord, he is al redy here.  
And in she goth withouten lenger lette,  
And to the markis she hire fader fette.
36. He by the hond than toke this poure man,  
And saide thus, whan he him had aside :  
Janicola, I neither may ne can  
Lenger the plesance of min herte hide,  
If that thou vouchesauf, what so betide,  
Thy doughter wol I take or that I wend  
As for my wif, unto hire lives end.
37. Thou lovest me, that wot I wel certain,  
And art my faithful liegeman ybore,  
And all that liketh me, I dare wel sain  
It liketh thee, and specially therfore  
Tell me that point, that I have said before,  
If that thou wolt unto this purpos drawe,  
To taken me as for thy son in lawe.
38. This soden cas this man astoned so,  
That red he wex, abaist, and al quaking  
He stood, unnethes said he wordes mo,  
But only thus ; Lord, quod he, my willing



Is as ye wol, ne ageins your liking  
I wol no thing, min owen lord so dere,  
Right as you list, governeth this matere.

39. Than wol I, quod this markis softly,  
That in thy chambre, I, and thou, and she,  
Have a collation, and wost thou why?  
For I wol ask hire, if it hire wille be  
To be my wif, and reule hire after me:  
And all this shall be don in thy presence,  
I wol not speke out of thin audience.
40. And in the chambre, while they were aboute  
The trettee, which as ye shul after here,  
The peple came into the hous withoute,  
And wondred hem, in how honest manere  
Ententifly she kept hire fader dere:  
But utterly Grisildis wonder might,  
For never erst ne saw she swiche a sight.
41. No wonder is though that she be astoned,  
To see so gret a gest come in that place,  
She never was to non swiche gestes woned,  
For which she loked with ful pale face.  
But shortly forth this matere for to chace,  
Thise arn the wordes that the markis said  
To this benigne, veray, faithful maid.
42. Grisilde, he said, ye shuln wel understond,  
It liketh to your fader and to me,  
That I you wedde, and eke it may so stond  
As I suppose, ye wol that it so be:  
But thise demaundes aske I first (quod he)  
That sin it shal be don in hasty wise,  
Wol ye assent, or elles you avise?
43. I say this, be ye redy with good herte  
To all my lust, and that I freely may  
As me best thinketh do you laugh or smerte,  
And never ye to grutchen, night ne day,  
And eke whan I say ya, ye say not nay,

Neither by word, ne frowning countenance ?  
Swere this, and here I swere our alliance.

44. Wondring upon this thing, quaking for drede,  
She saide ; Lord, indigne and unworthy  
Am I, to thilke honour, that ye me bede,  
But as ye wol yourself, right so wol I :  
And here I swere, that never willingly  
In werk, ne thought, I n'll you disobeie  
For to be ded, though me were loth to deie.
45. This is ynough, Grisilde min, quod he.  
And forth he goth with a ful sobre chere,  
Out at the dore, and after than came she,  
And to the peple he said in this manere :  
This is my wif, quod he, that stondeth here.  
Honoureth her, and loveth hire, I pray,  
Who so me loveth, ther n'is no more to say.
46. And for that nothing of hire olde gere  
She shulde bring into his hous, he bad  
That women shuld despoilen hire right there,  
Of which thise ladies weren nothing glad  
To handle hire clothes wherin she was clad :  
But natheless this maiden bright of hew  
Fro foot to hed they clothed han all new.
47. Hire heres han they kempt, that lay untressed,  
Ful rudely, and with her fingres smal  
A coroune on hire hed they han ydressed,  
And sette hire ful of nouches gret and smal :  
Of hire array what shuld I make a tale ?  
Unneth the peple hire knew for hire fairnesse,  
Whan she transmewed was in swiche richesse.
48. This markis hath hire spoused with a ring  
Brought for the same cause, and than hire sette  
Upon an hors snow-white, and wel ambling,  
And to his paleis, or he lenger lette,  
(With joyful peple, that hire lad and mette)  
Conveyed hire, and thus the day they spende  
In revel, til the sonne gan descende.

49. And shortly forth this tale for to chace,  
 I say, that to this newe markisesse  
 God hath swiche favour sent hire of his grace,  
 That it ne semeth not by likelinessse  
 That she was borne and fed in rudenesse,  
 As in a cote, or in an oxes stall,  
 But nourished in an emperoures hall.
50. To every wight she waxen is so dere,  
 And worshipful, that folk ther she was bore,  
 And fro hire birthe knew hire yere by yere,  
 Unnethes trowed they, but dorst han swore,  
 That to Janicle, of which I spake before,  
 She doughter n'as, for as by conjecture  
 Hem thoughte she was another creature.
51. For though that ever vertuous was she,  
 She was encresed in swiche excellence  
 Of thewes good, yset in high bountee,  
 And so discrete, and faire of eloquence,  
 So benigne, and so digne of reverence,  
 And coude so the peples herte embrace,  
 That eche hire loveth that loketh on hire face.
52. Not only of Saluces in the toun  
 Published was the bountee of hire name,  
 But eke beside in many a regioun,  
 If on saith wel, another saith the same :  
 So spredeth of hire hie bountee the same,  
 That men and women, yong as wel as old,  
 Gon to Saluces upon hire to behold.
53. Thus Walter lowly, nay but really,  
 Wedded with fortunat honestetee,  
 In Goddes pees liveth ful esily  
 At home, and grace ynough outward had he :  
 And for he saw that under low degree  
 Was honest vertue hid, the peple him held  
 A prudent man, and that is seen ful seld.
54. Not only this Grisildis thurgh hire wit  
 Coude all the fete of wifly homlinessse,

But eke whan that the cas required it,  
 The comune profit coude she redresse :  
 Ther n'as discord, rancour, ne hevynesse  
 In all the lond, that she ne coude appese,  
 And wisely bring hem all in hertes ese.

55. Though that hire husbond absent were or non,  
 If gentilmen, or other of that contree  
 Were wroth, she wolde bringen hem at on,  
 So wise and ripe wordes hadde she,  
 And jugement of so gret equitee,  
 That she from heven sent was, as men wend,  
 Peple to save, and every wrong to amend.
56. Not longe time after that this Grisilde  
 Was wedded, she a doughter hath ybore,  
 All had hire lever han borne a knave child :  
 Glad was the markis and his folk therfore,  
 For though a maiden childe come all before,  
 She may unto a knave child atteine  
 By likelyhed, sin she n'is not barreine.

PARS TERTIA.

57. Ther fell, as it befalleth times mo,  
 Whan that this childe had souked but a throwe,  
 This markis in his herte longed so  
 To tempt his wif, hire sadnesse for to knowe,  
 That he ne might out of his herte throwe  
 This marveillous desir his wif to assay,  
 Needles, God wot, he thought hire to affray.
58. He had assaied hire ynough before,  
 And found hire ever good, what nedeth it  
 Hire for to tempt, and alway more and more ?  
 Though som men praise it for a subtil wit,  
 But as for me, I say that evil it sit  
 To assay a wif whan that it is no nede,  
 And putten hire in anguish and in drede.
59. For which this markis wrought in this mancre ;  
 He came a-night alone ther as she lay

- With sterne face, and with ful trouble chere,  
 And sayde thus ; Grisilde, (quod he) that day  
 That I you toke out of your poure array,  
 And put you in estat of high noblesse,  
 Ye han it not forgotten, as I gesse.
60. I say, Grisilde, this present dignitee,  
 In which that I have put you, as I trow,  
 Maketh you not forgetful for to be  
 That I you toke in poure estat ful low,  
 For only wele ye mote yourselven know.  
 Take hede of every word that I you say,  
 Ther is no wight that hereth it but we tway.
61. Ye wote yourself wel how that ye came here  
 Into this hous, it is not long ago,  
 And though to me ye be right lefe and dere,  
 Unto my gentils ye be nothing so :  
 They say, to hem it is gret shame and wo  
 For to be suggetes, and ben in servage  
 To thee, that borne art of a smal linage.
62. And namely sin thy doughter was ybore,  
 Thise wordes han they spoken douteles,  
 But I desire, as I have don before,  
 To live my lif with hem in rest and pees :  
 I may not in this cas be reccheles ;  
 I mote do with thy doughter for the best,  
 Not as I wold, but as my gentils lest.
63. And yet, God wote, this is ful loth to me :  
 But natheles withouten youre weting  
 I wol nought do, but thus wol I (quod he)  
 That ye to me assenten in this thing.  
 Shew now youre patience in youre working,  
 That ye me hight and swore in youre village  
 The day that maked was our mariage.
64. Whan she had herd all this, she not ameved  
 Neyther in word, in chere, ne countenance,  
 (For as it semed, she was not agreved)

She sayde ; Lord, all lith in your plesance,  
My child and I, with hertely obeisance  
Ben youres all, and ye may save or spill,  
Your owen thing : werketh after your will.

65. Ther may no thing, so God my soule save,  
Like unto you, that may displesen me :  
Ne I desire nothing for to have,  
Ne drede for to lese, sauf only ye :  
This will is in myn herte, and ay shal be,  
No length of time, or deth may this deface,  
Ne change my corage to an other place.
66. Glad was this markis for hire answering,  
But yet he feined as he were not so,  
Al drery was his chere and his loking,  
Whan that he shuld out of the chambre go.  
Sone after this, a furlong way or two,  
He prively hath told all his entent  
Unto a man, and to his wif him sent.
67. A maner sergeant was this prive man,  
The which he faithful often founden had  
In thinges gret, and eke swiche folk wel can  
Don execution on thinges bad :  
The lord knew wel, that he him loved and drad.  
And whan this sergeant wist his lordes will,  
Into the chambre he stalked him ful still.
68. Madame, he sayd, ye mote foryeve it me,  
Though I do thing, to which I am constrained :  
Ye ben so wise, that right wel knownen ye,  
That lordes hestes may not ben yfeined,  
They may wel be bewailed and complained,  
But men mote nedes to hir lust obey,  
And so wol I, ther n'is no more to say.
69. This child I am commanded for to take.  
And spake no more, but out the child he hent  
Despitously, and gan a chere to make,  
As though he wold have slain it, or he went.



Grisildis most al suffer and al consent :  
And as a lambe, she sitteth meke and still,  
And let this cruel sergeant do his will.

70. Suspicious was the diffame of this man,  
Suspect his face, suspect his word also,  
Suspect the time in which he this began :  
Alas ! hire doughter, that she loved so,  
She wende he wold han slaien it right tho,  
But natheles she neither wept ne siked,  
Conforming hire to that the markis liked.
71. But at the last to speken she began,  
And mekely she to the sergeant praid  
(So as he was a worthy gentil man)  
That she might kisse hire child, or that it deid :  
And in hire barme this litel child she leid,  
With ful sad face, and gan the child to blisse,  
And lulled it, and after gan it kisse.
72. And thus she sayd in hire benigne vois .  
Farewel, my child, I shal thee never see,  
But sin I have thee marked with the crois,  
Of thilke fader yblessed mote thou be,  
That for us died upon a crois of tree :  
Thy soule, litel child, I him betake,  
For this night shalt thou dien for my sake.
73. I trow that to a norice in this cas  
It had ben hard this routhe for to see :  
Wel might a moder than han cried a'as,  
But natheles so sad stedfast was she,  
That she endured all adversitee,  
And to the sergeant mekely she sayde,  
Have here agen your litel yonge mayde.
74. Goth now (quod she) and doth my lordes hest :  
And o thing wold I pray you of your grace,  
But if my lord forbade you at the lest,  
Burieth this litel body in som place,  
That bestes ne no briddes it to-race.

But he no word to that purpos wold say,  
But toke the child and went upon his way.

75. This sergeant came unto his lord again,  
And of Grisildes wordes and hire chere  
He told him point for point, in short and plain,  
And him presented with his doughter dere.  
Somwhat this lord hath routhe in his manere,  
But natheles his purpos held he still,  
As lordes don, whan they wol have hir will,
76. And bad this sergeant that he prively  
Shulde this child ful softe wind and wrappe,  
With alle circumstances tendrely,  
And carry it in a cofre, or in a lappe ;  
But upon peine his hed of for to swappe  
That no man shulde know of his entent,  
Ne whens he came, ne whider that he went ;
77. But at Boloigne, unto his suster dere,  
That thilke time of Panik was countesse,  
He shuld it take, and shew hire this matere,  
Beseching hire to don hire besinesse  
This child to fostren in all gentillesse,  
And whos child that it was he bade hire hide  
From every wight, for ought that may betide.
78. This sergeant goth, and hath fulfild this thing.  
But to this marquis now retorne we ;  
For now goth he ful fast imagining,  
If by his wives chere he mighte see,  
Or by hire wordes apperceive, that she  
Were changed, but he never could hire finde,  
But ever in on ylike sad and kinde.
79. As glad, as humble, as besy in service  
And eke in love, as she was wont to be,  
Was she to him, in every maner wise ;  
Ne of hire doughter not a word spake she :  
Non accident for non adversitee  
Was seen in hire, ne never hire doughters name  
Ne nevened she, for ernest ne for game.

## PARS QUARTA.

80. In this estat ther passed ben foure yere  
Er she with childe was, but, as God wold,  
A knave childe she bare by this Waltere  
Ful gracious, and fair for to behold :  
And whan that folk it to his fader told,  
Not only he, but all his contree mery  
Was for this childe, and God they thonke and hery.
81. Whan it was two yere old, and from the brest  
Departed of his norice, on a day  
This markis caughte yet another lest  
To tempte his wif yet ofter, if he may.  
O ! nedeles was she tempted in assay.  
But wedded men ne connen no mesure,  
Whan that they finde a patient creature.
82. Wif, quod this markis, ye han herd or this  
My peple sikely beren our mariage,  
And namely sin my sone yboren is,  
Now is it werse than ever in al our age :  
The murmur sleth myn herte and my corage,  
For to myn eres cometh the vois so smerte,  
That it wel nie destroyed hath myn herte.
83. Now say they thus, whan Walter is agon,  
Than shal the blood of Janicle succede,  
And ben our lord, for other han we non :  
Swiche wordes sayn my peple, it is no drede.  
Wel ought I of swiche murmur taken hede,  
For certainly I drede al swiche sentence,  
Though they not plainen in myn audience.
84. I wolde live in pees, if that I might :  
Wherefore I am disposed utterly,  
As I his suster served er by night,  
Right so thinke I to serve him prively.  
This warne I you, that ye not sodenly  
Out of yourself for no wo shuld outraie,  
Beth patient, and therof I you praie.

85. I have, quod she, sayd thus and ever shal,  
 I wol no thing, ne n'ill no thing certain,  
 But as you list : not greveth me at al,  
 Though that my doughter and my sone be slain  
 At your commandement : that is to sain,  
 I have not had no part of children twein,  
 But first sikenesse, and after wo and peine.
86. Ye ben my lord, doth with your owen thing  
 Right as you list, asketh no rede of me :  
 For as I left at home al my clothing  
 Whan I came first to you, right so (quod she)  
 Left I my will and al my libertee,  
 And toke your clothing : wherfore I you prey,  
 Doth your plesance, I wol youre lust obey.
87. And certes, if I hadde prescience  
 Your will to know, er ye your lust me told,  
 I wold it do withouten negligence :  
 But now I wote your lust, and what ye wold,  
 All your plesance ferme and stable I hold,  
 For wist I that my deth might do you ese,  
 Right gladly wold I dien, you to plesse.
88. Deth may not maken no comparisoun  
 Unto your love. And whan this markis sa  
 The constance of his wif, he cast adoun  
 His eyen two, and wondreth how she may  
 In patience suffer al this array :  
 And forth he goth with drery contenance,  
 But to his herte it was ful gret plesance.
89. This ugly sergeant in the same wise  
 That he hire doughter caughte, right so he  
 (Or werse, if men can any werse devise)  
 Hath hent hire sone, that ful was of beautee :  
 And ever in on so patient was she,  
 That she no chere made of hevinesse,  
 But kist hire sone and after gan it blesse.
90. Save this she praied him, if that he might,  
 Hire litel sone he wold in erthe grave,

- His tendre limmes, delicat to sight,  
 Fro foules and fro bestes for to save.  
 But she non answer of him mighte have,  
 He went his way, as him no thing ne rought,  
 But to Boloigne he tendrely it brought.
91. This markis wondreth ever lenger the more  
 Upon hire patience, and if that he  
 Ne hadde sothly knowen therbefore,  
 That parfitly hire children loved she,  
 He wold han wend that of som subtiltee  
 And of malice, or for cruel corage,  
 That she had suffred this with sad visage.
92. But wel he knew, that next himself, certain  
 She loved hire children best in every wise.  
 But now of women wold I asken fayn,  
 If thise assaies mighten not suffice ;  
 What coud a sturdy husbond more devise  
 To preve hire wif hood, and hire steadfastnesse,  
 And he continuing ever in sturdinesse ?
93. But ther ben folk of swiche condition,  
 That, whan they han a certain purpos take,  
 They can not stint of hir intention,  
 But, right as they were bounden to a stake,  
 They wol not of hir firste purpos slake :  
 Right so this markis fully hath purposed  
 To tempt his wif, as he was first disposed.
94. He waiteth, if by word or contenance  
 That she to him was changed of corage :  
 But never coud he finden variance,  
 She was ay on in herte and in visage,  
 And ay the further that she was in age,  
 The more trewe (if that it were possible)  
 She was to him in love, and more penible.
95. For which it semed thus, that of hem two  
 Ther was but o will ; for as Walter lest,  
 The same lust was hire plesance also ;

And God be thanked, all fell for the best.  
She shewed wel, for no worldly unrest  
A wif, as of hireself, no thing ne sholde  
Wille in effect, but as hire husbond wolde.

96. The sclandre of Walter wonder wide spradde,  
That of a cruel herte he wikkedly,  
For he a poure woman wedded hadde,  
Hath murdred both his children prively :  
Swich murmur was among hem comunly.  
No wonder is : for to the peples ere  
Ther came no word, but that they murdred were.
97. For which ther as his peple therbefore  
Had loved him wel, the sclandre of his diffame  
Made hem that they him hateden therefore :  
To ben a murdroure is an hateful name.  
But natheles, for earnest ne for game,  
He of his cruel purpos n'olde stente,  
To tempt his wif was sette all his entente.
98. Whan that his doughter twelf yere was of age,  
He to the court of Rome, in subtil wise  
Enformed of his will, sent his message,  
Commanding him, swiche billes to devise,  
As to his cruel purpos may suffise,  
How that the pope, as for his peples rest,  
Bade him to wed another, if him lest.
99. I say he bade, they shulden contrefete  
The popes bulles, making mention  
That he hath leve his firste wif to lete,  
As by the popes dispensation,  
To stinten rancour and dissension  
Betwix his peple and him : thus spake the bull,  
The which they han publisshed at the full.
100. The rude peple, as no wonder is,  
Wenden ful wel, that it ben right so :  
But whan thise tidings came to Grisildis,  
I deme that hire herte was ful of wo ;



But she ylike sad for evermo  
 Disposed was, this humble creature,  
 The adversitee of fortune al to endure ;

101. Abiding ever his lust and his plesance,  
 To whom that she was yeven, herte and al,  
 As to hire veray worldly suffisance.  
 But shortly if this storie tell I shal,  
 This markis writen hath in special  
 A lettre, in which he sheweth his entente,  
 And secretly he to Boloigne it sente,
102. To the erl of Panik, which that hadde tho  
 Wedded his suster, prayed he specially  
 To bringen home agein his children two  
 In honourable estat al openly :  
 But o thing he him prayed utterly,  
 That he to no wight, though men wold enquire,  
 Shulde not tell whos children that they were,
103. But say, the maiden shuld ywedded be  
 Unto the markis of Saluces anon.  
 And as this erl was prayed, so did he,  
 For at day sette he on his way is gon  
 Toward Saluces, and lordes many on  
 In rich arraie, this maiden for to gide,  
 Hire yonge brother riding hire beside.
104. Arraied was toward hire mariage  
 This fresshe maiden, ful of gemmes clere,  
 Hire brother, which that seven yere was of age,  
 Arraied eke ful fresh in his manere :  
 And thus in gret noblesse and with glad chere  
 Toward Saluces shaping hir journey  
 Fro day to day they riden in hir way.

## PARS QUINTA.

105. Among al this, after his wicked usage,  
 This markis yet his wif to tempten more  
 To the utterest prefe of hire corage,

Fully to have experience and lore,  
If that she were as stedefast as before,  
He on a day in open audience  
Ful boistously hath said hire this sentence :

106. Certes, Grisilde, I had ynough plesance  
To han you to my wif for your goodnesse,  
And for your trouthe, and for your obeysance,  
Not for your linage, ne for your richesse,  
But now know I in veray sothfastnesse,  
That in gret lordship, if I me wel avise,  
Ther is gret servitude in sondry wise.

107. I may not don, as every ploughman may :  
My peple me constreineth for to take  
Another wif, and crien day by day ;  
And eke the pope rancour for to slake  
Consenteth it, that dare I undertake :  
And trewely, thus moche I wol you say,  
My newe wif is coming by the way.

108. Be strong of herte, and voide anon hire place,  
And thilke dower that ye broughten me  
Take it agen, I grant it of my grace.  
Returneth to your fadres hous, (quod he)  
No man may alway have prosperitee.  
With even herte I rede you to endure  
The stroke of fortune, or of aventure.

109. And she agen answerd in patience :  
My lord, quod she, I wote, and wist alway,  
How that betwixen your magnificence  
And my poverte no-wight ne can ne may  
Maken comparison, it is no nay ;  
I ne held me never digne in no manere  
To be your wif, ne yet your chamberere.

110. And in this hous, ther ye me lady made,  
(The highe God take I for my witnesse,  
And all so wisly he my soule glad)  
I never held me lady ne maistresse,

But humble servant to your worthinesse,  
And ever shal, while that my lif may dure,  
Aboven every worldly creature.

111. That ye so longe of your benignitee  
Han holden me in honour and nobley,  
Wheras I was not worthy for to be,  
That thanke I God and you, to whom I prey  
Foryelde it you, ther is no more to sey :  
Unto my fader gladly wol I wende,  
And with him dwell unto my lives ende ;
112. Ther I was fostred of a childe ful smal,  
Til I be ded my lif ther wol I lede,  
A widew clene in body, herte and al.  
For sith I yave to you my maidenhede,  
And am your trewe wif, it is no drede,  
God shilde swiche a lordes wif to take  
Another man to husbond or to make.
113. And of your newe wif, God of his grace  
So graunte you wele and prosperite ;  
For I wol gladly yelden hire my place,  
In which that I was blissful wont to be.  
For sith it liketh you, my lord, (quod she)  
That whilom weren all myn hertes rest,  
That I shal gon, I wol go whan you lest.
114. But ther as ye me profre swiche dowaire  
As I first brought, it is wel in my mind,  
It were my wretched clothes, nothing faire,  
The whiche to me were hard now for to find.  
O goode God ! how gentil and how kind  
Ye semed by your speche and your visage,  
The day that maked was oure marriage !
115. But soth is said, algate I find it trewe,  
For in effect it preved is on me,  
Love is not old, as whan that it is newe.  
But certes, lord, for non adversitee  
To dien in this cas, it shal not be

That ever in word or werke I shal repent,  
That I you yave min herte in hole entent.

116. My lord, ye wote, that in my fadres place  
Ye dide me stripe out of my poure wede,  
And richely ye clad me of your grace ;  
To you brought I nought elles out of drede,  
But faith, and nakednesse, and maidenhede ;  
And here agen your clothing I restore,  
And eke your wedding ring for evermore.
117. The remenant of your jeweles redy be  
Within your chambre, I dare it safly sain :  
Naked out of my fadres hous (quod she)  
I came, and naked I mote turne again.  
All your plesance wold I folwe fain :  
But yet I hope it be not your entent,  
That I smokles out of your paleis went.
118. Ye coude not do so dishonest a thing,  
That thilke wombe, in which your children lay,  
Shulde before the peple, in my walking,  
Be seen al bare : wherfore I you pray  
Let me not like a worme go by the way :  
Remembre you, min owen lord so dere,  
I was your wif, though I unworthy were.
119. Wherfore in guerdon of my maidenhede,  
Which that I brought and not agen I bere,  
As vouchesauf to yeve me to my mede  
But swiche a smok as I was wont to were,  
That I therwith may wrie the wombe of hire  
That was your wif : and here I take my leve  
Of you, min owen lord, lest I you greve.
120. The smok, quod he, that thou hast on thy bake,  
Let it be still, and bere it forth with thee.  
But wel unnethes thilke word he spake,  
But went his way for routhe and for pitee.  
Before the folk hireselven stripeth she,  
And in hire smok, with foot and hed al bare,  
Toward hire fadres hous forth is she fare.

121. The folk hire folwen weping in hir wey,  
And fortune ay they cursen as they gon :  
But she fro weping kept hire eyen drey,  
Ne in this time word ne spake she non.  
Hire fader, that this tiding herd anon,  
Curseth the day and time, that nature  
Shope him to ben a lives creature.
122. For out of doute this olde poure man  
Was ever in suspect of hire mariage :  
For ever he demed, sin it first began,  
That whan the lord fulfilled had his corage,  
Him wolde thinke it were a disparage  
To his estat, so lowe for to alight,  
And voiden hire as sone as ever he might.
123. Agein his doughter hastily goth he,  
(For he by noise of folk knew hire coming)  
And with hire olde cote, as it might be,  
He covereth hire ful sorwefully weping :  
But on hire body might he it not bring,  
For rude was the cloth, and more of age  
By daies fele than at hire mariage.
124. Thus with hire fader for a certain space  
Dwelleth this flour of wifly patience,  
That nother by hire wordes ne hire face,  
Beforn the folk, ne eke in hir absence,  
Ne shewed she that hire was don offence,  
Ne of hire high estat no remembrance  
Ne hadde she, as by hire contenance.
125. No wonder is, for in hire gret estat  
Hire gost was ever in pleine humilitee ;  
No tendre mouth, no herte delicat,  
No pompe, no semblant of realtee ;  
But ful of patient benignitee,  
Discrete, and prideles, ay honourable,  
And to hire husbond ever meke and stable.
126. Men speke of Job, and most for his humblesse,  
As clerkes, whan hem list, can wel endite,

Namely of men, but as in sothfastnesse,  
 Though clerkes preisen women but a lite,  
 Ther can no man in humblesse him acquite  
 As woman can, ne can be half so trewe  
 As women ben, but it be falle of newe.

## PARS SEXTA.

127. Fro Boloigne is this erl of Panik come,  
 Of which the fame up sprang to more and lesse :  
 And to the peples eres all and some  
 Was couth eke, that a newe markisesse  
 He with him brought, in swiche pomp and richesse,  
 That never was ther seen with mannes eye  
 So noble array in al West Lumbardie.
128. The markis, which that shope and knew all this,  
 Er that this erl was come, sent his message  
 For thilke poure sely Grisildis ;  
 And she with humble herte and glad visage,  
 Not with no swollen thought in hire corage,  
 Came at his hest, and on hire knees hire sette,  
 And reverently and wisely she him grette.
129. Grisilde, (quod he) my will is utterly,  
 This maiden, that shal wedded be to me,  
 Received be to-morwe as really  
 As it possible is in myn hous to be :  
 And eke that every wight in his degree  
 Have his estat in sitting and service,  
 And high plesance, as I can best devise.
130. I have no woman suffisant certain  
 The chambres for to array in ordinance  
 After my lust, and therfore wolde I fain,  
 That thin were all swiche manere governance :  
 Thou knowest eke of old all my plesance ;  
 Though thin array be bad, and evil besey,  
 Do thou thy devoir at the leste wey.
131. Not only, lord, that I am glad (quod she)  
 To don your lust, but I desire also



- You for to serve and plesse in my degree,  
Withouten fainting, and shal evermo :  
Ne never for no wele, ne for no wo,  
Ne shal the gost within myn herte stente  
To love you best with all my trewe entente.
132. And with that word she gan the hous to dight,  
And tables for to sette, and beddes make,  
And peined hire to don all that she might,  
Praying the chambereres for Goddes sake  
To hasten hem, and faste swepe and shake,  
And she the moste serviceable of all  
Hath every chambre arraied, and his hall.
133. Abouten undern gan this erl alight,  
That with him brought thise noble children tway;  
For which the peple ran to see the sight  
Of hir array, so richely besey :  
And than at erst amonges hem they sey,  
That Walter was no fool, though that him lest  
To change his wif: for it was for the best.
134. For she is fairer, as they demen all,  
Than is Grisilde, and more tendre of age,  
And fairer fruit betwene hem shulde fall,  
And more plesant for hire high linage :  
Hire brother eke so faire was of visage,  
That hem to seen the peple hath caught plesance,  
Commending now the markis governance.
135. O stormy peple, unsad and ever untrewe,  
And undiscrete, and changing as a fane,  
Delighting ever in rombel that is newe,  
For like the mone waxen ye and wane :  
Ay ful of clapping, dere ynough a jane,  
Your dome is fals, your constance evil preveth,  
A ful gret fool is he that on you leveth.
136. Thus saiden sade folk in that citee,  
Whan that the peple gased up and down :  
For they were glad, right for the noveltee,

To have a newe lady of hir toun.  
 No more of this make I now mentioun,  
 But to Grisilde agen I wol me dresse,  
 And telle hire constance, and hire besinesse.

137. Ful besy was Grisilde in every thing,  
 That to the feste was appertinent;  
 Right naught was she abaist of hire clothing,  
 Though it were rude, and somdel eke to-rent,  
 But with glad chere to the yate is went  
 With other folk, to grete the markisesse,  
 And after that doth forth hire besinesse.
138. With so glad chere his gestes she receiveth,  
 And conningly everich in his degree,  
 That no defaute no man apperceiveth,  
 But ay they wondren what she mighte be,  
 That in so poure array was for to see,  
 And coude swiche honour and reverence,  
 And worthily they preisen hire prudence.
139. In all this mene while she ne stent  
 This maide and eke hire brother to commend  
 With all hire herte in ful benigne entent,  
 So wel, that no man coud hire preise amend:  
 But at the last whan that thise lordes wend  
 To sitten down to mete, he gan to call  
 Grisilde, as she was besy in the hall.
140. Grisilde, (quod he, as it were in his play)  
 How liketh thee my wif, and hire beautee?  
 Right wel, my lord, quod she, for in good fay,  
 A fairer saw I never non than she:  
 I pray to God yeve you prosperitee;  
 And so I hope, that he wol to you send  
 Plesance ynough unto your lives end.
141. O thing beseche I you and warne also,  
 That ye ne prikke with no turmenting  
 This tendre maiden, as ye han do mo:  
 For she is fostred in hire norishing

More tendrely, and to my supposing  
She mighte not adversitee endure,  
As coude a poure fostred creature.

142. And whan this Walter saw hire patience,  
Hire glade chere, and no malice at all,  
And he so often hadde hire don offence,  
And she ay sade and constant as a wall,  
Continuing ever hire innocence over all,  
This sturdy markis gan his herte dresse  
To rewe upon hire wifly stedefastnesse.

143 This is ynough, Grisilde min, quod he,  
Be now no more agast, ne evil apaid,  
I have thy faith and thy benignitee,  
As wel as ever woman was, assaid  
In gret estat, and pourelich arraied :  
Now know I, dere wif, thy stedefastnesse,  
And hire in armes toke, and gan to kesse.

144. And she for wonder toke of it no kepe ;  
She herde not what thing he to hire said :  
She ferde as she had stert out of a slepe,  
Til she out of hire masednesse abraid.  
Grisilde, quod he, by God that for us deid,  
Thou art my wif, non other I ne have,  
Ne never had, as God my soule save.

145. This is thy doughter, which thou hast supposed  
To be my wif ; that other faithfully  
Shal be min heir, as I have ay disposed ;  
Thou bare hem of thy body trewely :  
At Boloigne have I kept hem prively :  
Take hem agen, for now maist thou not say,  
That thou hast lorn non of thy children tway.

146. And folk, that otherwise han said of me,  
I warne hem wel, that I have don this dede  
For no malice, ne for no crueltee,  
But for to assay in thee thy womanhede :  
And not to slee my children (God forbede)

But for to kepe hem prively and still,  
Til I thy purpos knew, and all thy will.

147. Whan she this herd aswoune doun she falleth  
For pitous joye, and after hire swouning  
She both hire yonge children to hire calleth,  
And in hire armes pitously weping  
Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissing  
Ful like a moder with hire salte teres  
She bathed both hir visage and hir heres.

148. O, which a pitous thing it was to see  
Hire swouning, and hire humble vois to here !  
*Grand mercy*, lord, God thank it you (quod she)  
That ye han saved me my children dere:  
Now rekke I never to be ded right here,  
Sin I stond in your love, and in your grace,  
No force of deth, ne whan my spirit pace.

149. O tendre, o dere, o yonge children mine,  
Your woful mother wened stedfastly,  
That cruel houndes, or som foul vermine  
Had eten you ; but God of his mercy,  
And your benigne fader tendrely  
Hath don you kepe : and in that same stound  
Al sodenly she swapt adoun to ground.

150. And in hire swough so sadly holdeth she  
Hire children two, whan she gan hem embrace,  
That with gret sleight and gret difficultee  
The children from hire arm they gan arrace.  
O ! many a tere on many a pitous face  
Doun ran of hem that stoden hire beside,  
Unnethe abouten hire might they abide.

151. Walter hire gladeth, and hire sorwe slaketh,  
She riseth up abashed from hire trance,  
And every wight hire joye and feste maketh,  
Til she hath caught agen hire contenance.  
Walter hire doth so faithfully plesance,  
That it was deintee for to seen the chere  
Betwix hem two, sin they ben met in fere.

152. Thise ladies, whan that they hir time sey,  
Han taken hire, and into chambre gon,  
And stripen hire out of hire rude arrey,  
And in a cloth of gold that brighte shone  
With a coroune of many a riche stone  
Upon hire hed, they into hall hire broughte :  
And ther she was honoured as hire ought.
153. Thus hath this pitous day a blisful end ;  
For every man, and woman, doth his might  
This day in mirth and revel to dispend,  
Til on the welkin shone the sterres bright :  
For more solempne in every mannes sight  
This feste was, and greter of costage,  
Than was the revel of hire mariage.
154. Ful many a yere in high prosperitee  
Liven thise two in concord and in rest,  
And richely his doughter married he  
Unto a lord, on of the worthiest  
Of all Itaille, and than in pees and rest  
His wives fader in his court he kepeth,  
Til that the soule out of his body crepeth.
155. His sone succedeth in his heritage,  
In rest and pees, after his fadres day :  
And fortunat was eke in mariage,  
Al put he not his wif in gret assay :  
This world is not so strong, it is no nay,  
As it hath ben in olde times yore,  
And herkneth, what this auctour saith therefore.
156. This story is said, not for that wives shuld  
Folwe Grisilde, as in humilitee,  
For it were importable, tho they wold ;  
But for that every wight in his degree  
Shulde be constant in adversitee,  
As was Grisilde, therefore Petrark writeth  
This storie. which with high stile he enditeth.
157. For sith a woman was so patient  
Unto a mortal man, wel more we ought

Receiven all in gree that God us sent.  
 For gret skill is he preve that he wrought :  
 But he ne tempteth no man that he bought  
 As saith seint Jame, if ye his pistell rede ;  
 He preveth folk al day, it is no drede :

158. And suffreth us, as for our exercise,  
 With sharpe scourges of adversitee  
 Ful often to be bete in sondry wise ;  
 Not for to know our will, for certes he,  
 Or we were borne, knew all our freeletee ;  
 And for our best is all his governance ;  
 Let us than live in vertuous suffrance.
159. But o word, lordings, herkeneth, or I go :  
 It were ful hard to finden now adayes  
 In all a toun Grisildes three or two :  
 For if that they were put to swiche assayes,  
 The gold of hem hath now so bad alayes  
 With bras, that though the coine be faire at eye,  
 It wolde rather brast atwo than plie.
160. For which here, for the wives love of Bathe,  
 Whos lif and al hire secte God maintene  
 In high maistrie, and elles were it scathe,  
 I wol with lusty herte fresshe and grene,  
 Say you a song to gladen you, I wene :  
 And let us stint of earnestful matere.  
 Herkneth my song, that saith in this manere.
161. Grisilde is ded, and eke hire patience,  
 And both at ones buried in Itaille :  
 For which I crie in open audience,  
 No wedded man so hardy be to assaille  
 His wives patience, in trust to find  
 Grisildes, for in certain he shal faille.
162. O noble wives, ful of highe prudence,  
 Let non humilitee your tonges naile :  
 Ne let no clerk have cause or diligence  
 To write of you a storie of swiche mervaille,



As of Grisildis patient and kinde,  
Lest Chichevache you swalwe in hire entraille.

163. Folweth ecco, that holdeth no silence,  
But ever answereth at the countretaille :  
Beth not bedaffed for your innocence,  
But sharply taketh on you the governaille :  
Emprenteth wel this lesson in your minde,  
For comun profit, sith it may availle.
164. Ye archewives, stondeth ay at defence,  
Sin ye be strong, as is a gret camaille,  
Ne suffreth not, that men do you offence.  
And sclendre wives, feble as in bataille,  
Beth egre as is a tigre yond in Inde ;  
Ay clappeth as a mill, I you counsaile.
165. Ne drede hem not, doth hem no reverence,  
For though thin husbond armed be in maille,  
The arwes of thy crabbed eloquence  
Shal perce his brest, and eke his aventaille :  
In jalousie I rede eke thou him binde,  
And thou shalt make him couche as doth a quaille.
166. If thou be faire, ther folk ben in presence  
Shew thou thy visage, and thin apparaille :  
If thou be foule, be free of thy dispence,  
To get thee frendes ay do thy travaille :  
Be ay of chere as light as lefe on linde,  
And let him care, and wepe, and wringe and waille.

#### NOTES ON THE CLERKES TALE.

**ST. 1. Ther, there.** *Th* is a pronominal element used to indicate the second person, or person addressed, as in *thou, thee, thine*, and also as demonstrative to point out an object that is before both speaker and hearer at the time, § 4. We may suppose it first used strictly as a pronominal to indicate the second person, and then by union with a different vowel or with different alphabetic elements as a demonstrative. By Grimm's Law, § 35, it appears as the smooth *t* in the classical languages interchanging with the *s*, itself likewise a lingual, as Lat. *ter*, Gr. *σὸ* ; as the middle *d* in German *die, das*. — **There**, as well as the other adverbs, whether of place, time, or manner, beginning with this element, as *thither, thence, then, thus*, are traceable to old case-forms of the demonstrative. The demonstrative easily came to be used as a relative, as our relative *that*, and, in the early stage of the language, nearly all its

forms **eight**, just. See Mandeville. — **Itaille**, Italy, French form of *Lat. Italia* — **Down**, down; A.-S. *dun*, a down, a hill, hence *a-dun*, prep. *U* and *w* were often interchangeable in A.-S. and Early English. See *toun* and *tour*, below. The A.-S. *u* before a consonant, except *l* and *r*, in monosyllables, generally passed into the diphthong *ou*, as A.-S. *hus*, house; *wund*, wound. — **Roie**, root; Dan. *rod*, *Lat. rad* *ic*, Gr. *ρίζα*. Apply Grimm's Law. The second *o* in *root* is orthographic merely, forming no part of the proper stem. — **Vesulus**, now *Viso*, a mountain of the Maritime Alps, described in the prologue to this tale as the source of the river Po. — **Lusty**, fruitful, from *lust* in the old sense of *vigor, activity*. — **Habundant**, abounding, part. from *Lat. abundo*. — **Vitaille**, food, old Fr. *vitaille*, from *Lat. victualia*. The *of* must here be regarded as expressing the relation of direct object and *had undunt*, which would properly be followed by a prep. of condition, be taken as an active part. equivalent to *productive*. — **Ther**, is better to be regarded as the relative *where*. — **Toun**, town; A.-S. *tun*, a field, a dwelling, a town. — **Tour**, tower; A.-S. *tur* and *tor*. — **Maist**, mayest. The *y* in *many*, in ver. 6 of this stanza, is elided before *another*. — **Delitable**, delectable, delightful; *Lat. delectabilis*, here having a primary accent on the first syllable, and a secondary accent on the third. — **Saluces**, Ital. *Saluzzo*, a province of Sardinia, bordering on France. Its capital is a town of the same name containing some 15,000 inhabitants. The French name is *Saluces*. In this verse it is accented on the first and third syllables; elsewhere more correctly on the second syllable, as vv. 1, 6, in st. 52. — **Highte**, is called; A.-S. *hatan*, to call, to be named, to bid. The pres. ind. was *haet*. Our *behest* is from this root, A.-S. *be-haes*, as also *hest*, below, st. 10.

2. **Markis**, marquis; Old Fr. *markis*, *marchis*, from *mare*, a boundary, a territory. See n. P. P. 123. Marquis means simply the man of the territory. *Margrave* is compounded of *mare* and *graf*, count, A.-S. *græfa*, whence *reere* and our modern *sheriff*. Apply Grimm's Law. — **Whilom**, formerly, once; A.-S. *hwilum* and *hwilon*, dat. plu. of *hwil*, while, time. *Whilom* means thus *on times*. — **Bothe**. The final *e* here must be sounded as a distinct syllable to make out the verse. — **Liveth**, in the next verse is pronounced as one syllable. This contraction is not infrequent. — **Delit**, delight; Old Fr. *delit*, from *Lat. delectare*. — **Yore**, formerly, long time; A.-S. *geara*. — **Drad**, feared; A.-S. *draed an*, part. *draed en*. — **Thurgh**, through; A.-S. *thurh* and *thure*, Ger. *durch*. The *r* is transposed, as is very common. *Thorough* is another spelling of the same word, and *thorow*, as J. C., V. i.

3. **A faire person and strong**. *Faire* should be read as a dissyllable, and the third root consists of *son* and *strong*, the *o* being syncopated. — **For to gie**. See n. Mandeville 10, on the use of *for* to govern the inf. — **Gie**, guide; Old Fr. *guier*; A.-S. *gewitan*, compounded of *ge* intensive and *witan*, to know. *Géwitan*, would properly signify *to cause to know*, *ge* being considered an intensive of the causative form. — **Sauf**, save; Old Fr. *salv*, *saif*, *sauf*, *Lat. salv* *us*.

4. **Time**, here a dissyllable. — **Neigh**, nigh; A.-S. *neah*, *neh*, *nieh*, and *nih*. — **Cures**, cares; here a dissyllable. — **Eke**, also; A.-S. *aec* and *ear*, imp. of *v. eacan*, to increase, to add. — **N'old**, A.-S. *noelde*, pret. of *nillan*, to be unwilling, to nill. See n. P. P. 407. — **Ought**, A.-S. *aht* and *oht*. — **Wedden**, old form of inf. in *n*, here with *e* as a connecting vowel, instead of *a* as usually in A.-S. The A.-S. root was *wed*, a pledge, a promise. The verb was *weddian*, to make a promise; hence, to wed, to betroth, to marry.

5. **Flockmel**, in troops; A.-S. *floc-maelum*, dat. plu. of *floc-mael*, literally, by flock-parts. — **On**, one; A.-S. *an*. — **Hem**, them. See n. P. P. 39. — **Ment**, meant; A.-S. *maenan* and *menan*. — **Swiche**, such. See n. P. P. 39. The *e* final is silent in this verse.

6. **Yeveth**, giveth; A.-S. *gifan* and *geofian*. The guttural was represented by a character much resembling the *y* and the *z*, § 25. This word is pronounced here as a

monosyllable; while the *eth* in *assureth* is a distinct syllable. — **Accepteth**, plu. imperative, as in A.-S. See n. on *wytelethe*, in Mandeville, 8. — **Than**, then. — **Gentillesse**, kindness, Fr. derivative from *gentil*, Lat. *gentilis*. *Gen* in Lat. becomes, by Grimm's Law, *ken* or *kin* in English; *kind* and *gentle* are accordingly from the same primitive stem. — **Pitous**, piteous, sorrowing; Old Fr. *pitos*. — **Plaine**, complain. See *pleyned*, P. P. 166. — **Eres**, ears; A.-S. *eare*. — **Nat**, not.

7. **Al**, although. From the adjective which was in A.-S. variously spelled *al*, *ail*, *eal*, *eull*, *ael*, *aeall*, *geall*, and by Chaucer usually, but not uniformly, *all*, were derived the adverb meaning *wholly*, the stem of which, A.-S. *hal*, is but another variation of the primitive stem. Cf. Gr. ὅλος, and the conjunction now appearing in the form of *although*. The adverb with its compounds, *algates*, *almost also*, *always*, *altogether*, and the adj. *almighty*, and the conjunction with its compounds, *albeit*, *although*, are spelled with a single *l*. — **Don**, to do, old inf. in *n*. — **Shewed** is here a dissyllable and *favour* takes the accent on the last syllable, as in the original Fr. and Lat. — **As you lest**, as it listeth or pleaseth you. The A.-S. *lyst an* was generally used as an impersonal verb. The early English poets, as may be seen every where in Chaucer and Spenser, changed the orthography of words at the end of verses in respect to the vowels, to make them accord in written form as well as in sound.

8. **Certes**, Fr. from Lat. *cert us*. — **Us**, dat. plu. — **Liketh**, 3 plu. having *you* and *werke* as subjects. — **Ne** — **not**, double negative. See n. Mandeville, 1. — **Peple in**. The final *e* is elided. — **In soverain hertes rest**, in highest rest of heart.

9. **Boweth**, plu. imper. See above, st. 6, on *accepteth*; also below, *thinketh*. — **Which that**, which. It was a usage common in A.-S. to insert the demonstrative after the relative. — **Dayes**, dissyllable. — **Fleth**, fleeth: A.-S. *flyth*. — **Wol**, will. The change of the vowel *i* to *o* is probably to be attributed to the influence of the *w*. The protracting of this element, and depressing the *i*, in pronouncing the word, might easily lead to the supposition that the *o* was a constituent.

10. **Floure**, flower, flourish; Old Fr. *flur ir* and *flor ir*, to flower, to blossom. — **Manaseth**, menaceth, threateneth; Fr. *menacer*. — **Smit**, A.-S. *smit an*, 3 sing. pres. ind. *smit*, smites. — **Eche**, each; A.-S. *aelc* and *ealc*, compound of *ae*, ever, and *ilc* or *ylc*, like, same. — **Every**, once written *everich*, is from A.-S. *aefer*, an inflected form of *ae*, if *ae* be not better regarded as a fragment of the stem *aev*, as in Lat. *ævum*, and *ilc*. The A.-S. *aeghwilc*, every one, is from *ae*, modified by the substitution of the guttural for the labial and the relative sign *hw* with *ilc*. Its elements are *ae g-hw-ilc*. — **Shul**, shall; A.-S. *scul on*.

11. **Entent**, intent, design; Fr. *entente*, Lat. *intantum*. — **Hest**, behest, command. See st. 1, on *highte*. — **Chese**, choose. See n. P. P. 76. — **Mest**, most. A.-S. *maest*.

12. **Deliver us**. Read the two words as making but three syllables — *deliv-er us*. — **Besy**, busy, here in active sense, causing care or business; A.-S. *bisig*. — **Forbete**, forbid; A.-S. *forbeode*. — **Thruugh**, through. See above, n. st. 2. — **Slake**, fail; A.-S. *slac ian*, to slacken, give way, fail. Our word *slake*, as to slake thirst, is the causative or factitive of this. A.-S. *slaec an*, to cause to slack or fail. — **Strange successour**. Divide in reading, *strān | gē sūc | ces sōur*. — **Us**, dat. remote object of *wo*. Or if *were* be taken in the sense of *become*, *happen*, like the old *worth*, then object of *were*. — **On live** (*in life*), alive, an intensive expression meaning *exceedingly*. Cf. "I love that sport *alife*." — Beaumont and Fletcher.

13. **Hir**, their. See n. P. P. 26. — **Chere**, cheer, countenance, appearance; Fr. *chère*, Gr. *kápa*. — **For to han pitee**, factitive objective of *made*, the relation of which to the verb is indicated by the prep. *for*. See n. Mandeville 10. Also, "Art of Composition," § 243, Obs. 7. — **Pitee**, pity; Old Fr. *pité* and *pitie*, Lat. *pietas*. — **Er**, ere, before. The meaning is: You will constrain me to that I never before

thought. Divide: *I nev | 'r er thought |*. — **I me rejoiced**. The verb is used reflexively. So Gower: "So there while I me rejoie." — **Selden**, rare, seldom, A.-S. *seldon* or *seldan*, is properly an adverb, although by its inflectional ending pointing to an adj. from which it was derived. Chaucer here uses it as an adj.; elsewhere as an adverb. — **Ther**, where. See st. 1. — **Moste**, must; A.-S. *mot an*, pret. *moste*.

14. **Ther as**, whereas. — **Chesen**, choose. See above, st. 11. — **You**, dat.

15. **Wot**, knows; A.-S. *wat*, 3 sing. pres. of *witan*, to know. — **Bountee**, goodness; Fr. *bonté*, Lat. *bonitas*. — **Cometh**, monosyllable. — **Al**, adv. wholly. See above, st. 7. — **Stren**, stock, race; A.-S. *strynd*, stock, breed, from *stryn an* or *streon an*, to beget. Cf. "He is of a noble strain." — Shakespeare. — **Ygendred and ybore**. The A.-S. past tense, as also not uncommonly the past part., took the prefix *ge*, which at first was an intensive. The sound of this prefix is approximately represented by *y*. The prefix is retained in archaic diction, as by Spenser, and Thomson in his *Castle of Indolence*. — **Him**, dat. remote object of *betake*.

16. **Bak**, back. See § 21 (3). — **Emperoures**. Accent the penult.

17. **Again**, A.-S. *agen*, against. — **Gruich**, grudge, be dissatisfied; Old Fr. *groucher*. See n. P. P. 305. — **Mote**, must, 3 sing. pres. ind. A.-S. *mot*. — **Ther as**, where, literally, in the place in which. *As* was often thus added to the demonstrative and relative adverb. — **But**, unless. See n. P. P. 131.

18. **Hertly**, hearty. Cf. Ger. *herzlich*. — **Or**, ere; A.-S. *aer*. Cf. "Or ever (ere ever) the earth was." — Prov. viii. 23.

19. **Sikerly**, securely, certainly, from Lat. *securus*. Cf. Ital. *siguro*. — **Buxumly**, obediently; A.-S. *bug an*, to bow; whence *bocsom*, tractable, obedient. Cf. Ger. *biegsam*. — **Thonken**, thank. The A.-S. interchanged *a* and *o* in words from this stem.

20. **Purvay**, provide, purvey; Old Fr. *porveer*, from Lat. *providere*. Divide: *knigh | tēs and | squē res |*. — **Yave**, gave. **As him list on hem lay**, as it pleased him to lay on them.

21. **Paleis**, palace; Old Fr. *palais* and *paleis*, Lat. *palatium*. — **Shope**, shaped. See n. P. P. 3. — **Thorpe**, a thorp, hamlet; A.-S. *thorpe*. Cf. Lat. *turb a*. Divide: *ōf sight | ē dēl | ī tā | ble*. The verse is hypercatalectic. — **Herbergage**, pasture, from Lat. stem *herb a*, corresponding to which, by Grimm's Law, is A.-S. *crop*. Divide: *Af ter | that th' erth | e yave | hem a | bun dance |*.

22. **Which that**. See n. st. 9. — **Oxes**, gen. sing. The A.-S. plu. was *oxan*, whence our *oxen*. — **Ynough**, enough; A.-S. *genoh*, *genog*, *geneahe*. — **Grisildis**, here accented on the first syllable; elsewhere spelled *Grisild*, with accent on the second syllable. Sts. 26, 29, 32, 40.

23. **On**, one. — **Offer**, oftener, compar. of *oft*. — **Tonne**, tun, cask. Cf. *sonne*, sun. — **For**, because.

24. **Sad**, firm, constant, set; generally used in this sense by Chaucer and Spenser. A.-S. *saed* and *sade*, satisfied. — **Corage**, heart. Cf. Ital. *coraggio*, augmentative from Lat. root *cor d*. Apply Grimm's Law.

25. **Wortes**, words, plants; A.-S. *wyrt*. — **Sethe**, seethed; A.-S. pret. *seath*, from *seoth an*, to seethe. — **On loft**, aloft; A.-S. *an*, on, and *lyft*, the air. Cf. *on live*, st. 12. — **Obeisance**, accent first and last syllables.

26. **Creature**, accent first and last syllables. — **Often sithe**, often times. Cf. *selden time*, st. 13. Notice the silent *e* in *sithe*, also in *hire* in last verse of this stanza and in st. 27. — **Paraventure**, by chance; Fr. *par-aventure*. — **Eyen**, eyes; A.-S. *ēg*, *ēge*, *eage*, an eye, plu. *egan* and *eagan*. — **Him oft avise**, often reflect. The verb used reflexively. Cf. *I me rejoiced*, st. 13.

27. **Womanhede**, womanly character, as we say *manly character*. — **Eke eke**, also. See n. 4.

28. **Wight**, person; A.-S. *wiht*, *wuht*, a creature, a thing, a derivative from *wacan*, to move, to take origin, properly meaning what is moved, or is originated. In English the word has taken two forms, *wight*, applied to a person, *whit*, to a thing. — **Mervaille**, marvel; Fr. *merveille*, Lat. *mirabilis*. — **The while**, the time; A.-S. *hwil*, time.

29. **Hath do make**, hath caused (persons) to make. The auxiliary was early joined with the infinitive. See n. Versions, ver. 7, on *hadden knowe*. *Make* is inf. governed as factitive object of *do*. "Art of Composition," § 248 (7).

30. **Underne**, A.-S. *undern*, the third hour, or nine o'clock in the morning, extending also from nine to twelve. *Undern-mete* was meat taken from nine to twelve = dinner. In the original tale, it is *hora prandii*. The word occurs again st. 133. — **Lasteth**, monosyllable.

31. **Real**, royal; Old Fr. *real*, from Lat. *regalis*. — **Arraide**, arrayed; Old Fr. *arrai*, array. This is a Norman French word from the Teutonic stem *rad*, in Eng. read *y*, A.-S. *ge ræd ian*, to make ready, arrange.

32. **Is went**, is gone; A.-S. *wend an*, to go. — **Fayn**, fain, gladly; A.-S. *faegen* and *faegn*, glad.

33. **Felawes**, companions; A.-S. *felaw*, fellow, from *filian*, *filgian*, to follow. — **Fond**, to be eager, to be earnest. So ver. 9, 284. "And I wol fonde to espion on my side." — **Leiser**, leisure; Old Fr. *laisir*, from Lat. *licere*, to be at liberty.

34. **Threswold**, threshold; A.-S. *threscwald* and *therscwald*, from *therscan* and *threscan*, to thresh, and *wald*, wood.

35. **Withouten**, without; A.-S. *withutan* and *withuten*. See n. P. P. 131, on *butan*. — **Lenger**, longer; A.-S. *leng*, *lengra*, compar. of *lang*, long. — **Lette**, hindrance, delay; A.-S. *lettan*, to make late, to retard, to hinder. — **Fette**, fetched; A.-S. *fetian*, to fetch, pret. *fette*.

36. **Vouchesauf**, vouchsafe; Old Fr. *voucher*, from Lat. *vocare*, and *sauf*. See Gloss. on *sauf*. — **What so betide**, what (I pray) may so happen, *betide* being in optative mood. — **Or**, ere, before. — **Lives**, life's. The *f* coming by inflection in the gen., had the power of *v*. See § 19.

37. **Liketh**, pleaseth; A.-S. *lic ian*, to like, to delight. — **Me**, dat. — **Wolt**, wilt. See n. st. 9.

38. **Astoned**, astonished, astounded; A.-S. *stunian*, to stun; *a stundian*, to astound. — **Wex**, waxed; A.-S. *weoc* and *wox*, pret. of *weaxan*, to wax. — **Abaist**, abashed; Fr. *abaisser*, to abase. — **Unmethes**, not easily, with difficulty; A.-S. *un* and *eth* or *eath*, easy, easily. — **Ageins**, against. Divide into three syllables. — **Governeth**, imper. plu. See n. on *accepteth*, st. 6.

39. **Collation**, conference. — **Wost**, knowest. The 2 pers. sing. pres. ind. of A.-S. *witan* was *wast*; 1 pers. *wat*; 2 pers. *wast* (*wat st*); 3 pers. *wat*, plu. *witon*. — **Reule**, rule, used reflexively; A.-S. *regol*, *regel*, *reogol*, rule; in Old Eng. sometimes written *riuel*, as Ancien *Riuele*. This spelling shows that the *u* after *r* was diphthongal, as it is after the other consonants. To pronounce the word *rool* is anomalous.

40. **Tretee**, treaty; Fr. *traité*; Lat. *tractatus*. — **Wondred hem**, verb used reflexively. — **Honest**, reputable, comely; the old meaning of the word from Lat. *honestus*, honorable. See § 47. It is here accented on the last syllable. — **Enten-**  
**tifly**, attentively, from Old Fr. *entendif*, Lat. *intendere*. — **Erst**, before; A.-S. *aer* and *er*, before, comp. *aerra*; superl. *aerost*, *aerest*, and *aerst*.

41. **Gest**, guest; A.-S. *gaest* and *gest*. The *u* is inserted to show that the *g* is guttural, § 21. — **Woned**, wonted; A.-S. *wun ian*, to inhabit, to be accustomed. — **Chace**, pursue, chase; Old Fr. *chacier*, Lat. *captiare*, *captare*. — **Arn**, are. See n. P. P. 39, on *putten*.

42. **Sin**, since, from A.-S. *sithen*. See n. P. P. 127.

44. **Bede**, bid; A.-S. *bid dan*, *be dan*, *beod an*, to bid, to request, to offer. — **Though me were loth to deie**: Though to die were repulsive to me. — **Me**, dat. — **Loth**, like *abhorrent*, was used both actively and passively.

45. **Peple**. The final *e* is elided in reading. — **Honoureth**, plu. imper. See n. on *accepteth*, st. 6. — **N'is**, A.-S. *nis*, is not, compound of *ne* and *is*. There were a number of verbs in A.-S. which were compounded with the negative *ne*; as *nabban*, not to have, *ne* and *habban*, whence *hob nob* (have have not); *neom*, am not, from *ne* and *eom*; *nagan*, not to own, *ne* and *agan*; *nitan*, not to know, *ne* and *witan*; *nyllan*, to be unwilling, to nill, *ne* and *wyllan*.

46. **And for that nothing**, etc. *For* here may be regarded as prep. having for its object the clause introduced by the clausal sign *that*. "Art of Composition," § 290, Obs. — **Gere**, gear; A.-S. *geara an*, *gearwa*, clothing, from adj. *gearo*, ready, whence *yare*, now obsolete. — **Handle hire**. The final *e* is elided; *han* | *d'hir cloth* | *es*.

47. **Heres**, hairs; A.-S. *haer* and *her*. — **Kempt**, combed; A.-S. *cemb-an*, to comb, past tense *cembde*, probably from *cumb*, a comb, a crest. — **Coroune**, crown. — **Nouches**, jeweled ornaments: of uncertain origin, conjectured to be the same as *notches*, also from a Late Latin word *nusca* or *nosca*, *nochia*, a clasp. — **What**, why, prep. being understood. — **Unneth**, with difficulty. See above, st. 38. — **Transmewed**, transformed: Fr. *transmuer*, Lat. *transmutare*.

50. **That to Janicle of which**. Accent the second syllable of *Janicle* and elide the *e*. — **N'as**, was not. See above, n. 45. The pret. of A.-S. *neom*, am not, was, sing. 1 pers. *naes*: 2 pers. *naere*; 3 pers. *naes*; plu. *naeron*. — **Hem thoughte**, it seemed to them. Cf. *methinks*, *methought*.

53. **Really**, royally. See st. 31. — **Honestetee**, repete, formed by adding the termination to the full form of the adj. Old Fr. *honesteté* and *honesté*. — **Pees**, peace.

55. **At on**, to concord, agreement. — **Wend**, thought, weened; A.-S. *wen an* to ween; pret. *wende*.

56. **Lever**, rather, more gladly; A.-S. *leof*, dear, compar. *leofra*, superl. *leofeste*. — **Likelyhed**, likelihood.

57. **Throwe**, A.-S. *thrag*, *thrah*, a space of time. — **Tempt**, to try, to prove; Old Fr. *tempter*, Lat. *tentare*. — **Sadness**, constancy. See n. C. T. 24. — **Assay**, to try; Old Fr. *asaier*, Lat. *exigere*.

58. **That evil it sit**, that it ill becomes, it is unsuitable. Cf. ver. 10,189: "I am a king, it sit me not to lie." Also ver. 9,153: "And trewely it sit wel to be so." Chaucer uses it as a proverbial expression which retains the A.-S. inflection, *sit* 3 pers. sing. indic., from *sittan*, to sit, instead of the English *sits*. Cf. Lat. *sed ere*, in light of Grimm's Law.

59. **A-night**, at night. — **There as**, where. — **Trouble**, perhaps used by Chaucer here as Fr. past part. *troublé*, troubled. — **Noblesse**, distinction, nobility; Fr. *noblesse*. Although originally *noblesse* and *nobility* alike were used to denote both the condition itself and also the persons in that condition, the former word has come, in modern use, to be restricted to the latter meaning, § 47.

60. **Wele**, weal. — **Yourselven**, yourselves. The plu. in *n* instead of the A.-S. *e* (*sylf-e*). The meaning is: as to any good you yourself must know. — **Tway**, two. The A.-S. was spelled diversely *twegen*, *twa*, *tu*, *tua*, *tun*, *twi*, *twig*, *twy*.

61. **Lefe**, beloved. See n. st. 56. — **Gentils**, people; Lat. *gentilis*. — **Suggetes**, subjects; Lat. *subjectus*. Cf. Ital. *suggetto*.

62. **Namely**, particularly. — **Reccheles**, indifferent; A.-S. *recce-lezs*.

63. **Patience**. Divide into three syllables. — **Hight**, promised. — **Maked**, made; A.-S. *mac ian*, to make; pret. *makode*.



64. **Ameved**, moved. See *mere* in Glossary. — **Agreved**, grieved. See P. P. 277. The *a* is intensive prefix, as in *ameved*. — **Lith**, lieth. — **Plesance**, pleasure; Fr. *plaisance*. — **Spill**, spoil, destroy; A.-S. *spillan*. *Speed and spill* seemed to have been in popular use. See ver. 511 of "The Pearl," an alliterative poem of the 14th century. — **Owen**, own; A.-S. *agen*. As in many cases, *w* has taken the place of the primitive guttural.

65. The meaning is: Nothing can be pleasing to you (*like unto you*) that can displease me.

66. **Feined**, feigned. See n. P. P. 71, on *feyned*.

67. **A maner sergeant**, a kind of sergeant. Cf. st. 130.

69. **Hent**, seized; A.-S. *hand an*, to seize, from n. *hand*. — **Despitously**, pitilessly.

70. **Suspecious**, suspicious: Lat. *suspiciosus*. Cf. Ital. *sospeccioso*. — **Dif-fame**, bad repute; Late Lat. *diffamia* (Augustine, "Civ. Dei"), from *dis* and *fama* — **Tho**, then. — **Siked**, sighed; A.-S. *sic an*, to sigh.

71. **Barme**, bosom, lap; A.-S. *bearn*. — **Leide**, laid; A.-S. *legan*, to lay, pres. *lede*, *legde*. — **Blisse**, bless. The spelling conformed to the rhyming word *kisse*.

72. **Crois**, cross; Old Fr. *crois*, Lat. *crux*, *crucis*. — **Mote**, must.

73. **Norice**, nurse; A.-S. *norice*. Cf. Fr. *nourrice*, Lat. *nutrix*, *nutricis*. — **Routhe**, ruth, grief; A.-S. *hreoow*, grief, rue; *hreowan*, to rue, grieve, lament. The noun is derived from the verb by adding the suffix *th*, signifying action or condition, and thence object and result of action, to the stem of the verb. Cf. *truth*, from *traw*; *growth*, from *grow*, § 42. — **Moder**, mother; A.-S. *modor*, *moder*; as in *fader*, Grimm's Law would lead us to expect the present form in *th* instead of *d*, Lat. *pat er*, *mat er*, Ger. *vat er*, *mutt er*. *Brother* is according to the rule; A.-S. *brothor*, *brother*; Lat. *frater*; Ger. *bruder*.

74. **Goth**, **doth**, **burieth**, plu. imper. See n. st. 6, on *accepteth*. — **But if my lord forbade you at the lest**, unless at least my lord forbade. — **Briddes**, birds; a transposing of the vowel and *r*, § 46 (1). — **To-race**, tear it to pieces. *To* in A.-S. is intensive; the stem does not occur in a verb-form in A.-S., but we have *hracod*, ragged. Cf. *πάκος*, a rag. Cf. *to-rent*, st. 137.

76. **Cofre**, coffer, chest; Fr. *coffre*. Cf. Dan. *koffert*, a coffer; A.-S. *cofa*, a cove an ark, a chamber. — **Of**, off, § 46.(2).

77. **Panik**. The reading recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his note on the place, is here followed.

79. **Nevened**, named, mentioned: Dan. *nævne*, to name.

80. **Thonke**, thank. — **Hery**, praise; A.-S. *heri an*, to praise.

81. **Departed of**, separated from. — **Lest**, wish, another form of *lust*, to resemble *brete*. — **Offer**, again. — **Cennen**, know; A.-S. *cunnon* and *connan*, 3 pers. plu. pres. of *cunnan*, to know.

82. **Sikely**, sorrowfully. See *siked*, st. 70. — **Sleth**, slayeth: A.-S. *slean*, to smite; 3 pers. sing. pres. *slyth*. — **Nie**, nigh; A.-S. *nih*, *nieh*, *neah*.

83. **It is no drede**, proverbial expression; there is no fear, no doubt. — **Plainen**, complain. See P. P. 166.

84. **Wherefore**, whereto. — **Er**, once, formerly. — **Outraie**, be outrageous, be extravagant in passion. — **Beth**, be, plu. imper. See n. st. 6.

85. **N'ill**, will not; A.-S. *nillan*, to be unwilling, to nill. See n. st. 45.

86. **Rede**, counsel, advice; A.-S. *raed* and *red*, counsel.

88. **Say**, sees; A.-S. 3 pers. sing. pres. *syth*, *seth*, *seeth*, from *seon*, to see. — **Cast**, 3 pers. sing.; Dan. *kaste*, to cast. The verb does not appear in A.-S.

89. **Hent**, seized. See above, st. 69. — **Ever in one**, ever in one way, ever alike.

90. **Grave**, bury; A.-S. *græf*, a grave, from *græfan*, to carve, engrave, to dig. —

**Limmes**, limbs; A.-S. *lim*. The *b* in *limb* is euphonic, § 38. — **Rought**, recked cared; A.-S. *recan*, to reckon, pret. *rohþe*.

91. **Parfitly**, perfectly; Old Fr. *parfit*, perfect, Lat. *perfectus*. — **Wened**, weened, thought; A.-S. *wenan*, to ween, pret. *wende*.

93. **Take**, the infin. instead of the part. See n. on Versions, ver. 7. — **Stint**, A.-S. *stentan*, to be blunt, to be weary.

94. **Penible**, capable of pain, pains-taking. Cf. A.-S. *pin*, pain, Fr. *penible*, toilsome.

98. **Message**, messenger; Fr. *messager*.

99. **Contrefete**, counterfeit; Fr. *contrefait*, past part. of *contrefaire*. — **Betwix**, betwix; A.-S. *be twiæ* and *be tweor*, from *be*, prep. and *twagen*, two. The *x* arises from the union of the guttural in *twegen* with the genitive sign *s*. To this is added for sake of euphony the *t* in *betwixt*, § 38.

100. **Wenden**, weened, supposed. — **Ylike**, alike; A.-S. *gelic*, § 44 (2).

101. **Veray**, very, true. Cf. Fr. *vrai*, true, Lat. *ver us*. — **Suffisance**, sufficiency.

102. **Tho**, then. — **Utterly**, most expressly. — **Enquere**, inquire; Fr. *enquerir*.

105. **Prefe**, proof. See n. P. P. 76, on *preve*. — **Boistously**, boisterously; Dan. *bister*. — **Hire**, to her, dat. — **Sothfastnesse**, truth. — **If I me wel avise**. See n. st. 26.

108. **With even herte**, with equanimity. — **Aventure**, fortune, hap; Fr. *aventure*. See in Glossary, *paraventure*.

109. **Wiste**, knew. The A.-S. 3 pers. sing. pret. of *witan*, to know, was *wiste*; the 3 pers. sing. pres. was *wat*.

110. **Glad**, may he gladden, may he give joy. — **Maistresse**, mistress; Old Fr. *maistresse*, Lat. *magistra*. — **Dure**, endure.

111. **Nobley**, another form of *noblesse*, distinction. — **Foryelde**, repay; A.-S. *for geldan*, to repay.

112. **Shilde**, shield; A.-S. *scyldan*, *scildan*, to shield, protect.

114. **Profre**, proffer; Fr. *proferir*, Lat. *proferre*. — **Dowair**, dower; Fr. *douaire*, Lat. *dotare*, from *dos*, dot is.

115. **Algate**, always; A.-S. *al-geats*, from *al*, all, and *geat*, a gate, passage. — **For non adversitee to dien in this case**, for no calamity of dying in this case. Notice double negative. — **Hole**, whole; A.-S. *hal*.

116. **Weed**, clothing; A.-S. *wed* and *waed*, a garment, clothing.

119. **As** is used to soften a request or demand. It suggests an ellipsis. *Be so kind as*. — **Wrie**, cover; A.-S. *wreon*, *wriþan*, and *wrihan*, to cover.

120. **Fare**, gone; A.-S. *faran*, to go, past part. *fares*.

121. **A lives creature**, a creature of life.

123. **Agein**, towards. — **By daies fele**, by many days. *Fele*, many, A. S. *fela*, *fele*, much, many.

124. **Neither**, neither; A.-S. *nathor*, *nather*, *nauther*, and *nawther*. The provincial *nother* or *nuther* is, like many other provincialisms or so called vulgarisms, the oldest and best preserved form.

125. **Gost**, spirit; A.-S. *gast*, breath, spirit, ghost. — **Pleine**, full; Fr. *plein*, Lat. *plenus*.

126. **Humblesse**, humility. — **Lite**, little; A.-S. *lyt*, and *lytel*. — **But it be-falle of newe**, unless it recently happen.

127. **To more and lesse**, to great and small. — **All and some**, all and each, literally, *whole and part*, *generally and particularly*. — **Richesse**, riches; Fr. *richesse*, whence our word *riches*. It is of the singular number by origin, but has a plural form; and consequently is used in both numbers.

128. **Sely**, good; A.-S. *sel*, and *sael*, good, happy. Our word *silly* has lost this original import. — **Grette**, greeted; A.-S. *gretan*, to approach, to greet, pret. *grette*.

129. **Sitting**, suitable condition. See in Glossary, *sit*. — **Plesance**, satisfaction, pleasure.

130. **Suffisant**, sufficient; Fr. *suffisant*, Lat. *sufficiens*. — **All swiche manere governance**, all such kind of direction, *manere*, followed by its limiting noun without prep. See st. 67. — **Evil besey**, ill seen, ill to look upon; A.-S. *beseah*, seen, viewed, from *v. beseon*, to view. — **Devoir**, duty; Fr. *devoir*, Lat. *debere*. — **At the leste way**, at least. Cf. *leastwise* and *at leastwise*, once common, now obs. Hooker, i. § 5.

132. **Dight**, put in order; A.-S. *dihhtan*, to dispose, set in order. — **His**, its. See J. C., I. ii.

135. **Fane**, weather-cock, vane; A.-S. *fana*, a banner. — **Rombel**, rumor, rumble; Dan. *rumle*, Fr. *romeler*. The *b* is euphonic. — **Jane**, a small coin of Genoa.

136. **Dresse**, direct myself.

137. **Abaist**, abashed, mortified; Fr. *abaisser*. — **Somdel**, somewhat, partly; A.-S. *som*, some, *del*, part. — **To-rent**, rent, torn; A.-S. *to*, intensive prefix, and *rendan*, to rend. Cf. *to-race*, st. 74.

138. **Gestes**, guests. The *u* is inserted to indicate that the *g* is guttural, § 21 (1). — **Everich**, every one; A.-S. *aefer*, ever, and *ilc*, same.

139. **Stent**, stinted, withheld; A.-S. pret. *stant*, from *stintan*, to stint.

140. **Fay**, faith; Old Fr. *fei*, Lat. *fides*.

141. **Prikke**, goad, torment; A.-S. *priccian*, to prick, to sting. — **Mo**, me; the form of the word made to suit the rhyme. — **Pourelly fostred**, brought up in poverty.

143. **Agast**, aghast. — **Apaid**, repaid. The *a* in the words is intensive. — **I**, in.

144. **Kepe**, heed. — **Ferde**, feared; A.-S. *fuer*, fear. See in Glossary, *affraied*. — **Abraid**, escaped, removed herself; A.-S. *abredan*, to draw out, to move away; pret. *abraed* and *abraegd*. — **Deid**, died, spelling to suit the rhyme.

145. **Lorn**, lost; A.-S. *leoran* and *leosan*, to lose; past part. *loren*, lost. Cf. Eng. *forlorn*. — **Non**. The negative is repeated in the object clause as if it had not been given in the principal sentence.

147. **Aswoon**, in a swoon; A.-S. *swunian*, to swoon.

148. **Which**, what; A.-S. *hwile*, which, what. — **Ne whan my spirit pace**, nor when my spirit departs — a clause depending on the verb *rekke*. *Pace* is for *pass*.

149. **Hath don you kepe**, hath caused you to be kept. See st. 29. — **Stound**, hour, time; A.-S. *stund* and *stond*, a space of time.

150. **Swough**, stupor. — **Sleight**, dexterity, skill. — **Arrace**, pull away; Fr. *arracher*, to pull away by force.

151. **Deintee**, dainty, worthy; Old Fr. *dain*. — **In fere**, together, in company; A.-S. *fera*, a companion.

152. **Sey** see. See st. 88. — **As hire ought**, as was due to her.

156. **Importable**, unbearable.

157. **Gree**, good heart; in *gree*, kindly, contentedly, Fr. *gré*, from Lat. *gratus*. — **He preve that he wrought**, proves his work. — **Pistell**, epistle.

158. **Freeletee**, frailty; Old Fr. *freatté*, Lat. *fragilitas*.

159. **Alayes**, alloys; Fr. *aloyer*. — **Brast**, burst. — **Plie**, bend; Fr. *plier*, to bend, to fold, Lat. *plicare*.

162. **Chichevache**. Bycorne and Chichevache are the names of two beasts in an old ballad, the former representing obedient husbands, the latter patient wives; Bycorne is fat, and Chichevache lean.

163. **Countre faille**, counter-tally; Fr. *contre taille*. — **Bedaffed**, befooled; Old Saxon *daff*, a fool.

165. **Aventaille**, an opening in the front part of a helmet for breathing.

## 5. EDMUND SPENSER, 1553-1599.

EDMUND SPENSER was born in East Smithfield, London. He was educated at Cambridge, where he took his bachelor's degree in January, 1572-3, and his master's degree in 1576. After a short residence in the north of England he removed to London in 1578. He was here introduced to Sir Philip Sidney, to whom he dedicated his "*Shepherd's Calendar*" in 1579. In 1586 he obtained a grant of 3028 acres in Ireland on condition that he should reside on the estate. Here he composed most of the *Faerie Queene*. He was driven from Ireland in an insurrection in 1598 and died a few months afterward in London. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the remains of Chaucer.

Spenser wrote other poems besides the *Faerie Queene*, of great excellence. Among the best are his *Prosopopoia* or *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, his *Hymns*, and his *Sonnets*.

The selections are printed from the first Boston edition of his works, collated with the London edition of 1862 by J. Payne Collier.

In his Introductory Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser says that the general end of the *Faerie Queene* "is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." The poem is an allegory in which, according to the original design, the twelve private moral virtues, as "Aristotle hath devised, were to be represented in the persons of twelve knights." He, however, by no means follows Aristotle in the specification of the virtues. The excellence which is constituted of the twelve particular virtues, and which, he says, is according to Aristotle, "the perfection of all," which he calls magnificence, he sets forth in the person of Prince Arthur, whom accordingly he introduces in each Book where the special virtue represented assumes that form. By the *Faerie Queene*, he says, he means Glory in his "general intention," but in particular Queen Elizabeth, and by the *Faerie Land*, the kingdom of England. He is tempted, however, to represent his sovereign in other forms of chivalrous adulation. "For," he says, "considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal Queen or Empress, the other of a most virtuous and beautiful lady, this latter part I do express in *Belphebe*." In the first Book are recounted the adventures of the Knight of the Red Cross, representing Holiness or Religious Excellence; in the second, of Sir Guyon, personating Temperance; in the third, of Britomartis, a lady knight, personating Chastity; in the fourth, of Cambell and Triamond, illustrating the excellence of Friendship; in the fifth, of Artegal, representing Justice; and in the sixth, of Sir Calidore, personating Courtesy. The poem was never finished; and we have of the last six books only "two cantos of Mutability," the sixth and seventh cantos under the legend of Constancy, and two stanzas of the eighth canto.

The first canto of the first book introduces the Knight of the Red Cross, St. George, with Una, who personates Truth. They soon encounter Error, represented in the form of a dragon, which the Knight assails and kills. The personification extends to many details, which it will please and profit a busy imagination to study out and leisurely contemplate.

## THE FAERIE QUEENE.

1. A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,  
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,  
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,  
The cruell markes of many a bloody field;

Yet armes till that time did he never wield :  
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,  
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield :  
 Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,  
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

2. And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,  
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,  
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,  
 And dead, as living, ever him ador'd :  
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,  
 For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.  
 Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word ;  
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad ;  
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

3. Upon a great adventure he was bond,  
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,  
 (That greatest glorious queene of Faerie lond,)  
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,  
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave :  
 And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne  
 To prove his puissance in battell brave  
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne ;  
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

4. A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,  
 Upon a lowly asse more white then snow ;  
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide  
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low ;  
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw :  
 As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,  
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;  
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had ;  
 And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

5. So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,  
 She was in life and every vertuous lore ;  
 And by descent from royall lynage came  
 Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore  
 Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,

And all the world in their subjection held ;  
 Till that infernall Feend with foule uprore  
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld ;  
 Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

6. Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,  
 That lasie seemd, in being ever last,  
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,  
 The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,  
 And angry Love an hideous storme of raine  
 Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,  
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;  
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

7. Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,  
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,  
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand ;  
 Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,  
 Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,  
 Not perceable with power of any starr :  
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,  
 With footing worne, and leading inward farr :  
 Faire harbour that them seems ; so in they entred ar.

8. And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,  
 Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,  
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,  
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.  
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,  
 The sayling pine ; the cedar proud and tall ;  
 The vine-propp elme ; the poplar never dry ;  
 The builder oake, sole king of forrests all ;  
 The aspine good for staves ; the cypresse funerall ;

9. The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours  
 And poets sage ; the firre that weepeth still ;  
 The willow, worne of forlorne paramours ;  
 The eugh, obedient to the benders will ;  
 The birch for shaftes ; the sallow for the mill ;  
 The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound ;



The warlike beech ; the ash for nothing ill ;  
 The fruitfull olive ; and the platane round ;  
 The carver holme ; the maple seeldom inward sound.

10. Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,  
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne ;  
 When, weening to returne whence they did stray,  
 They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,  
 But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,  
 Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,  
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne :  
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,  
 That, which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.
11. At last resolving forward still to fare,  
 Till that some end they finde, or in or out,  
 That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,  
 And like to lead the labyrinth about ;  
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,  
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave,  
 Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout  
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,  
 And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.
12. " Be well aware," quoth then that Ladie milde,  
 " Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke :  
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,  
 Breedes dreadfull doubts : oft fire is without smoke,  
 And perill without show : therefore your stroke,  
 Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."  
 " Ah Ladie," sayd he, " shame were to revoke  
 The forward footing for an hidden shade :  
 Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade."
13. " Yea but," quoth she, " the perill of this place  
 I better wot then you : Though nowe too late  
 To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,  
 Yet wisdomes warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,  
 To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.  
 This is the wandring wood, this Errours den,  
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :

Therefore I read beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then  
The fearefull Dwarfe ; " this is no place for living men."

14. But full of fire and greedy hardiment,  
The youthfull Knight could not for ought be staide ;  
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,  
And looked in : his glistring armor made  
A little glooming light, much like a shade ;  
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,  
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,  
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,  
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.
15. And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,  
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,  
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,  
Pointed with mortall sting ; Of her there bred  
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,  
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs ; each one  
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored :  
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,  
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.
16. Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,  
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile  
About her cursed head ; whose folds displaid  
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.  
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,  
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe ;  
For light she hated as the deadly bale,  
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,  
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.
17. Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd he leapt  
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,  
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept  
From turning backe, and forced her to stay :  
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,  
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,  
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay ;  
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst ;  
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

18. Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd ;  
 Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,  
 And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd  
 With doubled forces high above the ground :  
 Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,  
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine  
 All suddenly about his body wound,  
 That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.  
 God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine !
19. His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,  
 Cried out, " Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye bee ;  
 Add faith unto your force, and be not faint ;  
 Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."  
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,  
 His gall did grate for grieve and high disdaine ;  
 And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,  
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,  
 That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.
20. Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw  
 A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,  
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,  
 Which stunk so vildly, that it forst him slacke  
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe :  
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,  
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,  
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras :  
 Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.
21. As when old father Nilus gins to swell  
 With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,  
 His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,  
 And overflow each plaine and lowly dale :  
 But, when his later ebbe gins to avale,  
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed  
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male  
 And partly femall, of his fruitful seed ;  
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elswer may no man reed.
22. The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,  
 That well-nigh choked with the deadly stinke,

His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.  
 Whose corage when the Feend perceivd to shrinke,  
 She poured forth out of her hellish sinke  
 Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,  
 (Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,)  
 Which swarming all about his legs did crall,  
 And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

23. As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide  
 When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,  
 High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,  
 Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best ;  
 A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,  
 All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,  
 That from their noyance he no where can rest ;  
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings  
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.
24. Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame  
 Then of the certaine perill he stood in,  
 Halfe furious unto his foe he came,  
 Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,  
 Or soone to lose, before he once would lin ;  
 And stroke at her with more then manly force,  
 That from her body, full of filthie sin,  
 He raft her hatefull heade without remorse :  
 A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her corse.
25. Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare  
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,  
 Groning full deadly all with troublous feare  
 Gathred themselves about her body round,  
 Weening their wonted entrance to have found  
 At her wide mouth ; but, being there withstood,  
 They flocked all about her bleeding wound,  
 And sucked up their dying mothers bloud ;  
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.
26. That détestable sight him much amazde,  
 To see th' unkindly impes, of heaven accurst,  
 Devoure their dam ; on whom while so he gazd.

Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,  
 Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,  
 And bowels gushing forth : Well worthy end  
 Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst !  
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,  
 His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend.

27. His Lady seeing all, that chaunst, from farre,  
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie ;  
 And saide, " Faire Knight, borne under happie starre,  
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye ;  
 Well worthie be you of that armory,  
 Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,  
 And proof'd your strength on a strong enimie ;  
 Your first adventure : Many such I pray,  
 And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may ! "

St. George, as he journeys on in quest of adventure, at length comes under the machinations of Archimago, the Prince of Evil ; who, while failing to draw him into the snare he had laid, yet succeeds in parting him from Truth. His departure from the hermitage of Archimago in the morning without Una, his successful encounter with Sansfoy or Unbelief, and his further journeying with Duessa, Sansfoy's companion, who had assumed the name of Fidessa, or Faithful, are recounted in the second canto.

In the third canto, Truth is represented seeking for her knight. She is attended by a lion, but being overtaken by Archimago, who had assumed the form and dress of St. George, she proceeds deceived under his guidance, until they are met by Sansloy, the Lawless, who, mistaking Archimago for the true knight, attacks and overthrows him, kills the lion, and bears Una away upon his courser, despite of her entreaties.

In the fourth canto, Duessa is represented conducting the Redcross Knight to the house of Pride, of whom in her "stately palace," with her "six sage counsellors," Idleness, Gluttony, Lechery, Avarice, Envy, and Wrath, a portraiture is drawn in the strongest colors of poetic painting. Here he meets Sansjoy, the Joyless, a brother of Sansfoy and Sansloy, whom, as recited in the next canto, he fights and kills. He then leaves the palace.

In the sixth canto, Una is represented as being taken by Sansloy into a wild forest, where her cries bring to her a troop of Fauns and Satyrs, at the sight of whom Sansloy flees in fear. Una remains with the Satyrs for a long time, until she escapes with one, named Satyrane, and then in the flight as Satyrane encounters and engages in fight with Sansloy, she pursues her flight alone.

In the seventh canto, the Redcross Knight is represented as made captive by the giant Orgoglio, or Arrogance. His dwarf escaping meets Una in her flight, and recounts to her all that had befallen the knight since he fell into "the subtil trains of Archimago." The two are afterwards met by Prince Arthur, who, after hearing Una's story, sets out to release St. George. This enterprise is recited in the eighth canto. In the next canto, the two knights with Una are met by Sir Trevisan, and here occurs the admirable representation of Despair. Sts. 21-54.

## DESPAIRE. — CANTO IX.

21. So as they traveild, lo ! they gan espy  
 An armed Knight towards them gallop fast,  
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,  
 Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.  
 Still, as he fledd, his eye was backward cast,  
 As if his feare still followed him behynd :  
 Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had brast,  
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,  
 As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his kynd.
22. Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head  
 To be unarmd, and curld uncombed heares  
 Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread :  
 Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,  
 Nor life in limbe ; and, to increase his feares,  
 In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,  
 About his neck an hempen rope he weares,  
 That with his glistring armes does ill agree :  
 But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.
23. The Redcrosse Knight toward him crossed fast,  
 To weet what mister wight was so dismayd :  
 There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,  
 That of himselfe he seemd to be afayd ;  
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,  
 Till he these wordes to him deliver might ;  
 “ Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,  
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight ?  
 For never Knight I saw in such misseeming plight.”
24. He answerd nought at all ; but adding new  
 Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde  
 With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,  
 Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde  
 Infernall Furies with their chaines untyde.  
 Him yett againe, and yett againe bespake  
 The gentle Knight ; who nought to him replyde ;  
 But, trembling every ioynt, did inly quake,  
 And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to shake ;



25. "For Gods deare love, Sir Knight, doe me not stay;  
 For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee!"  
 Eft looking back would faine have runne away;  
 But he him forst to stay, and tellen free  
 The secrete cause of his perplexitie:  
 Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach  
 Could his blood-frozen hart emboldned bee,  
 But through his boldness rather feare did reach;  
 Yett, forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach:
26. "And am I now in safetie sure," quoth he,  
 "From him, that would have forced me to dye?  
 And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,  
 That I may tell this haplesse history?"  
 "Fear nought," quoth he, "no daunger now is nye."  
 "Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,"  
 Said he, "the which with this unlucky eye  
 I late beheld; and, had not greater grace  
 Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.
27. "I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst!)  
 With a fayre Knight to keepen companee,  
 Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst  
 In all affayres, and was both bold and free;  
 But not so happy as mote happy bee:  
 He lov'd as was his lot a Lady gent,  
 That him againe lov'd in the least degree;  
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,  
 And ioyd to see her lover languish and lament:
28. "From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,  
 As on the way together we did fare,  
 We met that Villen, (God from him me blesse!)  
 That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,  
 A man of hell, that calls himselfe *Despayre*.  
 Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes  
 Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare:  
 So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,  
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.
29. Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts  
 Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,

Which love had launched with his deadly darts ;  
 With wounding words, and termes of foule reprieſe,  
 He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,  
 That earst us held in love of lingring life ;  
 Then hoplesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe  
 Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife ;  
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife :

30. " With which sad instrument of hasty death,  
 That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,  
 A wyde way made to let forth living breath.  
 But I, more fearfull or more lucky wight,  
 Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,  
 Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare ;  
 Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,  
 Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare :  
 But God you never let his charmed speeches heare ! "

31. " How may a man," said he, " with idle speach  
 Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health ? "  
 " I wote," quoth he, " whom tryall late did teach,  
 That like would not for all this worldës wealth.  
 His subtile tong, like dropping honny, mealt'h  
 Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine ;  
 That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth  
 His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.  
 O never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine ! "

32. " Certes," sayd he, " hence shall I never rest,  
 Till I that Treachours art have heard and tryde :  
 And you, Sir Knight, whose name mote I request,  
 Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde."  
 " I, that hight Trevisan," quoth he, " will ryde,  
 Against my liking, backe to doe you grace :  
 But not for gold nor glee will I abyde  
 By you, when ye arrive in that same place ;  
 For lever had I die then see his deadly face."

33. Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight  
 His dwelling has, low in a hollow cave,  
 Far underneath a craggy cliff ypyght,

Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,  
 That still for carrion carcasses doth crave :  
 On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,  
 Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave  
 Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle ;  
 And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle :

34. And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,  
 Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,  
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees ;  
 On which had many wretches hanged beene,  
 Whose carcasses were scattred on the greene,  
 And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,  
 That bare-head Knight, for dread and dolefull teene,  
 Would faine have fled, ne durst approachen neare ;  
 But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

35. That darkesome cave they enter, where they find  
 That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,  
 Musing full sadly in his sullein mind :  
 His griesie locks, long growen and unbound,  
 Disordred hong about his shoulders round  
 And hid his face ; through which his hollow eyne  
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound ;  
 His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,  
 Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine.

36. His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,  
 With thornes together pind and patched was,  
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts :  
 And him beside there lay upon the gras  
 A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,  
 All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,  
 That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas !  
 In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,  
 And made an open passage for the gushing blood

37. Which piteous spectacle, approving trew  
 The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,  
 Whenas the gentle Redcrosse Knight did vew  
 With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold  
 Him to avenge, before his blood were cold ;

And to the Villein sayd : " Thou damned wight,  
The authour of this fact we here behold,  
What iustice can but iudge against thee right,  
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in sight ? "

- 38 " What frantieke fit," quoth he, " hath thus distraught  
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give ?  
What iustice ever other iudgement taught,  
But he should dye, who merites not to live ?  
None els to death this man despayring drive  
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.  
Is then uniust to each his dew to give ?  
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath ?  
Or let him dye at ease, that liveth here uneath ?

39. " Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,  
To come unto his wished home in haste,  
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay ;  
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,  
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast ?  
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good ;  
And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast ;  
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood  
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thyselfe not pas the flood ?

40. " He there does now enioy eternall rest  
And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,  
And further from it daily wanderest :  
What if some little payne the passage have,  
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave ;  
Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long ease,  
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave ?  
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,  
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

41. The Knight much wondred at his suddaine wit,  
And sayd ; " The terme of life is limited,  
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it :  
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,  
Nor leave his stand untill his captaine bed."  
" Who life did limit by Almightye doome,"  
Quoth he, " knowes best the termes established ;

And he, that points the centonell his roome,  
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droom:

42. "Is not His deed, whatever thing is donne  
In heaven and earth? Did not He all create  
To die againe? All ends, that was begonne:  
Their times in His eternall booke of fate  
Are written sure, and have their certain date.  
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,  
That holds the world in his still chaunging state;  
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?  
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor
43. "The lenger life, I wote, the greater sin;  
The greater sin, the greater punishment:  
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win  
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,  
Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:  
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.  
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?  
For he that once hath missed the right way,  
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray;
44. "Then doe no further goe, no further stray;  
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,  
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.  
For what hath life, that may it loved make,  
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?  
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,  
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the heart to quake;  
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;  
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.
45. "Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,  
If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;  
For never Knight, that dared warlike deed,  
More luckless dissaventures did amate:  
Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late  
Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call;  
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,  
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,  
Into the which hereafter thou maist happen fall.

46. "Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire  
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?  
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire  
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,  
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?  
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild  
Thou falsed hast thy faith with periuree,  
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,  
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?
47. "Is not he iust, that all this doth behold  
From highest heven, and beares an equall eie?  
Shall He thy sins up in His knowledge fold,  
And guilty be of thine impietie?  
Is not His law, Let every sinner die,  
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be donne,  
Is it not better to doe willinglie,  
Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?  
Death is the end of woes: Die soone, O Faries sonne."
48. The Knight was much enmoved with his speach,  
That as a sword's poynt through his hart did perse,  
And in his conscience made a secrete breach,  
Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,  
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse  
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;  
That all his manly powres it did disperse,  
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;  
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.
49. In which amazement when the Miscreant  
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,  
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,  
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;  
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,  
Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine  
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,  
And thousand feends, that doe them endlesse paine  
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.
50. The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,  
That nought but death before his eies he saw,



And ever burning wrath before him laid,  
 By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law.  
 Then gan the Villein him to overcraw,  
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,  
 And all that might him to perdition draw ;  
 And bad him choose what death he would desire :  
 For death was dew to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

51. But whenas none of them he saw him take,  
 He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,  
 And gave it him in hand : his hand did quake  
 And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,  
 And troubled blood through his pale face was seene  
 To come and goe, with tidings from the heart,  
 As it a ronning messenger had beene.  
 At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,  
 He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.
52. Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine  
 The crudled cold ran to her well of life,  
 As in a swowne : but, soone reliv'd againe,  
 Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,  
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,  
 And to him said ; " Fie, fie, faint-hearted Knight,  
 What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife ?  
 Is this the battaile, which thou vauntst to fight  
 With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright ?
53. " Come ; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,  
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,  
 Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright ;  
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part ?  
 Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art ?  
 Where iustice growes, there growes eke greter grace,  
 The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,  
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface :  
 Arise, sir Knight ; arise, and leave this cursed place."
54. So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.  
 Which when the Carle beheld, and saw his guest  
 Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight ;  
 He chose an halter from among the rest,

And with it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest.  
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby ;  
 For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,  
 Yet nathëllesse it could not doe him die,  
 Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

In the tenth canto, Una conducts her knight to the house of Holiness, where he recovers health and soundness lost during his wretched captivity to Pride. Much in this canto reminds us of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Indeed, it would seem that Bunyan must have had it in mind. The following stanzas exhibit the general character of the canto and also the singular power of the poet in making his allegorized virtues and graces and spiritual helps and means pass before us in such perfect personality, that we forget they are qualities or attributes, and follow their movements with the lively interest that attaches only to living persons.

1. What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might  
 And vaine assuraunce of mortality,  
 Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight  
 Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,  
 Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly !  
 Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,  
 That thorough grace hath gained victory :  
 If any strength we have, it is to ill ;  
 But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.
2. By that which lately hapned, Una saw  
 That this her Knight was feeble and too faint ;  
 And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,  
 Through long emprisonment, and hard constraint,  
 Which he endured in his late restraint,  
 That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight.  
 Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,  
 She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,  
 Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.
3. There was an auncient House not far away,  
 Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore  
 And pure unspotted life : so well, they say,  
 It governd was, and guided evermore,  
 Through wisdom of a Matron grave and hore ;  
 Whose onely ioy was to relieve the needes  
 Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore :  
 All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,  
 And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

4. Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought  
 From heaven to come, or thether to arise;  
 The mother of three Daughters, well upbrought  
 In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:  
 The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,  
 Fidelia and Speranza, Virgins were;  
 Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;  
 But faire Charissa to a lovely fere  
 Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.
5. Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;  
 For it was warely watched night and day,  
 For feare of many foes; but, when they knockt,  
 The porter opened unto them streight way.  
 He was an aged syre, all hory gray,  
 With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,  
 Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,  
 Hight Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low;  
 For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.
6. Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;  
 But, entred in, a spatious court they see,  
 Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in;  
 Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,  
 And enterteines with comely courteous glee;  
 His name was Zele, that him right well became:  
 For in his speaches and behaveour hee  
 Did labour lively to expresse the same,  
 And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came.
7. There fayrely them receives a gentle squire,  
 Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,  
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre:  
 In word and deede that shewd great modestee,  
 And knew his good to all of each degree;  
 Hight Reverence: He them with speaches meet  
 Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,  
 But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,  
 As might become a squire so great persons to greet.

. . . . .

12. Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,  
 Loe ! two most goodly Virgins came in place,  
 Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wise ;  
 With countenaunce demure, and modest grace,  
 They numbred even steps and equali pace :  
 Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,  
 Like sunny beames threw from her christall face  
 That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,  
 And round about her head did shine like hevens light.
13. She was araied all in lilly white,  
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,  
 With wine and water fild up to the hight,  
 In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,  
 That horroure made to all that did behold ;  
 But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood :  
 And in her other hand she fast did hold  
 A Booke, that was both signd and seald with blood ;  
 Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be understood.
14. Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,  
 Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well ;  
 Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,  
 As was her sister ; whether dread did dwell  
 Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell :  
 Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,  
 Whereon she leaned ever, as befell ;  
 And ever up to heven, as she did pray,  
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.
15. They, seeing Una, towardses her gan wend,  
 Who them encounters with like courtesee ;  
 Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,  
 And greatly ioy each other for to see :  
 Then to the Knight with shamefast modestie  
 They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,  
 And him salute with well beseeming glee ;  
 Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,  
 And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

36. Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,  
 That was foreby the way, she did him bring;  
 In which Seven Bead-men, that had vowed all  
 Their life to service of high heavens King,  
 Did spend their daies in doing godly thing:  
 Their gates to all were open evermore,  
 That by the wearie way were traveiling;  
 And one sate wayting ever them before,  
 To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

. . . . .

44. There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,  
 The first and chiefest of the Seven, whose care  
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas;  
 Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare  
 And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare  
 He humbly louted in meeke lowliness,  
 And seemely welcome for her did prepare:  
 For of their Order she was Patronesse,  
 Albe Charissa were their chiefest Founderesse.

45. There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,  
 That to the rest more hable he might bee:  
 During which time, in every good behest,  
 And godly worke of Almes and Charitee,  
 Shee him instructed with great industree.  
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,  
 That, from the first unto the last degree,  
 His mortall life he learned had to frame  
 In holy righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

46. Thence forward by that painfull way they pas  
 Forth to an Hill, that was both steepe and hy;  
 On top whereof a sacred Chappell was,  
 And eke a litle Hermitage thereby,  
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,  
 That day and night said his devotion,  
 Ne other worldly busines did apply:  
 His name was Hevenly Contemplation;  
 Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

47. Great grace that old man to him given had ;  
For God he often saw from heavens hight :  
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,  
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,  
Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,  
As eagles eie, that can behold the sunne.  
That Hill they scale with all their powre and might,  
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,  
Gan faile ; but, by her helpe, the top at last he wonne.
48. There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,  
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed ;  
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire  
The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.  
Each bone might through his body wel be red,  
And every sinew seene, through his long fast :  
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed ;  
His mind was full of spirituall repast,  
And pyn'd his flesh to keep his body low and chast.
49. Who, when these two approaching he aspidе,  
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,  
That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside ;  
And had he not that Dame respected more,  
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,  
He would not once have moved for the Knight.  
They him saluted, standing far afore ;  
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,  
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious hight
50. " What end," quoth she, " should cause us take such pane,  
But that same end, which every living wight  
Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine ?  
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right  
To that most glorious House, that glistreth bright  
With burning starres and everliving fire,  
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight  
By wise Fidelia ? She doth thee require,  
To shew it to this Knight, according his desire."
51. " Thrise happy man," said then the Father grave,  
" Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,



And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save !  
 Who better can the way to heaven aread  
 Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred  
 In heavenly throne, where thousand angels shine ?  
 Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead  
 Present before the Maiesty Divine,  
 And His avenging wrath to clemency incline.

- 52 "Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.  
 Then come, Thou man of earth, and see the way,  
 That never yet was seene of Faries sonne ;  
 That never leads the traveiler astray,  
 But, after labors long and sad delay,  
 Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.  
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,  
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,  
 And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis."

53. That done, he leads him to the highest Mount ;  
 Such one as that same mighty Man of God,  
 That blood-red billowes like a walled front  
 On either side disparted with his rod,  
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,  
 Dwelt forty daies upon ; where, writt in stone  
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,  
 The bitter doome of death and balefull mone  
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone :

54. Or like that sacred Hill, whose head full hie,  
 Adorn'd with fruitfull olives all arownd,  
 Is, as it were for endlesse memory  
 Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,  
 For ever with a flowring girlond crownd :  
 Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay  
 Through famous poets verse each where renown'd,  
 On which the thrise three learned Ladies play  
 Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

55. From thence, far off he unto him did shew  
 A little path, that was both steepe and long,  
 Which to a goodly Citty led his vew ;  
 Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong

Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong  
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;  
 Too high a ditty for my simple song!  
 The Citty of the Greate King hight it well,  
 Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

56. As he thereon stood gazing, he might see  
 The blessed Angels to and fro descend  
 From highest heven in gladsome companee,  
 And with great ioy into that Citty wend,  
 As commonly as frend does with his frend.  
 Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,  
 What stately building durst so high extend  
 Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,  
 And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

57. "Faire Knight," quoth he, "Hierusalem that is,  
 The New Hierusalem that God has built  
 For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,  
 His chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt  
 With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt  
 On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam,  
 That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:  
 Now are they Saints all in that Citty sam,  
 More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam."

In the eleventh canto, which is given below, St. George engages and after a doubtful contest of two days puts to death the great Dragon who held the parents of Una in thralldom. In the twelfth, which ends the first book, the marriage of Una is solemnized in great splendor and state.

1. High time now gan it wex for Una fayre  
 To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,  
 And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:  
 Whereto whenas they now approched neare,  
 With hartie wordes her Knight she gan to cheare,  
 And in her modest maner thus bespake;  
 "Deare Knight, as deare as ever Knight was deare,  
 That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,  
 High heven behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take!

2. "Now are we come unto my native soyle,  
 And to the place where all our perilles dwell;

Here hauntes that Feend, and does his daily spoyle :  
 Therefore henceforth bee at your keeping well,  
 And ever ready for your foeman fell :  
 The sparke of noble corage now awake,  
 And strive your excellent selfe to excell :  
 That shall ye evermore renowned make  
 Above all Knights on earth, that batteill undertake."

3. And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," said she,  
 "The brasen towre, in which my Parents deare  
 For dread of that huge Feend emprisond be ;  
 Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,  
 Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare :  
 And on the top of all I do espye  
 The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare ;  
 That, O my Parents, might I happily  
 Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery !"
4. With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,  
 That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,  
 And seemed uneath to shake the stedfast ground.  
 Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,  
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side  
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill :  
 But, all so soone as he from far descryde  
 Those glistring armes that heaven with light did fill,  
 He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.
5. Then badd the Knight his Lady yede aloof,  
 And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde ;  
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof,  
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde :  
 She him obeyd, and turnd a little wyde. —  
 Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned dame,  
 Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,  
 The nourse of time and everlasting fame,  
 That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name ;
6. O, gently come into my feeble brest,  
 Come gently ; but not with that mightie rage,  
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,

And hartes of great heroës doest enrage,  
 That nought their kindled corage may aswage :  
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,  
 The god of warre with his fiers equipage  
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd ;  
 And scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

7. Fayre goddesses, lay that furious fitt asyde,  
 Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,  
 And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,  
 Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim King,  
 That with their horror heven and earth did ring ;  
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse :  
 But now awhile lett downe that haughtie string,  
 And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,  
 That I this Man of God his godly armes may blaze.

8. By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,  
 Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,  
 That with his largenesse measured much land,  
 And made wide shadow under his huge waste ;  
 As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.  
 Approching nigh, he reared high afore  
 His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste ;  
 Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,  
 Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody gore ,

9. And over all with brasen scales was armd,  
 Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare  
 That nought mote percee ; ne might his course be harmd  
 With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare :  
 Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,  
 His aery plumes doth rouze full rudely dight ;  
 So shaked he, that horror was to heare :  
 For, as the clashing of an armor bright,  
 Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the Knight.

10. His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,  
 Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd  
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way :  
 And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,

Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;  
 With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,  
 And there by force unwonted passage fynd,  
 The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,  
 And all the hevens stood still amazed with his threat.

11. His huge long tayle, wovnd up in hundred foldes,  
 Does overspred his long bras-sealy back,  
 Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfoldes,  
 And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,  
 Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,  
 It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,  
 And of three furlongs does but little lacke;  
 And at the point two stinges infixed arre,  
 Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.
12. But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed  
 The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:  
 Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,  
 What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,  
 Or what within his reach he ever drawes.  
 But his most hideous head my tongue to tell  
 Does tremble; for his deepe devouring iawes  
 Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,  
 Through which into his darke abysses all ravin fell.
13. And, that more wondrous was, in either iaw  
 Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,  
 In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,  
 Of late devoured bodies did appeare;  
 That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare:  
 Which to increase, and all at once to kill,  
 A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure seare,  
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,  
 That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.
14. His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,  
 Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:  
 As two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,  
 Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,  
 And warning give, that enemies conspyre

With fire and sword the region to invade ;  
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre :  
 But far within, as in a hollow glade,  
 Those glaring lampes were sett, that made a dreadfull shade.

15. So dreadfully he towardses him did pas,  
 Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,  
 And often bounding on the brused gras,  
 As for great ioyance of his new-come guest.  
 Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest ;  
 As chauffed bore his bristles doth upreare ;  
 And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,  
 (That made the Redcrosse Knight nigh quake for feare,)  
 As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.
16. The Knight gan fayrely couch his steedy speare,  
 And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might :  
 The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,  
 His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,  
 But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right :  
 Yet, sore amoved with so puissant push,  
 The wrathfull Beast about him turned light,  
 And him so rudely, passing by, did brush  
 With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did rush.
17. Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,  
 And fresh encounter towardses him addrest :  
 But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,  
 And found no place his deadly point to rest.  
 Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,  
 To be avenged of so great despight ;  
 For never felt his im'perceable brest  
 So wondrous force from hand of living wight ;  
 Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissa Knight.
18. Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde  
 Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,  
 And with strong flight did forcibly divyde  
 The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble four  
 Her flitting parts, and element unsound,  
 To beare so great a weight : He, cutting



With his broad sayles, about him soared round ;  
 At last, low stouping with unweldy sway, —  
 Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

19. Long he them bore above the subject plaine,  
 So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send ;  
 Till struggling strong did him at last constraine  
 To let them downe before his flightës end :  
 As hagdard hauke, presuming to contend  
 With hardy fowle above his hable might,  
 His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend  
 To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight ;  
 Which, comming down to ground, does free itselfe by fight.
20. He so disseized of his gryping grosse,  
 The Knight his thrillant speare again assayd  
 In his bras-plated body to embosse,  
 And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd ;  
 Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,  
 And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde  
 Close under his left wing, then broad displayed :  
 The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,  
 That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.
21. He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,  
 When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat ;  
 The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,  
 As they the earth would shoulder from her seat ;  
 And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat  
 His neighbour element in his revenge :  
 Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat  
 To move the world from off his stedfast henge,  
 And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.
22. The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,  
 Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,  
 And quite asunder broke : Forth flowed fresh  
 A gushing river of blacke gory blood,  
 That drowned all the land, whereon he stood ;  
 The streame thereof would drive a water-mill ;  
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood

With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,  
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethrill

23. His hideous tayle then hurled he about,  
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes  
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout  
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,  
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implies,  
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd  
To throw his ryder: who can quickly ryse  
From of the earth, with durty blood distaynd,  
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd:
24. And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,  
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,  
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:  
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell;  
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,  
That deeper dint therein it would not make;  
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,  
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,  
But, when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.
25. The Knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,  
And smot againe with more outrageous might;  
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,  
And left not any marke where it did light,  
As if in adamant rocke it had beene pight.  
The Beast, impatient of his smarting wound  
And of so fierce and forcible despight,  
Thought with his winges to styte above the ground;  
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.
26. Then, full of grieve and anguish vehement,  
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard;  
And from his wide devouring oven sent  
A flake of fire that, flashing in his beard,  
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:  
The scorching flames sore swinged all his face,  
And through his armour all his body seard,  
That he could not endure so cruell cace,  
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

27. Not that great champion of the antique world,  
Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,  
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold  
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,  
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,  
With Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd;  
As did this Knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,  
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd;  
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.
28. Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent,  
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,  
That never man such mischiefes did torment;  
Death better were; death did he oft desire;  
But death will never come, when needes require.  
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,  
He cast to suffer him no more respire,  
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,  
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.
29. It fortunéd, (as fayre it then befell,)  
Behynd his backe, unweeting, where he stood,  
Of auncient time there was a springing Well,  
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,  
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:  
Whylomé, before that cursed Dragon got  
That happy land, and all with innocent blood  
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot  
The Well of Life; ne yet his vertues had forgot:
30. For unto life the dead it could restore,  
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;  
Those, that with sicknesse were infected sore,  
It could recure; and aged long decay  
Renew, as it were borne that very day.  
Both Silo this, and Iordan did excell,  
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;  
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this Well:  
Into the same the Knight back overthrowen fell.
31. Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe  
His fierie face in billowes of the west,

And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,  
 Whiles from their iournall labours they did **rest**;  
 When that infernall Monster, having kest  
 His wearie Foe into that living Well,  
 Can high advaunce his broad discoloured brest  
 Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,  
 And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

32. Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre,  
 Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,  
 As weening that the sad end of the warre;  
 And gan to Highest God entirely pray  
 That feared chaunce from her to turne away:  
 With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,  
 All night she watcht; ne once adowne would **lay**  
 Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,  
 But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

33. The morrow next gan earely to appeare,  
 That Titan rose to runne his daily race;  
 But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare  
 Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,  
 Up rose the gentle Virgin from her place,  
 And looked all about, if she might spy  
 Her-loved Knight to move his manly pace:  
 For she had great doubt of his safety,  
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

34. At last she saw, where he upstarted brave  
 Out of the Well wherein he drenched lay:  
 As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,  
 Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,  
 And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,  
 Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,  
 His newly-budded pineons to assay,  
 And marveiles at himselfe, stil as he flies:  
 So new this new-borne Knight to battell new did **rise**.

35. Whom when the damned Feend so fresh did **spy**,  
 No wonder if he wondred at the sight,  
 And doubted whether his late enemy

It were, or other new supplied Knight.  
 He now, to prove his late-renewed might,  
 High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,  
 Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,  
 That to the scull a yawning wound it made :  
 The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismayd.

36. I wote not, whether the revenging steele  
 Were hardned with that holy water dew  
 Wherein he fell ; or sharper edge did feele ;  
 Or his baptized hands now greater grew ;  
 Or other secret vertue did ensew ;  
 Els never could the force of fleshly arme,  
 Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew :  
 For, till that stownd could never wight him harme  
 By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

37. The cruell wound enraged him so sore,  
 That loud he yelled for exceeding paine ;  
 As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,  
 Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine.  
 Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,  
 And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,  
 That to his force to yelden it was faine ;  
 Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,  
 That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore :

38. The same advauncing high above his head,  
 With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,  
 That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead ;  
 Ne living wight would have him life behott :  
 The mortall sting his angry needle shott  
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,  
 Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott :  
 The grieve thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,  
 Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

39. But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare  
 Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,  
 From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,  
 And strove to loose the far infixed sting :

Which, when in vaine he tryde with struggeling  
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,  
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string  
 Of his huge taile he quite asonder cleft;

Five ioints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him lefte.

40. Hart cannot thinke, what outrage and what cries,  
 With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,  
 The hell-bred Beast threw forth unto the skies,  
 That all was covered with darknesse dire :  
 Then fraught with rancour and engorged yre,  
 He cast at once him to avenge for all ;  
 And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire  
 With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall  
 Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

41. Much was the Man encombred with his hold,  
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,  
 Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold ;  
 Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy iaw  
 To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw  
 To reave by strength the griped gage away :  
 Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,  
 And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay ;  
 It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

42. Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,  
 His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,  
 Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,  
 And double blowes about him stoutly laid,  
 That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid ;  
 As sparckles from the andvile use to fly,  
 When heavy hammers on the wedg are swaid ;  
 Therewith at last he forst him to untie  
 One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

43. The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,  
 Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constrain  
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledg to yield ;  
 He smott thereat with all his might and maine,  
 That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine



Upon the ioynt the lucky steele did light,  
 And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine;  
 The paw yett missed not his minisht might,  
 But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

44. For griefe thereof and diuclish despight,  
 From his infernall founnace forth he threw  
 Huge flames, that dimmed all the heuens light,  
 Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:  
 As burning Aetna from his boyling stew  
 Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,  
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,  
 Enwrapt in coleblacke clowds and filthy smoke,  
 That al the land with stench, and heven with horror, choke.

45. The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,  
 So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire  
 A little backward for his best defence,  
 To save his body from the scorching fire,  
 Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.  
 It chaunst, (Eternall God that chaunce did guide,)  
 As he recoiled backward, in the mire  
 His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,  
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

46. There grew a goodly Tree him faire beside,  
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,  
 As they in pure vermilion had been dide,  
 Whereof great vertues over all were redd:  
 For happy life to all which thereon fedd,  
 And life eke everlasting did befall:  
 Great God it planted in that blessed stedd  
 With his Almighty hand, and did it call  
 The Tree of Life, the crime of our first Fathers fall.

47. In all the world like was not to be fownd,  
 Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,  
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,  
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,  
 Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow.  
 Another like faire Tree eke grew thereby,

Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know  
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory!  
That Tree through one Mans fault hath doen us all to dy!

48. From that first Tree forth flowd, as from a well,  
A trickling streame of balme, most soveraine  
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,  
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,  
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:  
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave;  
And deadly wounds could heale; and reare againe  
The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave:.  
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.
49. For nigh thereto the ever-damned Beast  
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,  
And al that life preserved did detest;  
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.  
By this the drouping Day-light gan to fade,  
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding Night,  
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade  
The face of earth and wayes of living wight,  
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.
50. When gentle Una saw the second fall  
Of her deare Knight, who, weary of long fight  
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all  
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,  
Besmeard with pretious balme, whose vertuous might  
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;  
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,  
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,  
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.
51. The ioyous day gan early to appear;  
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed  
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare  
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:  
Her golden locks, for hast, were loosely shed  
About her eares, when Una her did marke  
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spread,

From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke;  
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting larkē

52. Then freshly up arose the doughty Knight,  
All healed of his hurtes and woundēs wide,  
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;  
Whose early Foe awaiting him beside  
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,  
When now he saw himself so freshly reare,  
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,  
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare;  
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare;

53. And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,  
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,  
And rusht upon him with outragious pryde;  
Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,  
Perforce rebutted back: The weapon bright,  
Taking advantage of his open iaw,  
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,  
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,  
And, back retyrd, his life blood forth withall did draw.

54. So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,  
That vanisht into smoke and cloudēs swift;  
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath  
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;  
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,  
Whose false foundation waves have washt away  
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,  
And, rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay:  
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55. The Knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,  
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;  
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,  
Durst not approach for dread which she misdeemd;  
But yet at last, whenas the direfull Feend  
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright  
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:  
Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull Knight,  
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

## NOTES ON SELECTIONS FROM THE FAERIE QUEENE.

**CANTO I. ST. 1. — Prieking**, spurring. — **Plaine** Spenser affects archaic orthography, as well as archaic diction, every way. He also, as did Chaucer, spells to resemble a rhyming word. The inflectional *e*, whether final or before *s*, is generally silent. Cf. in this stanza, *felde* and *wield*; *armes*, *woundes*, *markes*. A comparison of these archaic spellings in Spenser, with those of the same or similar words in Hooker, will show at a glance how far Spenser departed from the prevailing orthography of that period. — **Ycladd**. Both in respect to the prefix *y*, the representative of the old *ge*, and also the doubling of the final consonant after a short vowel, Spenser follows an orthography antiquated at the period of his writing. — **Mightie**. The *e* is inflectional, and we have the *i* instead of *y*, because not final. Yet we find both forms occurring without any apparently governing principle. — **Foming**, foaming; A.-S. *fum* and *faem*, foam. Cf. Lat. *spuma*, *fuma*. The *a* is orthographic, § 18 (1). — **Jolly**, handsome; Old Fr. *joli*, *jolif*. Cf. A.-S. *gol*, merry; *geol*, the merry feast, yule, Christmas. — **Giusts**, jousts or justs; Old Fr. *jouste* and *juste*, Lat. *juxtare*, from *juxta*, Ital. *giostiare*, to joust.

2. **Cheere**, countenance. See C. T. 13. — **Ydrad**, dreaded, feared. See n., Versions, ver. 1.

3. **Bond**, bound; A.-S. *bind an*, to bind, pret. *band*, past part. *bunden*. — **Earne**, yearn; A.-S. *earn ian*, to earn, to labor for. The *e* and *i* before a vowel were pronounced like *y* initial, § 13.

4. **Him**, is object of *beside*. — **Faire** is adjective modifying the predicate. See "Art of Composition," § 199. It does not modify the subject, *ladie*, as the meaning is not that *a fair lovely lady rode*, but that *she rode fair*. — **Vele**, veil; Lat. *velum*. — **Wimpled**, plaited.

5. **Forwasted**, laid waste; *for* is intensive prefix.

6. **Lasie**, archaic spelling of *lazy*. There is a play upon the words *lasie* and *last*, which are, indeed, both allied in their origin. — **Suddeine**, sudden, for *of a sudden*, or suddenly; A.-S. *soden*, Old Fr. *sodaine*. — **Leman**, a loved one, sweetheart; from A.-S. *leof*, beloved, and *man*, one. — **Fain**, glad; A.-S. *faegn*, glad.

7. **Enforst**, enforced; a spelling conformed to the sound of the word. So likewise in *promist*. See "Art of Composition" on modern orthography of verbs in the past tense, in which the tense sign is preceded by an apthongal element; § 212, Obs. — **Sommers**. See n. P. P. 1. — **Perceable**, pierceable; Fr. *percer*, contracted form of *pertuisier*, from *pertuis*, Lat. *pertusum*, from *pertundere*. — **Alleies**, alleys, walks; Fr. *allée*, from *aller*, to go. — **Them**, remote object of *seems*.

8. **Can**, began. The word is in Spenser irregularly written *can* and *gan*. A.-S. *ginnan* or *gynnan*. The word has been displaced by *begin*, comp. of *gin* and intensive prefix *be*. See § 43 (3).

9. **Eugh**, yew; A.-S. *eow* and *iw*. In A.-S. the *e* before a vowel had the power of *y*, § 14.

11. **Eftsoones**, forthwith; literally *after soon*; A.-S. *eftsona*, from *eft* or *æft*, after, behind, and *sona*, soon. Versions, 3. — **His needlesse spere**. The spear would be useless to him on foot.

12. **Least**, lest. This is the A.-S. superlative form of *lytel*, little, compar. *laessa*, sup. *laest* and *laesest*. The regular compar. would have been *laesra*, or uninflected and adverbial form *laesor*, whence Old Eng. *lesser*. For use of this word as a negative form, cf. Lat. *minime*. — **Shame were to revoke**, etc. *Were* is subjunctive in potential sense of *would be*, and has for its subject the phrase *to revoke*, etc. — **The forward footing**, an expression evidently prompted by the alliteration. The poet says *the*, not *our*, to give to the reply of the knight the force of a

genera' proverbial expression. — **Vertue**, virtue; Fr. *vertu*, Lat. *virtus*. The proper vowel element before *r* is so obscured by the *r* and the connecting sound, that while the orthography is unsettled and strives only to represent the pronunciation as near as possible, any vowel character almost may be taken. Cf. *durtie*, st. 15; *thurst*, st. 26; *herte*, *vertue*, C. T. 27. See § 13.

13. **Whilest**. See § 38. — **Retrate**, retreat; Fr. *retraite*, Lat. *retractum*, from *re* and *trahere*. — **Read**, advise; A.-S. *redan* and *raedan*, to read, to interpret, to discover, to make known, to counsel, to rule. Otherwise spelled *rede*, C. T. 86, 108; and *reed*, st. 21, below.

14. **Hardiment**, boldness; Fr. *hardi*. The same stem *hardi* appears united with A.-S. suffixes, as *hardihood*, *hardihead*, *hardiness*. The adj. is of frequent occurrence. See P. P. 357. — **Ought**, another mode of writing *ought*; A.-S. *ah*, which seems to be a compound of the numeral and the neuter demonstrative. — **Glooming**, glimmering, faint, the same as *gloaming*; A.-S. *glom*, gloom, *gloming*, gloaming, twilight. — **Displaide**, displayed; Old Fr. *desployer*, to display, from Lat. root *plicare*, to fold.

15. **Boughtes**, folds, bents; A.-S. *buhth*, something bowed or bent, from *bug an*, to bow, to bend. — **Uncouth**, unknown, strange; A.-S. *uncuth*, from *un* and *cuth*, past part. of *cunnan*, to know.

16. **Upstart**, started up; *start* is a past tense form of a verb derived from the stem *stir*; A.-S. *styrian*. — **Effraide**, affrighted. See *affraied* in Gloss. — **Without entraile**, without folds, unfolded, from Fr. *en*, and Old Fr. *treiller*, to interweave.

17. **Pray**, prey; a spelling to follow rhyming word *stay*. — **Trenchand**, trenchant, cutting, piercing; Fr. *trencher*, to cut or dig. — **Enhaunst**, raised; Old Fr. *enhauncer*, from *en*, intensive prefix, and Lat. stem *altus*, high. The *u* in *advauunst*, *enhaunst*, *glauunst*, indicates the long quantity of the preceding *a*. The final letters *st* represent the pronunciation, not the etymology.

18. **Dazd**, dulled, stupefied. Cf. A.-S. *dwaes*, *dysig*, dull, foolish; Dan. *doese*, to stupefy; Eng. *dazzle*, *doze*, *dizzy*. — **Attonce**, at once.

19. **Grate**, chafe. Cf. Dan. *kradse* and Fr. *gratter*, to scrape. The subject *he* of *did constrain* is not expressed.

21. **Gins**, begins. See n. st. 8, on *can*.

22. **Lenger**, longer; A.-S. *leng*, compar. of the adv. *lange*, from. adj. *lang* and *long*, long; compar. *lengra*; superl. *lengest*. — **Crall**, crawl; the spelling suited to rhyme. The word does not appear in A.-S. In Dan. it is *kravle*; Swedish, *kråla*.

23. **Welke**, decline, sink; A.-S. *wealcan*, to roll, revolve. Cf. A.-S. *wolcen*, the welkin, the sky. — **In**, into; a very common early usage. — **Vewen**, view; Old Fr. *veue*, from the past part. of *voir*, to see; Lat. *videre*. — **Noyance**, annoyance, Old Fr. *noier*, from Lat. *nocere*, to hurt. Cf. Fr. *nuire*, to hurt; *ennuyer*, to tire; Eng. *annoy*, *noxious*, *noisome*, *noise*, *nuisance*, *ennui*, *innocence*, *innocuous*, *obnoxious*, etc.

24. **Bestedd**, bestead, conditioned, situated; from A.-S. *be* and *stede*, a place. Cf. "They shall pass through it, hardly *bestead* and hungry." — Isa. viii. 21. — **Lin**, give way; A.-S. *hlinian*, to lean. — **Stroke**, struck. — **Reft**, reft, cut off; A.-S. *reafian*, to tear away, to part from, allied to *rip an*, to cut, to reap. From this stem, by change of vowel or of consonant, by prefix or suffix, and by composition, come many derivatives now in use; as *rip*, *ripe*; *reave*, *reft*; *rive*, *rft*; *raeve*, a bailiff, *sheriff*, a reeve of a shire; *rob*, *bereave*, etc.

CANTO IX. ST. 21. **Griesly**, grisly; A.-S. *grislic*, horrible, dreadful. The *s* is orthographic, not etymological. — **Aghast**, terrified, indic. of *agaze*, intensive of *gaze*. — **Ais**, also; A.-S. *aelswa*, also. — **Brast**, burst; A.-S. *berst an*, to burst; pret. *baerst* and *beurst*. The *r* and the adjoining vowel are transposed, § 46 (1) -

**Pegasus his kynd.** Spenser in divers places uses this form of expression by a poetic license, as in the selection I. xi. 7. For its origin, see "Art of Composition," § 117, Obs. 2.

23. **Weet**, know. — **What mister wight**, what manner of person; Old Fr. *mestiere*, occupation, Lat. *ministerium*. — **Aread**, make known; compound of intensive prefix *a* and *read*. See above, n. I. i. 13. — **Ye**, here in obj. case, showing that the inflectional distinctions were much disregarded. — **Arayed**, for *arrayed*; Old Fr. *arraier*, to array, to dispose to order. The meaning is: Who has put you in this condition.

25. **Eft**, afterwards, again. — **Nathemore**, none the more. See in Gloss. *natheles*.

26. Rhyme spellings occur here in *dye*, *nye*, *case*. — **The which**, archaic form from A.-S.

27. **Gent**, gentle, of high repute.

28. **Whyleare**, just before; *while* and *ere*, a while before.

29. **Emboast**, overwhelmed. — **Reprieft**, Old Fr. *reprouver*. See n. P. P. 76. *Reprieve* and *reprove* are different spellings of the same word, but now separated to different uses, as in many other cases, § 46 (2). — **Dew**, due. So st. 38. — **Earst**, before. Compar. of A.-S. *er*, or *aer*, ere, before. — **Perswade**, persuade; inf. without prep. *to*. The alliteration in this stanza is noticeable, as throughout this extract.

31. **Tong**, tongue, § 46 (2). — **Mealt'h**, melteth.

32. **Treachours**, deceivers; Old Fr. *trecheor*, from *trecher* and *tricher*, to trick. — **Lever**, more willingly. See n. C. T. 56.

33. **Ypight**, situated. See in Gloss. *pighte*.

34. **Teene**, grief; A.-S. *teona*, reproach, grievance.

35. **Griesie**, greasy. — **Eyne**, eyes, § 42. — **Astound**, astounded; Old Fr. *astone*. Hence part. *astoned* and *astound*.

36. **Abouts**, a license in rhyme spelling which defies etymology.

37. **Price**, pay for.

38. **Distraught**, distracted; a common spelling in Old English. The *u* marks the quantity of the *a* as long; the *gh* is the apthongal representative of the guttural represented by *c* in the Lat. part. but by *h* in the infin. *disträhere*; the *t* is the sign of past time, or action done. — **Uneath**, uneasy, with difficulty; another spelling of *unneth*. See n. C. T. 38.

39. **Fond**, for *fanned*, foolish; part. from a verb *fon*, to be foolish, to fool. This word has risen from a comparatively bad to a good use, and given origin to the dim. *fondle*.

41. **Watchfull sted**, place of watch. — **Bed** and **droome**, drum, in the last verse of the stanza, are rhyme spellings. — **Points**, the simple verb used by poetic license for the compound *appoints*. — **Centonell** a capricious spelling of *sentinel*, from Fr. *sentinelle*. Cf. Sp. *centinello*.

44. **Ensewen**, ensue; Old Fr. *ensuer*, from Lat. *in* and *sequor*. The final *en* is Teutonic infin. inflection.

45. **Disaventures**, mishaps; subject of *amate*. — **Amate**, destroy, overwhelm, literally, make dead, from *a* intensive and Fr. *mat*, dead. — **Happen fall**, happen to fall.

48. **Reverse**, make to return.

49. **Table**, picture; Lat. *tabula*.

50. **Thoroughly**, another spelling of *thoroughly*. See n. C. T. 2. — **Overcraw**, crow over; A.-S. *craw an*, to crow; pret. *creow*, crew.

51. **Raught**, reached; A.-S. *rae can*, to reach; pret. *rachte*, reached. The *u* is orthographic; the *gh* represents the guttural apthongal.

52. **Crudled**, curdled, — a transposition of the *r* and adjacent vowel, § 46 (1). —



**Swowne**, swoon; A.-S. *swun an*, to swoon. — **Reliv'd**, restored to life. — **Enraged rife**, greatly enraged. — **Reprochful**, in passive sense — strife that is to be reproached.

53. **Divelish**, devilish; A.-S. *deofol*, *deoful*, *deofl*, also *diabol*, devil, Lat. *diabolus*, Gr. *διάβολος*. The vowel in the first syllable was often *i* or *y* in Early English.

54. **Amounted**, rode away. The Knight had dismounted to enter the cave of Despair. He now mounts to make his escape. — **Drest**, treated.

CANTO X. ST. 2. **Woxen**, waxed, become; A.-S. *weax an*, to wax, to grow; pret. *weox*, *wox*; past. part. *weaxen*. — **Daint**, dainty. See n. C. T. 151. — **Cast**, devised, contrived. — **Chearen**, be cheered. Properly *cheer*, in intransitive sense, become cheerful.

4. **Solemnize**, solemnizing.

6. **Francklin**, a country gentleman.

7. **Sad**, grave. — **Entreat**, treat, entertain.

15. **Quites**, repays; Fr. *quitter*, properly, to make quiet, a verb formed from adj., § 47 (2), Lat. *quietus*. — **Gest**, deed, exploit, achievement, Lat. *gestum*, part. neut. of *gero*.

36. **Foreby**, near by.

44. **Louted**, bowed; A.-S. *lutan*, to stoop, to make one's self low. The root is the same as that in *lie*, *lay*, *low*, *lower*, etc. See *lowed*, P. P. 257. — **Albe**, although albeit. The pron. *it* was not commonly expressed as subject of an impersonal verb.

45. **Hable**, capable; Old Fr. *hable*, Lat. *habilis*.

46. **Apply**, ply, prosecute.

47. **Persaunt**, piercing, from Old Fr. *perser*; Mod. Fr. *percer*, to pierce. — **Spright**, spirit, spelled *sprite*, with modified meaning, R. L. i. 59.

48. **Pyned**, reduced, wasted.

50. **Belight**, entrusted; A.-S. *be* and *hihtan*, to trust; pret. *hihte*; part. *gehyten*. — **According**, yielding.

56. **Enquere**, inquire; Fr. *enquerir*, Lat. *inquirere*.

CANTO XI. ST. 1. **Wex**, wax, become. See n. Canto X. 2. — **Forwasted**, much wasted. See I. 5. — **Hartie**, encouraging.

2. **Renowmed**, renowned; Fr. *renommer*, part. *renommée*, Lat. *re* and *nomen*. — **Batteill**, battle; Fr. *bataille*. The accent is drawn back to the first syllable according to common English analogy, and in consequence the *t* is doubled.

4. **Uneath**, beneath; from A.-S. *on* or *an*, prep., and *neothe*, down. Cf. A.-S. *anitherian*, to put beneath. The *o* and *u* are interchanged, as *unloose* for *onloose*, A.-S. *onnyt* and *unnyt*, not useful, and *untill*, below. The word is sometimes spelled *unneath*. — **Blyth**, gladly; A.-S. *blithe*. Cf. under Grimm's Law, Lat. *laet us*, and *hilaris*. — **Untill**, prep. unto, A.-S. *an* or *on* and *til*, to. See above, *uneath*.

5. **Ympe**, imp, scion, offspring; A.-S. *imp an*, to engraft, that is, to insert an imp or scion. The noun does not appear in A.-S., but in other Teutonic languages it survives, as in Dan. *ympe*, a scion, a graft. The word has degenerated in use in English.

7. **Haughtie**, lofty; Old Fr. *hault*, Lat. *alt us*. The study of the etymology and use of this word will exemplify very happily the history of many words in our vocabulary. In the first place we have two stem words, one in the Latin, the other in the Teutonic language, not improbably one in primitive origin, but slightly diversified in form: Lat. *alt*, without the aspirate, and A.-S. *heah*, Goth. *hauhs*, Mod. Ger. *hoch*. Then we have both stems brought into our composite language with the different forms they had in the dialects from which they immediately came. And finally we have these forms set apart to express modifications of the original meaning. In some cases the diversity of origin seems to be overlooked, and we find spellings partaking of the peculiarities of both forms. The old Fr. *hault* thus would seem to have taken the aspirate from a Teutonic source, if indeed it did not

merely restore what had been lost in the Latin. Cf. n. st. 31, below. — **His**. For the use of this possessive, see n. i. ix. 21. — **Blaze**, illustrate; A.-S. *blase*, a blaze, a flame. Cf. under Grimm's Law, Lat. *flamma*, Gr. *φλόξ*.

10. **Flaggy**, drooping. Cf. Lat. *flac cus*. — **Him list**, pleased him. See n. C T. 7.

11. **Shieldes**, scales; A.-S. *scyld*, as if from *scel* or *scyll*, meaning *something shelled or pared off*.

12. **Steele**, is object of *exceed*, the grammatical subject of which is *sharpness*. — **Ravin**, prey. Cf. Lat. *rapina*, Fr. *rapine*.

13. **Seare**, scorching, drying. It is here used in active sense. A.-S. *sear ian*, to sear, to dry up.

14. **Shyre**, region; A.-S. *scyran*, to shear, to part off, hence n. *seyre*, a district of country, a shire. § 20 (2).

15. **Brused**, bruised; A.-S. *brys an*, Old Fr. *bruiser* and *bruser*, to bruise. — **Chauffed**, chafed; Fr. *chauffer*, Lat. *calefacere*, from *calid us*, hot, and *facere*, to make.

19. **Subject plaine**, plain lying below them. — **Ewghen**, of yew. See I. i. 9. — **Hable**, proper. See xi. 45. — **Pounces**, claws; Old Fr. *ponce*, Lat. *pugnus* a fist. — **Trusse**, seize; Old Fr. *trosser*, from Lat. *torquere*.

20. **Thrillant**, piercing; A.-S. *thyrl* and *thryl*, a hole; *thyrl ian*, to drill, to make a hole. Cf. *nos-tril*, *nose-drill*. Cf. *nose-thrill*, st. 22. The suffix *ant* is properly Fr. — **Embosse**, to inclose, to hide.

22. **Nose-thrill**. See n. st. 20.

23. **Thyes**, rhyme spelling of *thighs*. — **Implies**, infolds, entangles; Lat. *in and plico*, to fold. — **Can**, for *gan*, began. See n. st. 8.

27. **That great champion**, Hercules. — **Dolours**, griefs; Lat. *dolor*.

28. **Emboyled**, chafed; Fr. *em* and *bouillir*. — **Brent**, burnt; A.-S. *byrn an* and *brunnan*, to burn. Cf. *brandy*, from *brantwine*, burnt wine; Ger. *brantwein*. These adjectives in the first verse are respectively modified by the nouns in the second, *faynt* by *heat*, *wearie* by *toyle*, etc.

30. **Silo**. Siloam, object of *excell*. — **Bath and Spau**, *Spa*, celebrated watering places in England and Belgium. — **Cephise**, a celebrated river in Boeotia. — **Hebrus**, a river in Thrace.

31. **Journall**, daily; Fr. *journale*, Lat. *diurnalis*, daily. *Daily*, *diurnal*, and *journal* are adjectives, properly of the same import, from the same primitive stem through different channels, and now set apart to divers specific uses. Cf. n. on st. 7. — **Kest**, cast.

32. **Entirely**, with all her strength. — **Dreriment**, distress; with Lat. instead of A.-S. suffix, for *dreariness*.

38. **Intended**, stretched out. — **Behott**, assured, promised; A.-S. *behotan*, to vow, to promise. Cf. in Gloss. *hight*. — **His**, its. See J. C. I. ii. — **Seasd**, seized; a rhyme spelling. — **Raneling**, rankling; A.-S. *ranc*, rank, proud, swelling. Cf. *rancour*, st. 40.

39. **Hefte**, raised; A.-S. *hebban* and *hefan*, to heave, to raise, whence Eng. *heaven*, what is raised, and *head*, A.-S. *heafod*, heaved, or raised.

40. **Enfouldred**, mixed with lightning; Old Fr. *fouldre*, Lat. *fulgur*.

41. **Talaunts**, talons; Fr. *talon*, a heel; Lat. *talus*. — **Gage**, pledge, prize, object of strife. See *pledge* in st. 43, Fr. *gage*, Lat. *vas (vad s)*, a pledge; Late Lat. *vadium*, Ital. *gaggio*, A.-S. *wed*. The Eng. *gage*, *wage*, *wager*, etc., have the same origin. Cf. *guaranty* and *warranty*; also, *guard* and *ward*. See § 46 (2).

42. **Andvile**, anvil; A.-S. *anfilt*.

43. **Minisht**, diminished. — **Hong**, hung; A.-S. *hon*, pret. *heng*; part. *hangan*.

45. **Noyd**, annoyed. See n. on *noyance*, I. i. 23. — **Forwearied**, wearied out. Cf. *forwasted*, I. i. 5; I. xi. 5; also *forwandred*, P P. 13.

46. **Over all**, over all places, everywhere. — **Redd**, declared. See n. on *read*, I. i. 13. — **The crime of our first fathers fall**. The instrumentality of provoking the crime.

48. **Dainty deare**, lusciously precious. — **Deawed**, bedewed, moistened; *deaw*, dew; *deawian*, to bedew.

52. **Damnifyde**, injured; Lat. *damnum* and *facere*. — **Woxe**, grew. See n C. T. 38.

53. **Attonce**, at once; *at* or *att*, and *ones*, gen. of A.-S. *an*, one. — **Quight**, a rhyme spelling for *quite*. See n. on *quites*, I. x. 15. — **Rebuted**, thrust back; Fr. *rebuter*. — **Importane**, urgent. — **Retyrd**, drawn back; Fr. *re* and *tirer*, to draw. The root is allied to Eng. *tear*, *draw*; Lat. *trahere*. The verb *retire* lost its transitive use, but has recently recovered it in financial dialect, as *to retire bonds*, *notes*, etc.

55. **Which she misdeemd**, which she vainly felt; a word denoting intelligence used to denote feeling.

## 6. RICHARD HOOKER, 1554-1600.

RICHARD HOOKER was born in Heavytree, in or near Exeter, March 1554. He was educated at Oxford, where he was made deputy-professor of Hebrew in 1579. He was appointed to the mastership of the Temple in London in 1585. Here he became involved in a controversy which led him to seek retirement for study in a country parsonage. His great work on Ecclesiastical Polity he wrote in this retirement, the first year of which was spent in the rectory of Boscombe, Wiltshire, whence he removed to the rectory of Bishopsbourne. Here he died, Nov. 2, 1600. His biography was written by Izaak Walton, 1593-1683.

The selections are from the London edition of 1676. The marginal references are omitted.

5. God alone excepted, who actually and everlastingly is, whatsoever he may be, and which cannot hereafter be, that which now he is not; all other things besides are somewhat in possibility, which as yet they are not in act. And for this cause there is in all things an appetite or desire, whereby they incline to something which they may be; and when they are it, they shall be perfecter than now they are. All which Perfections are contained under the general name of *Goodness*. And because there is not in the World any thing whereby another may not some way be made the perfecter, therefore all things that are, are good. Again, sith there can be no goodness desired, which proceedeth not from God himself, as from the supream cause of all things; and every effect doth after a sort contain, at leastwise resemble the cause from which it proceedeth; All things in the World are said, in some sort, to seek the highest, and to covet more or less the participation of God himself; yet this doth no where so much appear, as it doth in Man, because there are so many kinds of Perfections which Man seeketh. The first degree

of Goodness is, that General Perfection which all things do seek, in desiring the continuance of their Being: all things therefore coveting, as much as may be, to be like unto God in Being ever, that which cannot hereunto attain personally, doth seek to continue itself another way; that is, by Off-spring and Propagation. The next degree of Goodness is, that which each thing coveteth, by affecting resemblance with God, in the constancy and excellency of those operations which belong unto their kind. The Immutability of God they strive unto, by working either always, or for the most part, after one and the same manner; his absolute exactness they imitate, by tending unto that which is most exquisite in every particular. Hence have risen a number of Axioms in Philosophy, shewing, *How the works of nature do always aim at that which cannot be bettered.* These two kinds of Goodness rehearsed, are so nearly united to the things themselves which desire them, that we scarcely perceive the appetite to stir in reaching forth her hand towards them. But the desire of those Perfections which grow externally, is more apparent, especially of such as are not expressly desired, unless they be first known, or such as are not for any other cause than for Knowledge itself desired. Concerning Perfections in this kind, that by proceeding in the Knowledge of Truth, and by growing in the exercise of Vertue, Man, amongst the Creatures of this inferiour World, aspireth to the greatest Conformity with God: This is not only known unto us, whom he himself hath so instructed, but even they do acknowledge, who amongst men are not judged the nearest unto him. With *Plato*, what one thing more usual, than to excite men unto the love of Wisdom, by shewing, how much wise men are thereby exalted above men; how knowledge doth raise them up into Heaven; how it maketh them, though not Gods, yet as Gods, high, admirable, and divine? And *Mercurius Trismegistus* speaking of the vertues of a righteous Soul, *Such spirits* (saith he) *are never cloyed with praising and speaking well of all men, with doing good unto every one by word and deed, because they study to frame themselves according to The Pattern of the Father of Spirits.*

6. In the matter of Knowledge, there is between the Angels of God, and the Children of Men, this difference: Angels already have full and compleat knowledge in the highest degree that can be imparted unto them: Men, if we view them in their Spring, are at the first without understanding or knowledge at all. Nev-

ertheless, from this utter vacuity they grow by degrees, till they come at length to be even as the Angels themselves are. That which agreeth to the one now, the other shall attain unto in the end; they are not so far disjoyned and severed, but that they come at length to meet. The Soul of man being therefore at the first as a Book, wherein nothing is, and yet all things may be imprinted; we are to search by what steps and degrees it riseth unto Perfection of Knowledge. Unto that which hath been already set down concerning Natural Agents, this we must add, That albeit therein we have comprised as well Creatures living, as void of life, if they be in degree of nature beneath Men; nevertheless, a difference we must observe between those Natural Agents that work altogether unwittingly; and those which have, though weak, yet some understanding what they do, as Fishes, Fowls, and Beasts have. Beasts are in sensible capacity as ripe even as Men themselves, perhaps more ripe. For as Stones, though in dignity of Nature inferiour unto Plants, yet exceed them in firmness of strength, or durability of Being; and Plants, though beneath the excellency of Creatures endued with sense, yet exceed them in the Faculty of Vegetation, and of Fertility: So Beasts, though otherwise behind Men, may notwithstanding in actions of Sense and Fancy go beyond them; because the endeavours of Nature, when it hath an higher perfection to seek, are in lower the more remiss, not esteeming thereof so much as those things do, which have no better proposed unto them. The Soul of Man therefore, being capable of a more Divine Perfection, hath (besides the faculties of growing unto sensible knowledge, which is common unto us with Beasts) a further hability, whereof in them there is no shew at all, the ability of reaching higher than unto sensible things. Till we grow to some ripeness of years, the Soul of Man doth only store it self with conceits of things of inferiour and more open quality, which afterwards do serve as Instruments unto that which is greater; in the meanwhile, above the reach of meaner Creatures it ascendeth not. When once it comprehendeth any thing above this, as the differences of time, affirmations, negations, and contradictions in speech, we then count it to have some use of Natural Reason. Whereunto, if afterwards there might be added the right helps of true Art and Learning (which helps, I must plainly confess, this age of the World, carrying the name of a Learned Age, doth neither much know, nor greatly regard), there would undoubtedly be

almost as great difference in maturity of judgement between men therewith inured, and that which now men are, as between men that are now, and Innocents. Which speech, if any condemn, as being over Hyperbolical, let them consider but this one thing: No Art is at the first finding out so perfect as Industry may after make it: yet the very first Man that to any purpose knew the way we speak of, and followed it, hath alone thereby performed more, very near, in all parts of Natural Knowledge, then sithence in any one part thereof the whole World besides hath done. In the poverty of that other new devised aid, two things there are notwithstanding singular. Of marvellous quick dispatch it is, and doth shew them that have it, as much almost in three dayes, as if it had dwelt threescore years with them. Again, because the curiosity of Mans wit doth many times with peril wade farther in the search of things than were convenient; the same is thereby restrained unto such generalities, as every where offering themselves, are apparent unto men of the weakest conceit that need be: So as following the Rules and Precepts thereof, we may find it to be an Art, which teacheth the way of speedy Discourse, and restraineth the mind of Man, that it may not wax overwise. Education and Instruction are the means, the one by use, the other by precept, to make our Natural Faculty of Reason both the better, and the sooner able to judge rightly between Truth and Error, Good and Evil. But at what time a man may be said to have attained so far forth the use of Reason, as sufficeth to make him capable of those Laws, whereby he is then bound to guide his actions: This is a great deal more easie for common sense to discern, than for any man by skill and learning to determine; even as it is not in Philosophers, who best know the nature both of Fire and Gold, to teach what degree of the one will serve to purifie the other, so well as the Artizan (who doth this by fire) discerneth by Sense when the fire hath that degree of heat which sufficeth for his purpose.

7. By Reason, Man attaineth unto the knowledge of things that are, and are not sensible; it resteth therefore, that we search how Man attaineth unto the knowledge of such things unsensible, as are to be known, that they may be done. Seeing then that nothing can move, unless there be some end, the desire whereof provoketh unto motion: How should that Divine Power of the Soul that *Spirit of our Mind*, as the Apostle termeth it, ever stir it self unto action, unless it have also the like spur? The end



for which we are moved to work, is sometimes the goodness which we conceive of the very working it self, without any further respect at all; and the cause that procureth action, is the meer desire of action, no other good besides being thereby intended. Of certain turbulent wits it is said, *Illis quieta movere magna merces videbatur*. They thought the very disturbance of things established, an hire sufficient to set them on work. Sometimes that which we do, is referred to a further end, without the desire whereof, we would leave the same undone; as in their actions that gave Alms, to purchase thereby the praise of men. Man in Perfection of Nature, being made according to the likeness of his Maker, resembleth him also in the manner of working; so that whatsoever we work as men, the same we do wittingly work, and freely: Neither are we, according to the manner of Natural Agents, any way so tyed, but that it is in our power to leave the things we do undone. The good which either is gotten by doing, or which consisteth in the very doing it self, causeth not action, unless apprehending it as good, we so like and desire it. That we do unto any such end, the same we choose and prefer before the leaving of it undone. Choice there is not, unless the thing which we take, be so in our power, that we might have refused and left it. If fire consume the stubble, it chooseth not so to do, because the nature thereof is such that it can do no other. To choose, is to will one thing before another; and to will, is to bend our Souls to the having or doing of that which they see to be good. Goodness is seen with the Eye of the Understanding, and the Light of that Eye is Reason: So that two Principal Fountains there are of Humane Action, *Knowledge* and *Will*; which Will, in things tending towards any end, is termed *Choice*. Concerning Knowledge; *Behold*, saith Moses, *I have set before you this day good and evil, life and death*. Concerning Will, he addeth immediately, *Choose life*; that is to say, the things that tend unto life, them choose: But of one thing we must have special care, as being a matter of no small moment, and that is, How the Will, properly and strictly taken, as it is of things which are referred unto the end that man desireth, differeth greatly from that inferiour natural desire which we call Appetite. The object of Appetite is, whatsoever sensible good may be wished for; the object of Will is, that good which Reason doth lead us to seek. Affections, as Joy, and Grief, and Fear, and Anger, with such like, being, as it were, the sundry fashions and forms

of Appetite, can neither rise at the conceit of a thing indifferent, nor yet choose but rise at the sight of some things. Wherefore it is not altogether in our power, whether we will be stirred with Affections, or no. Whereas Actions which issue from the disposition of the Will, are in the Power thereof to be performed or stayed. Finally, Appetite is the Wills Solicitor, and the Will is Appetites Controllor; what we covet according to the one, by the other we often reject: Neither is any other desire termed properly Will, but that where Reason and Understanding, or the shew of Reason, prescribeth the thing desired. It may be therefore a question, Whether those operations of men are to be counted voluntary, wherein that good which is sensible, provoketh Appetite, and Appetite causeth Action, Reason being never called to counsel; as when we eat or drink, or betake ourselves unto rest, and such like. The truth is, that such actions in men having attained to the use of Reason, are voluntary: For as the Authority of higher Powers, hath force even in those things which are done without their privity, and are of so mean reckoning, that to acquaint them therewith it needeth not: In like sort, voluntarily we are said to do that also, which the Will, if it listed, might hinder from being done, although about the doing thereof, we do not expressly use our Reason or Understanding, and so immediately apply our Wills thereunto. In cases therefore of such facility, the Will doth yield her assent, as it were, with a kind of silence, by not dissenting; in which respect her force is not so apparent as in express Mandates or Prohibitions, especially upon advice and consultation going before. Where Understanding therefore needeth in those things, Reason is the Director of Mans Will, by discovering in Action what is good: For the Laws of Well-doing are the Dictates of right Reason. Children which are not as yet come unto those years whereat they may have; again, Innocents, which are excluded by Natural Defect from ever having; Thirdly, Mad-men, which for the present cannot possibly have the use of right Reason to guide themselves, have for their Guide the Reason that guideth other men, which are Tutors over them, to seek and to procure their good for them. In the rest, there is that Light of Reason, whereby good may be known from evil; and which discovering the same rightly, is termed right. The Will notwithstanding, doth not incline to have, or do that which Reason teacheth to be good, unless the same do also teach it to be possible. For albeit the Appetite, being more general,

may wish any thing which seemeth good, be it never so impossible ; yet for such things, the reasonable Will of Man doth never seek. Let Reason teach impossibility in any thing, and the Will of Man doth let it go ; a thing impossible it doth not affect, the impossibility thereof being manifest. There is in the Will of Man, naturally that freedom, whereby it is apt to take or refuse any particular object whatsoever, being presented unto it. Whereupon it followeth, That there is no particular object so good, but it may have the shew of some difficulty or unpleasant quality annexed to it ; in respect whereof, the Will may shrink and decline it : contrariwise (for so things are blended) there is no particular evil which hath not some appearance of goodness whereby to insinuate itself : For evil, as evil, cannot be desired ; if that be desired which is evil, the cause is the goodness which is, or seemeth to be joyned with it. Goodness doth not move by being, but by being apparent ; and therefore many things are neglected which are most precious, only because the value of them lyeth hid. Sensible Goodness is most apparent, near, and present ; which causeth the Appetite to be therewith strongly provoked. Now Pursuit and Refusal in the Will do follow, the one the Affirmation, the other the Negation of Goodness ; which the Understanding apprehendeth, grounding it self upon Sense, unless some higher Reason do chance to teach the contrary. And if Reason have taught it rightly to be good, yet not so apparently, that the Mind receiveth it with utter impossibility of being otherwise, still there is place left for the Will to take or leave. Whereas therefore, amongst so many things as are to be done, there are so few, the goodness whereof, Reason in such sort doth, or easily can discover, we are not to marvel at the choice of evil, even then when the contrary is probably known. Hereby it cometh to pass, that Custom inuring the Mind by long practice, and so leaving there a sensible Impression, prevaieth more than reasonable Perswasion what way soever. Reason therefore may rightly discern the thing which is good, and yet the Will of Man not incline it self thereunto, as oft as the prejudice of sensible Experience doth oversway : Nor let any Man think, that this doth make any thing for the just excuse of Iniquity ; for there was never sin committed, wherein a less good was not preferred before a greater, and that wilfully ; which cannot be done without the singular disgrace of Nature, and the utter disturbance of that Divine Order, whereby the preheminance of chiefest

Acceptation is by the best things worthily challenged. There is not that good which concerneth us, but it hath evidence enough for it self, if Reason were diligent to search it out. Through neglect thereof, abused we are with the shew of that which is not; sometimes the subtilty of Satan enveigling us, as it did *Eve*; sometimes the hastiness of our Wills preventing the more considerate Advice of sound Reason, as in the Apostles, when they no sooner saw what they liked not, but they forthwith were desirous of fire from Heaven; sometimes the very custom of evil making the heart obdurate against whatsoever instructions to the contrary, as in them, over whom our Saviour spake weeping, *O Jerusalem, how often, and thou wouldst not?* Still therefore that wherewith we stand blameable, and can no way excuse it, is, in doing evil, we prefer a less good before a greater, the greatness whereof is by Reason investigable, and may be known. The search of Knowledge is a thing painful; and the painfulness of Knowledge is that which maketh the Will so hardly inclinable thereunto. The Root hereof, Divine Malediction; whereby the Instruments being weakned, wherewithal the Soul (especially in reasoning) doth work, it preferreth rest in Ignorance before wearisom labour to know: For a spur of Diligence therefore, we have a natural thirst after Knowledge ingrafted in us. But by Reason of that original weakness in the Instruments, without which, the Understanding part is not able in this World by discourse to work, the very conceit of painfulness is as a bridle to stay us. For which cause the Apostle, who knew right well, that the weariness of the flesh is an heavy clog to the Will, striketh mightily upon this Key, *Awake thou that sleepest; cast off all which presseth down; watch, labour, strive to go forward, and to grow in knowledge.*

#### NOTES ON EXTRACT FROM HOOKER'S ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY.

BOOK I. § 5. — The punctuating and the capitalizing are as in the edition of London, 1676. — **At leastwise.** This adverbial phrase, once common, has become obsolete or abridged to *at least*. — **Proceedeth.** The 3 sing. pres. of verbs in *th*, with or without the connecting vowel, seems to prevail at this period. In Raleigh (ed. 1677) the termination in *s* is not uncommon, but generally *th* is used. — **Shewing;** A.-S. *scawian* and *scawian*. The two spellings of this word continue to this day; but inasmuch as the pronunciation is settled, it is better to write the word exclusively according to that, *show*. — **Desired.** This word should be taken with *are*, the meaning being: “as are not desired for any other cause than for knowledge itself.” The arrangement of words in the sentence in the style of Hooker, is far from that which the uninflectional character of our language has since imposed. The structure of the sentence still resembled more that found

in inflected tongues, as the Latin and Anglo-Saxon. We find, thus, the subject and the predicate often transposed, the predicate placed first; and, also, the modifiers separated from the principal elements. See "Art of Composition," §§ 386-398, for principles of arrangement in Modern English. — **It self**, is written in this edition in two words, while *himself* is given as one word.

6. **Compleat**. The *a* as in *supream* in preceding section is orthographic; the spelling with the final *e* dispenses with this expedient. — **Art**, science and scientific art. — **Judgement**. The *e* of the stem word is still retained, as also in Felltham, ed. of 1666; but in an edition of Chillingworth, in 1687, we find *judgment*, as also *knowledg*, *acknowledg*. We find *judg* in Felltham, ed. of 1666, and over half a century afterwards in the best edited works. From the latter part of the seventeenth century we may regard the spelling of *judgment* as authorized by the best usage. — **Innocents**, intellectual imbeciles. — **Sithence**, since.

7. **Gotten**. This is in truth a double inflection, the *en* being superadded to the internal inflection. This final syllable, which had nearly fallen away, has been in recent usage revived to some extent. — **Humane**, human; the word was spelled with the *e* till comparatively recent times. The two forms of the word are now appropriated to different meanings, and the accent on one is drawn back according to English analogy. — **Wills solicitor**. The apostrophe to mark the possessive or genitive case seems not to have been introduced fully; yet we find it not unfrequently in Raleigh, 1676. Even in the last century the apostrophe was often omitted. — **Affect**, to seek after. So in Galatians iv. 17, 18: "They zealously affect you, but not well; yea, they would exclude you, that ye might affect them. But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." — **Preheminence**, pre-eminence. — **Enveigling**, inveigling; Old Fr. *enveogler*, to blind, to put out the eye, Lat. *ab*, privative, and *oculus*, the eye. — **Discourse**, discursive thought. reflection.

## 7. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1617.

OF the early life of this prince of dramatists not much to gratify an eager curiosity can be ascertained. The day of his birth is in doubt. The parish record of Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, where his father lived his whole married life, attests the fact that he was baptized April 26th, 1564. There is a tradition that his death was on the same day of the month as his birth, and it is said it was common in that age to baptize children on the third day after their birth. As he died April 26th, 1616, it has been accepted as most probable that he was born April 23d, 1564. His father was a man of respectability and competency, and doubtless gave his son William, in his earlier years, as good an education and training as the town of Stratford, with its grammar school, afforded. But when William was about fourteen years of age, the father became embarrassed, and, it is supposed, was constrained to place his son in some productive employment, by which his studies were interrupted. At the age of eighteen, William married Anne Hathaway, of Shottery, a village near Stratford, who was eight years older than himself. They had three children: one, a son, who died when a youth of eleven years; the others, daughters, who married, one Dr. Hall, a physician, the other Thomas Quincy, a wine-merchant, both of Stratford. The three grandsons of the poet, by this last, his youngest daughter, died without issue, so that the family became extinct. This is about all that is known of the domestic history of the great dramatist. He is first known to us in his relations to the drama about the year 1589, when he appears as an actor in London. His life henceforth is devoted to the dramatic art. He is supposed to have abandoned the stage about 1604, and to have removed to his native town six or eight years after.

wards. Here he died of a fever, and was buried on the north side of the chancel of Stratford church.

Besides his dramatic compositions, Shakespeare wrote several minor pieces, and also the following, which had in his own times great celebrity: "Venus and Adonis," published in 1593; "Lucrece," in 1594; "Sonnets," in 1609. His dramas have been arranged in respect of date, in the following order, by Mr. White, Boston ed. 1865:—

Titus Andronicus . . . . .	1587-1589
Love's Labor's Lost, . . . . .	1588-1589
Comedy of Errors . . . . .	1589
Two Gentlemen of Verona . . . . .	1589-1590
King Henry VI., Parts I., II., and III. . . . .	1590-1591
King Richard III. . . . .	1593
Midsummer Night's Dream . . . . .	1594
Merchant of Venice . . . . .	1594
King Richard II. . . . .	1594-1595
Romeo and Juliet . . . . .	1596
King John . . . . .	1596
King Henry IV., Part I., . . . . .	1596
King Henry IV., Part II. . . . .	1597
Much Ado about Nothing . . . . .	1598-1599
King Henry V. . . . .	1599
As You Like It . . . . .	1599
Hamlet . . . . .	1600
Taming of the Shrew . . . . .	1601
Pericles . . . . .	1602
Merry Wives of Windsor . . . . .	1603
Measure for Measure . . . . .	1603-1604
All's Well that Ends Well . . . . .	1604
King Lear . . . . .	1605
Timon of Athens . . . . .	1605-1607
Macbeth . . . . .	1605
Julius Cæsar . . . . .	1605-1608
Antony and Cleopatra } . . . . .	
Troilus and Cressida } . . . . .	
Twelfth Night . . . . .	1609
Cymbeline } . . . . .	1609-1611
Coriolanus } . . . . .	
Othello } . . . . .	
Winter's Tale . . . . .	1611
Tempest . . . . .	1611
King Henry VIII. . . . .	1613

**JULIUS CÆSAR.** This drama has been selected out of the thirty-seven plays now accepted as genuine compositions of Shakespeare, for several reasons. First, the text is less corrupted by erring editors and critics, than that of any other play. "It is, I should think," says Prof. Craik in "The English of Shakespeare," London, 1857, whose work appeared some time after the selection for this work was determined upon, "of all the plays, by much the easiest to edit." Secondly, the play is more than any other free from what might be in this more fastidious age regarded as grossness of expression. Nothing occurs which need offend the most refined delicacy of feeling. Thirdly, and chiefly, it is believed to be incomparably the best study as a product of the highest art. If it fall behind some other of the plays in some specific characteristics,—if it be inferior in playfulness of imagination to the



bewitching comedy of the *Tempest*, if it do not plunge quite so deep into the abysses of human passion and to such degree overwhelm with its tragic violence as *Macbeth*, or *Othello*, or *Lear*, if the plot, the story, do not lay its hold so unrelaxingly on the interest of the superficial reader, so that the frigid Johnson thought it "somewhat cold and unaffecting," yet, tried by the most perfect standard of artistic power and excellence, it must be pronounced to be unsurpassed by any. In conformity to historic truth, in felicitous choice of character and incident, in skillful rendering of idea both in march of plot and fitness of diction, it certainly is nowhere excelled. But in respect to the highest excellence of dramatic art, and in its highest form, in which the governing end is to represent character in the broadest and deepest capacities of human nature, and its largest and completest outworkings, in which also this design is wrought out in highest skill of execution, the *Julius Cæsar* stands foremost among the productions of the great dramatist. Here it rivals the best models of Grecian art. In that lower species of dramatic composition in which character is subordinated to the story and the plot, there may be more to interest and fascinate a mind that seeks only excitement of passion in art; and such minds may with Johnson pronounce upon the *Julius Cæsar*, that they are not "strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakespeare's plays." Such a criticism is what might be expected from one so insensible to form in art that he confessed he could never see any resemblance between a portrait and its original. It is not by any means the highest order of criticism. That species of dramatic art in which the story is held in subordination to the exhibition of character is the higher of the two; and to this species the *Julius Cæsar* belongs. It engages the imagination more and passion less, as highest art should, and ever does. There is reason for believing that Shakespeare threw into the production of this play more of study and a more protracted interest than into any other. The fact of the many allusions to Cæsar in his other plays indicates that the story of this play was long a study with him, as a subject of dramatic art; and it is not irrational to suppose that his ever active mind was thus long in shaping the tragedy in which he embodied his creative work.

The character of *Brutus* must be received as the subject of the play. To the unfolding of this in its elements and workings the whole is shaped. But *Brutus* to Shakespeare was the perfect man under Roman conditions. Its conclusion sums up the whole: "*This was a man*,"—a true man, a perfect man. The character of *Brutus* is so exhibited as perfect in this drama. If a weakness is suffered to appear, it is only to display the better the greatness and the nobleness of the character which had its growth and manifestation in a world of imperfection, and which could not be separated from its conditions, or be truthfully represented apart from its surroundings. *Brutus* was eminently a man of the world; there was nothing unreal about him. The blemishes in his character are but the touches of the imperfect world in which he lived. The *Brutus* of the play is unselfish, just, magnanimous, patriotic; he is thoughtful, trustful, ingenuous; he is affectionate, gentle, kind, yet firm, bold, energetic. He has all the parts of imaginable human perfection. But his perfection is under Roman conditions. His virtue culminated in patriotism. His country was the horizon of his hopes and affections. To him was nothing higher, nothing beyond; there was no God, no hereafter. Hence he was a suicide;—a suicide not of the Cato order—for which he expresses only contempt and pity, a suicide as fugitive from resistless evil; he held it base in man to yield to suffering of any kind. But he was a suicide, because, his country gone, there was no more for *Brutus*; nothing to love, nothing to strive for, nothing to live for, nothing to die for, since to *Brutus* there was no ever living God, no retributive immortality. *Brutus* was a perfect man, perfect however, only on Roman, not Christian conditions. All that could be summed up of him was: "*This was the noblest Roman.*"

While Brutus is the commanding figure pictured in the play, in which we find the principle of unity and of method, and to which all else is but subordinate and subservient, and the only allowable interpretation and study of the drama must be that which has its eye fixed on Brutus as the central and governing object, the poet has with much masterly skill given distinctness and prominence to this leading character by means of happy contrasts with other subordinate characters which, with the same historic fidelity and the same artistic power, he has introduced into his picture. Brutus is eminently objective. His whole nature is outgoing. It is true that Shakespeare does not forget that as a man he is a subject of free growth, and hence of self-culture, and therefore makes him so far introspective as to see that his actions are the proper outgrowths of a true manhood. But beyond this necessary self-scrutiny, all is objective with Brutus. Indeed, in the most perfect unselfishness he lives in and for his country, his friends, his kindred, studying and striving for them, not for himself, and accordingly confiding in them with never a questioning of mistrust, or jealousy, or envy. The great commanding ends of Brutus's life were out of himself. Making this to stand out in highest relief, are the other chief characters of the play — Cassius, Cæsar, and Antony — introduced, all in their diverse ways and their diverse degrees directly opposite, the shades of the picture answering to the lights in the leading figure. They are characteristically subjective, but with diversified modifications. Cassius is least so; he is patriotic, he is friendly; he seeks his country's honor and interest; he confides in his friends. But his patriotism is of that imperfect order which circumscribes country by the lines of self-interest. He professes and honestly professes his country's welfare as his end; he seems to be prompted by patriotic demands and tries all his plans by the test of Rome's true honor and prosperity; but he sees, he judges, he acts, while professedly and truly for his country, ever in the light of self, and for self. Cassius is ever a goal to him beyond liberty. So everywhere is he a type of that class of men whose virtue is cast in molds of selfishness. He is accordingly ever suspicious, distrustful, envious, intriguing, fretful, "waspy." Cæsar is outspoken, professed selfishness. He is all self — self-end, self-medium. "Always *I* am Cæsar," and Cæsar is *I*. Antony still further is mere self with no end, no medium; a blind passion, an unprincipled profligate. We have thus this gradation in the four principal characters: Brutus, purely objective, utterly unselfish; Cassius, subjective, selfish, but pure in his proposed end and motive, which yet are seen only through the medium of self; Cæsar, rationally selfish, and purely, professedly, honestly so; Antony, irrationally selfish, not even professedly so, nor indeed honestly, but only brutishly so. We have another principal character in this play. It is a gem of purest water; one of Shakespeare's best creations. It is Portia — the perfect woman, always under Roman conditions; purely unselfish, wholly objective, introspective only when she fears lest her devotion be too much outmeasured by the greatness of the object to which she was all devoted — all as woman that Brutus is as man. The eye, dazzled by the overpowering brightness of the sun, finds relief in the soft but pure effulgence of this hardly lesser light.

The merit, the artistic skill, the interest in this play are to be found in this matchless display of human character; not in the story, in the plot, although the conduct of the plot is faultless, as is the management of all the inferior characters and incidents of the play. No composition of Shakespeare will bear a closer study. Indeed, it would seem as if the immortal poet had in this play more than in any other aimed to dispense with all outside dazzle, and all the jugglery of scene and caricature, that he might construct a work which should engage and charm the pure imagination in its most contemplative mood, and engage and charm ever increasingly with increasing study. Thus a word often embodies a great principle of life; a line reveals a whole great passion of human nature. We may well doubt whether Shake-

speare's great tragic bosom ever heaved more deeply than when he penned that simple utterance: "Portia is dead." The ocean swell but dies out in the passionate exclamation of Cassius that follows.

This reprint is from a fac-simile of the edition of "Shakespeare as put forth in 1623." The alphabetic sounds now respectively represented by U and V were not distinguished at this period; but the characters without respect to the sound were used, the *v* uniformly at the beginning of words, the *u* elsewhere; thus: "And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnessse." The character *J* was not in use; the *I* being everywhere used. The play was not in the first edition divided into scenes. For convenience of reference the usual division is here followed.

## THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

## ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

*Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.*

*Flavius.* Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:  
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not  
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke  
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe  
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

*Car.* Why, Sir, a Carpenter.

*Mur.* Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?  
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?  
You sir, what Trade are you?

*Cobl.* Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but  
as you would say, a Cobler.

*Mur.* But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.

*Cob.* A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.

*Fla.* What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue, what Trade?

*Cobl.* Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

*Mur.* What mean st thou by that? Mend mee, thou sawcy Fellow?

*Cob.* Why Sir, Cobble you.

*Fla.* Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

*Cob.* Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes: when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proper men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vpon my handy-worke.

*Fla.* But wherefore art not in thy Shop to-day?  
Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?

*Cob.* Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holyday to see *Cæsar*, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

*Mur.* Wherefore reioyce ?

What Conquest brings he home ?

What Tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheelles ?

You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things :

O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,

Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft ?

Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements,

To Towres and Windowes ? Yea, to Chimney tops,

Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue sate

The liue-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of Rome :

And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,

Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,

That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes

To heare the replication of your sounds,

Made in her Concaue Shores ?

And do you now put on your best attyre ?

And do you now cull out a Holyday ?

And do you now strew Flowers in his way,

That comes in Triumph ouer *Pompeyes* blood ?

Be gone,

Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,

Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

*Fla.* Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault

Assemble all the poore men of your sort ;

Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares

Into the Channell, till the lowest streame

Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*]

See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,

They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse :

Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,

This way will I : Disrobe the Images,

If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

*Mur.* May we do so ?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

*Fla.* It is no matter, let no Images  
 Be hung with *Cæsars* Trophees : Ile about,  
 And driue away the Vulgar from the streets ;  
 So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.  
 These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæsars* wing,  
 Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,  
 Who else would soare aboue the view of men,  
 And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnessse.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicer, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer : after them Murellus and Flavius, &c.*

*Cæs.* *Calphurnia.*

*Cask.* Peace ho, *Cæsar* speakes.

*Cæs.* *Calphurnia.*

*Calp.* Heere my Lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,  
 When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

*Ant.* *Cæsar*, my Lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not in your speed, *Antonio*,  
 To touch *Calphurnia* : for our Elders say,  
 The Barren touched in this holy chace,  
 Shake off their sterreile curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember,  
 When *Cæsar* sayes, Do this ; it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.

*Sooth.* *Cæsar.*

*Cæs.* Ha ? Who calles ?

*Cask.* Bid euery noyse be still : peace yet againe.

*Cæs.* Who is it in the presse, that calles on me ?

I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke  
 Cry, *Cæsar* : Speake, *Cæsar* is turn'd to heare.

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that ?

*Br.* A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March

*Cæs.* Set him before me, let me see his face.

*Cassi.* Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* What sayst thou to me now ? Speak once againe.

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him : Passe.

*Sennet.*

[*Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass*]

*Casst.* Will you go see the order of the course ?

*Brut.* Not I.

*Cassi.* I pray you do.

*Brut.* I am not Gamesom : I do lacke some **part**  
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony* :  
Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires ;  
He leaue you.

*Cassi.* *Brutus*, I do obserue you now of late :  
I haue not from your eyes, that gentlenesse  
And shew of Loue, as I was wont to haue :  
You beare too stubborne and too strange a hand  
Ouer your Friend, that loues you.

*Bru.* *Cassius*,  
Be not deceiu'd : If I haue veyl'd my looke,  
I turne the trouble of my Countenance  
Meerely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am  
Of late, with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,  
Which giue some soyle (perhaps) to my Behauiours :  
But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd  
(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,  
Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men.

*Cassi.* Then *Brutus*, I haue much mistook your **passion**,  
By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.  
Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you see your face ?

*Brutus.* No *Cassius* :  
For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,  
By some other things.

*Cassius.* 'Tis iust,  
And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,  
That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne  
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow :  
I haue heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
(Except immortall *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,  
And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoke,  
Haue wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers, would you  
Leade me, *Cassius* ?



That you would haue me seeke into my selfe,  
For that which is not in me ?

*Cas.* Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare .  
And since you know, you cannot see your selfe,  
So well as by Reflection ; I your Glasse,  
Will modestly discouer to your selfe  
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.  
And be not iealous on me, gentle *Brutus* :  
Were I a common Laughter, or did vse  
To stale with ordinary Oathes my loue  
To euery new Protester : if you know,  
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,  
And after scandall them : Or if you know,  
That I professe my selfe in Banquetting,  
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

*Flourish, and Shout.*

*Bru.* What meanes this Showting ?  
I do feare, the People choose *Cæsar*  
For their king.

*Cassi.* I, do you feare it ?  
Then must I thinke you would not haue it so.

*Bru.* I would not *Cassius*, yet I loue him well :  
But wherefore do you hold me heere so long ?  
What is it, that you would impart to me ?  
If it be ought toward the generall good,  
Set Honor in one eye, and Death i' th other,  
And I will looke on both indifferently :  
For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue  
The name of Honor, more then I feare deth.

*Cassi.* I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,  
As well as I do know your outward fauour.  
Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story :  
I cannot tell, what you and other men  
Thinke of this life : But for my single selfe,  
I had as lief not be, as liue to be  
In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.  
I was borne free as *Cæsar*, so were you,  
We both haue fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.  
For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day,

The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,  
*Cæsar* saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now  
 Leape in with me into this angry Flood,  
 And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
 And bad him follow: so indeed he did.  
 The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
 With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,  
 And stemming it with hearts of Controuersie.  
 But ere we could arrine the Point propos'd,  
*Cæsar* cride, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.  
 I (as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,  
 Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder  
 The old *Anchyses* beare) so, from the waues of **Tyber**  
 Did I the tyred *Cæsar*: And this Man,  
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 If *Cæsar* carelesly but nod on him.  
 He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,  
 And when the Fit was on him, I did marke  
 How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,  
 His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,  
 And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,  
 Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:  
 I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans  
 Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,  
 Alas, it cried, Giue me some drinke *Titinius*,  
 As a sicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the Maiesticke world,  
 And beare the Palme alone.

*Shout.*

*Flourish.*

*Bru.* - Another generall shout?

I do beleue, that these applauses are  
 For some new Honors, that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

*Cassi.* Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
 Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about  
 To finde our selues dishonourable Graues.  
 Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.  
 The fault (deere *Brutus*), is not in our Starres,

But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.

*Brutus* and *Cæsar* : What should be in that *Cæsar* ?

Why should that name be sounded more then yours ?

Write them together : Yours, is as faire a Name :

Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell :

Weigh them, it is as heauy : Coniure with 'em,

*Brutus* will start a Spirit as soone as *Cæsar*.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,

Vpon what meate doth this our *Cæsar* feede,

That he is growne so great ? Age, thou art sham'd.

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.

When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,

But it was fam'd with more then with one man ?

When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,

That her wide Walkes incompast but one man ?

Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough

When there is in it but one onely man.

O ! you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,

There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd

Th'eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,

As easily as a King.

*Bru.* That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous :

What you would worke me too, I haue some ayme :

How I haue thought of this, and of these times

I shall recount heereafter. For this present,

I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)

Be any further moou'd : What you haue said,

I will consider : what you haue to say

I will with patience heare, and finde a time

Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.

Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this :

*Brutus* had rather be a Villager,

Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome

Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time

Is like to lay vpon vs.

*Cassi.* I am glad that my weake words

Haue stricke but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

*Enter Cæsar and his Traine.*

*Bru.* The Games are done,

And *Cæsar* is returning.

*Cassi.* As they passe by,  
 Plucke *Caska* by the Sleeue,  
 And he will (after his sowre fashion) tell you  
 What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

*Bru.* I will do so : but looke you *Cassius*,  
 The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsars* brow,  
 And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine ;  
*Calphurnia's* Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*  
 Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes  
 As we haue seene him in the Capitoll  
 Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.

*Cassi.* *Caska* will tell vs what the matter is.

*Cæs.* *Antonio.*

*Ant.* *Cæsar.*

*Cæs.* Let me haue men about me, that are fat,  
 Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights :  
 Yond *Cassius* has a leane and hungry looke,  
 He thinkes too much : such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Feare him not *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous,  
 He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.

*Cæs.* Would he were fatter ; But I feare him not :  
 Yet if my name were lyable to feare,  
 I do not know the man I should auoyd  
 So soone as that spare *Cassius*. He reades much,  
 He is a great Obseruer, and he lookes  
 Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,  
 As thou dost *Antony* : he heares no Musicke ;  
 Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
 As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit  
 That could be mou'd to smile at any thing.  
 Such men as he, be neuer at hearts ease,  
 Whiles they behold a greater then themselues,  
 And therefore are they very dangerous.  
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
 Then what I feare : for alwayes I am *Cæsar*.  
 Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,  
 And tell me truely, what thou think'st of him.

*Sennet.*

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Traine.*]

*Cask.* You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake with me ?

*Bru.* I *Caska*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day  
 That *Cæsar* lookes so sad.

*Cask.* Why you were with him, were you not ?

*Bru.* I should not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd.

*Cask.* Why there was a Crowne offer'd him ; & being offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noyse for ?

*Cask.* Why for that too.

*Cassi.* They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

*Cask.* Why for that too.

*Bru.* Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice ?

*Cask.* I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie time gentler then other ; and at euery putting by, mine honest Neighbors showted.

*Cassi.* Who offer'd him the Crowne ?

*Cask.* Why *Antony*.

*Bru.* Tell vs the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

*Caska.* I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it : It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it : I sawe *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets : and as I told you, hee put it by once : but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to him againe : then hee put it by againe : but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; hee put it the third time by, and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their sweatie Night-cappes and vttered such a deale of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almost) choaked *Cæsar* : for hee swooned, and fell downe at it : And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad Ayre. \*

*Cassi.* But soft I pray you : what, did *Cæsar* swoond ?

*Cask.* He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

*Brut.* 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.

*Cassi.* No, *Cæsar* hath it not : but you, and I, And honest *Caska*, we haue the Falling sicknesse.

*Cask.* I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure *Cæsar* fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

*Brut.* What said he, when he came vnto himselfe ?

*Cask.* Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut : and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alasse, good Soule, and forgaue him with all their hearts : But there's no heed to be taken of them ; if *Cæsar* had stab'd their mothers, they would haue done no lesse.

*Brut.* And after that, he came thus sad away.

*Cask.* I.

*Cassi.* Did *Cicero* say any thing ?

*Cask.* I, he spoke Greeke.

*Cassi.* To what effect ?

*Cask.* Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're look you i' th' face againe. But those that vnderstood him, smil'd at one another, and shooke their heads : but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too : *Murrellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarffes off *Cæsars* images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it.

*Cassi.* Will you suppe with me to Night, *Caska* ?

*Cask.* No, I am promis'd forth.

*Cassi.* Will you Dine with me to morrow ?

*Cask.* I, if I be alive, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

*Cassi.* Good, I will expect you.

*Cask.* Doe so : farewell both.

[*Exit.*

*Brut.* What a blunt fellow is this growne to be ?  
He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

*Cassi.* So is he now, in execution  
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprise,  
How-euer he puts on this tardie forme :  
This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,  
Which giues men stomacke to digest his words  
With better Appetite.

*Brut.* And so it is :

For this time I will leaue you :  
To morrow, if you please to speake with me,



I will come home to you : or if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cassi.* I will doe so : till then, thinke of the World.

[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble : yet I see,  
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd : therefore it is meet,  
That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes :  
For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd ?  
*Cæsar* doth beare me hard, but he loues *Brutus*.  
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,  
He should not humor me. I will this Night,  
In seuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,  
As if they came from seuerall Citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name : wherein obscurely  
*Cæsars* Ambition shall be glanced at.  
And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure,  
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.*

*Cic.* Good euen, *Caska* : brought you *Cæsar* home ?  
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so ?

*Cask.* Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth  
Shakes, like a thing vnfirmè ? O *Cicero*,  
I haue seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds  
Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue seene  
Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,  
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds ;  
But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,  
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire.  
Eyther there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen,  
Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull ?

*Cask.* A common slaue, you know him well by sight,  
Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne  
Like twentie torches ioyn'd ; and yet his Hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.  
Besides, I ha'not since put vp my Sword,

Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,  
 Who glar'd vpon me, and went surly by,  
 Without annoying me. And there were drawne  
 Vpon a heape, a hundred gastly women,  
 Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw  
 Men; all in fire, walk vp and downe the streetes.  
 And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,  
 Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market-place,  
 Howting, and shreeking. When these Prodigies  
 Doe so conioyntly meet, let not men say,  
 These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:  
 For I beleue, they are portentous things  
 Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:  
 But men may construe things after their fashion,  
 Cleane from the purpose of the things themselues.  
 Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

*Cask.* He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*  
 Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

*Cic.* Good-night then, *Caska*:  
 This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

*Cask.* Farewell *Cicero*.

[*Exit Cicero.*]

*Enter Cassius.*

*Cassi.* Who's there?

*Cask.* A Romane.

*Cassi.* *Caska*, by your Voyce.

*Cask.* Your Eare is good.

*Cassius*, what Night is this?

*Cassi.* A very pleasing Night to honest men.

*Cask.* Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?

*Cassi.* Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of faults.

For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,  
 Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;  
 And thus vnbraced, *Caska*, as you see,  
 Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:  
 And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open  
 The Brest of Heauen, I did present my selfe  
 Euen in the ayne, and very flash of it.

*Cask.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heauens?  
 It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,

When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send  
Such dreadful Heraulds, to astonish vs.

*Cassi.* You are dull, *Caska* :

And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,  
You doe want, or else you vse not.

You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,

And cast your selfe in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the Heauens :

But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,

Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,

Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,

Why all these things change from their Ordinance,

Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,

To monstrous qualitie ; why you shall finde,

That Heauen hath infus'd them with these Spirits,

To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,

Vnto some monstrous State.

Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,

Most like this dreadfull Night,

That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues and roares,

As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll :

A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,

In personall action ; yet prodigious growne,

And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.

*Cask.* 'Tis *Cæsar* that you meane :

Is it not, *Cassius* ?

*Cassi.* Let it be who it is : for Romans now

Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors ;

But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,

And we are gouern'd with our Mothers spirits,

Our yoake, and sufferance shew vs Womanish.

*Cask.* Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow

Meane to establish *Cæsar* as a King :

And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,

In euery place, saue here in Italy.

*Cassi.* I know where I will weare this Dagger then ;

*Cassius* from Bondage will deliuer *Cassius* :

Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong ;

Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.

Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,

Nor ayre-less Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,  
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :  
 But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,  
 Neuer lacks power to dismisse it selfe.  
 If I know this, know all the World besides,  
 That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,  
 I can shake off at pleasure.

[Thunder still]

*Cask.* So can I:

So euery Bond-man in his owne hand beares  
 The power to cancell his Captiuitie.

*Cassi.* And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then ?  
 Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,  
 But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe :  
 He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.  
 Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,  
 Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome ?  
 What Rubbish, and what Offall ? when it serues  
 For the base matter, to illuminate  
 So vile a thing as *Cæsar*. But oh Griefe,  
 Where hast thou led me ? I (perhaps) speake this  
 Before a willing Bond-man : then I know  
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,  
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Cask.* You speake to *Caska*, and to such a man,  
 That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand :  
 Be factious for redresse of all these Griefes,  
 And I will set this foot of mine as farre,  
 As who goes farthest.

*Cassi.* There's a Bargaine made.  
 Now know you, *Caska*, I haue mou'd already  
 Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans  
 To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,  
 Of Honorable dangerous consequence ;  
 And I doe know by this, they stay for me  
 In *Pompeyes* Porch : for now this fearefull Night,  
 There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes ;  
 And the Complexion of the Element  
 Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand,  
 Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

*Enter Cinna.*

*Caska.* Stand close a while, for heere comes one in haste.

*Cassi.* 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,  
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so ?

*Cinna.* To finde out you : Who's that, *Metellus Cymber* ?

*Cassi.* No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate  
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna* ?

*Cinna.* I am glad on't.

What a fearefull Night is this ?

There's two or three of vs haue seene strange sights.

*Cassi.* Am I not stay'd for ? tell me.

*Cinna.* Yes, you are, O *Cassius*,  
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*  
To our party —

*Cassi.* Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,  
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,  
Where *Brutus* may but finde it : and throw this  
In at his Window ; set this vp with Waxe  
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue : all this done,  
Repaire to *Pompeyes* Porch, where you shall finde vs.  
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there ?

*Cinna.* All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and hee's gone  
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.

*Cassi.* That done, repayre to *Pompeyes* Theater.

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,  
See *Brutus* at his house : three parts of him  
Is ours already, and the man entire  
Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.

*Cask.* O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts :  
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,  
His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,  
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

*Cassi.* Him, and his worth. and our great need of him,  
You haue right well conceited : let vs goe,  
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

# ACTUS SECUNDUS.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Brutus in his Orchard*

*Brut.* What *Lucius*, hoe ?  
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,

Giue guesse how neere to day — *Lucius*, I say ?  
 I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.  
 When *Lucius*, when ? awake, I say : what *Lucius* ?

*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my Lord ?

*Brut.* Get me a Tapor in my Study, *Lucius* :  
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my Lord. *[Exit.]*

*Brut.* It must be by his death : and for my part,  
 I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,  
 But for the generall. He would be crown'd :  
 How that might change his nature, there's the question ?  
 It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,  
 And that craues warie walking : Crowne him that,  
 And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,  
 That at his will he may doe danger with.  
 Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-ioynes  
 Remorse from Power : And to speake truth of *Cæsar*.  
 I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd  
 More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,  
 That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,  
 Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face :  
 But when he once attaines the vpmost Round,  
 He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,  
 Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees  
 By which he did ascend : so *Cæsar* may ;  
 Then least he may, preuent. And since the Quarrell  
 Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,  
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,  
 Would runne to these, and these extremities :  
 And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,  
 Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischieuous ;  
 And kill him in the shell.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir :  
 Searching the Window for a Flint, I found  
 This Paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure  
 It did not lye there when I went to Bed. *[Gives him the Letter.]*

*Brut.* Get you to Bed againe, it is not day :  
 Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March ?



*Luc.* I know not, Sir.

*Brut.* Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Brut.* The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,  
Giue so much light, that I may reade by them.

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*

*Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy selfe:*

*Shall Rome, &c. Speake, strike, redresse.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.*

Such instigations haue beene often dropt,

Where I haue took them vp:

*Shall Rome, &c.* Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?

My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome

The *Tarquin* driue, when he was call'd a King.

*Speake, strike, redresse.* Am I entreated

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redresse will follow, thou receiuest

Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fifteene dayes. [*Knocke within.*

*Brut.* 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,

I haue not slept.

Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,

And the first motion, all the *Interim* is

Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dreame:

The *Genius*, and the mortall Instruments

Are then in councell; and the state of a man,

Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then

The nature of an Insurrection.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the Doore,  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Brut.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, Sir, there are moe with him.

*Brut.* Doe you know them?

*Luc.* No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,  
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,  
That by no meanes I may discover them,  
By any marke of fauour.

*Brut.* Let 'em enter :

They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,  
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,  
When euills are most free? O then, by day  
Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,  
To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,  
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie :  
For if thou path thy natiue semblance on,  
Not *Erebus* it selfe were dimme enough  
To hide thee from preuention.

*Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.*

*Cass.* I thinke we are too bold vpon your Rest :  
Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?

*Brut.* I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night :  
Know I these men, that come along with you?

*Cass.* Yes, euery man of them ; and no man here  
But honors you : and euery one doth wish,  
You had but that opinion of your selfe,  
Which euery Noble Roman beares of you.  
This is *Trebonius*.

*Brut.* He is welcome hither.

*Cass.* This, *Decius Brutus*.

*Brut.* He is welcome too.

*Cass.* This, *Caska* ; this, *Cinna*, and this, *Metellus Cym-*  
*ber*.

*Brut.* They are all welcome.  
What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselues  
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

*Cass.* Shall I entreat a word?

[*They whisper.*]

*Decius.* Here lyes the East : doth not the Day breake heere?

*Cask.* No.

*Cin.* O pardon, Sir, it doth ; and yon grey Lines,  
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

*Cask.* You shall confesse, that you are both deceiu'd :  
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,  
Which is a great way growing on the South,  
Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare.  
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North  
He first presents his fire, and the high East  
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.

*Bru.* Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.

*Cas.* And let vs sweare our Resolution.

*Brut.* No, not an Oath : if not the Face of men,  
The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse ;  
If these be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,  
And euery man hence, to his idle bed :  
So let high-sighted-Tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these  
(As I am sure they do) beare fire enough  
To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour  
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,  
What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause,  
To pricke vs to redresse ? What other Bond,  
Then secret Romans, that haue spoke the word,  
And will not palter ? And what other Oath,  
Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.  
Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous  
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules  
That welcome wrongs : Vnto bad causes, sweare  
Such Creatures as men doubt ; but do not staine  
The euen vertue of our Enterprize,  
Nor th'insuppressiue Mettle of our Spirits,  
To thinke, that or our Cause, or our Performance  
Did neede an Oath. When euery drop of blood  
That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares  
Is guilty of a seuerall Bastardie,  
If he do breake the smallest Particle  
Of any promise that hath past from him.

*Cas.* But what of *Cicero* ? Shall we sound him ?  
I thinke he will stand very strong with vs.

*Cask.* Let vs not leaue him out.

*Cyn.* No, by no meanes.

*Metel.* O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haire  
Will purchase vs a good opinion :  
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds :  
It shall be sayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,  
Our youths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare,  
But all be buried in his Grauity.

*Bru.* O name him not ; let vs not breake with him,  
For he will neuer follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leaue him out.

*Cask.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Decius.* Shall no man else be toucht, but onely *Cæsar* ?

*Cas.* *Decius* well vrg'd : I thinke it is not meet,  
*Marke Antony*, so well belou'd of *Cæsar*,  
 Should out-lie *Cæsar*, we shall finde of him  
 A shrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes  
 If he improue them, may well stretch so farre  
 As to annoy vs all : which to preuent,  
 Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seeme too bloody, *Caius Cassius*  
 To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes :  
 Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards :  
 For *Antony*, is but a Limbe of *Cæsar*.  
 Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius* :  
 We all stand vp against the spirit of *Cæsar*,  
 And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood :  
 O that we then could come by *Cæsars* Spirit,  
 And not dismember *Cæsar* ! But (alas)  
*Cæsar* must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,  
 Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully :  
 Let's carue him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,  
 Not hew him as a Carkasse fit for Hounds :  
 And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,  
 Stirre vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage,  
 And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make  
 Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuious.  
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
 We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.  
 And for *Marke Antony*, thinke not of him :  
 For he can do no more then *Cæsars* Arme,  
 When *Cæsars* head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I feare him,  
 For in the ingrafted loue he beares to *Cæsar*.

*Bru.* Alas, good *Cassius*, do not thinke of him :  
 If he loue *Cæsar*, all that he can do  
 Is to himselfe ; take thought, and dye for *Cæsar*,  
 And that were much he should : for he is giuen  
 To sports, to wildenesse, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no feare in him ; let him not dye,  
 For he will liue, and laugh at this heereafter.

[ *Clocke strikts.*

*Bru.* Peace, count the Clocke.

*Cas.* The Clocke hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cass.* But it is doubtfull yet,

Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to day, or no :

For he is Superstitious growne of late,

Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,

Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies :

It may be, these apparent Prodigies,

The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night,

And the perswasion of his Augurers,

May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

*Decius.* Neuer feare that : If he be so resolu'd,

I can ore-sway him : For he loues to heare,

That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,

And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,

Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.

But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,

He sayes, he does ; being then most flattered.

Let me worke :

For I can giue his humour the true bent ;

And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eight houre, is that the vttermost ?

*Cin.* Be that the vttermost, and faile not then.

*Met.* *Caius Ligarius* doth beare *Cæsar* hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey* ;

I wonder none of you haue thought of him.

*Bru.* Now good *Metellus* go along by him :

He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reasons,

Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him :

*Cas.* The morning comes vpon's :

Wee'l leaue you *Brutus*,

And Friends disperse your selues ; but all remember

What you haue said, and shew your selues true Romans.

*Bru.* Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,

Let not our lookes put on our purposes,

But beare it as our Roman Actors do,

With vntyrd Spirits, and formall Constancie,

And so good morrow to you euery one.

[*Exeunt*

*Manet Brutus.*

Boy : *Lucius* : Fast asleepe ? It is no matter,

Enioy the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber :  
 Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,  
 Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men ;  
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter Portia.*

*Por.* *Brutus*, my Lord.

*Bru.* *Portia* : What meane you ? wherfore rise you now ?  
 It is not for your health, thus to commit  
 Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. Y'haue vngently *Brutus*  
 Stole from my bed : and yesternight at Supper  
 You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,  
 Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse :  
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
 You star'd vpon me, with vngentle lookes.  
 I vrg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,  
 And too impatiently stamp with your foote :  
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,  
 But with an angry wafter of your hand  
 Gaue signe for me to leaue you : So I did,  
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
 Which seem'd too much inkindled ; and withall,  
 Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,  
 Which sometime hath his houre with euery man.  
 It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe ,  
 And could it worke so much vpon your shape,  
 As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,  
 I should not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,  
 Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* *Brutus* is wise, and were he not in health,  
 He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

*Bru.* Why so I do : good *Portia* go to bed.

*Por.* Is *Brutus* sicke ? And is it Physicall  
 To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours  
 Of the danke Morning ? What, is *Brutus* sicke ?  
 And will he steale out of his wholesome bed  
 To dare the vile contagion of the Night ?  
 And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre,  
 To adde vnto his sicknesse ? No my *Brutus*,  
 You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,



Which by the Right and Vertue of my place  
 I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,  
 I charme you, by my once commended beauty,  
 By all your voves of Loue, and that great Vow  
 Which did incorporate and make vs one,  
 That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe  
 Why you are heauy: and what men to night  
 Haue had resort to you; for heere haue beene  
 Some sixe or seuen, who did hide their faces  
 Euen from darknesse.

*Bru.* Kneele not gentle *Portia*.

*Por.* I should not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.  
 Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,  
 Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets  
 That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,  
 But as it were in sort, or limitation?  
 To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,  
 And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs  
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
*Portia* is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable Wife,  
 As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes  
 That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.  
 I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,  
 A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:  
 I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,  
 A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* daughter.  
 Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex  
 Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?  
 Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:  
 I haue made strong prooffe of my Constancie,  
 Giuing my selfe a voluntary wounde,  
 Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,  
 And not my Husbands secrets?

*Bru.* O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.  
 Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,  
 And by and by thy bosome shall partake  
 The secrets of my Heart.  
 All my engagements, I will construe to thee,

[*Knocke.*]

All the Charractery of my sad browes :  
Leaue me with hast.

[*Exit Portia.*]

*Enter Lucius and Ligarius.*

*Lucius*, who's that knockes ?

*Luc.* Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.

*Bru.* *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how ?

*Cai.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O what a time haue you chose out braue *Caius*,  
To weare a Kerchiefe ? Would you were not sicke.

*Cai.* I am not sicke, if *Brutus* haue in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

*Bru.* Such an exploit haue I in hand, *Ligarius*,  
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

*Cai.* By all the Gods that Romans bow before,  
I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,  
Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines,  
Thou like an Exorcist, hast coniur'd vp  
My mortified Spirit : Now bid me runne,  
And I will striue with things impossible,  
Yea get the better of them. What's to do ?

*Bru.* A peece of worke,  
That will make sicke men whole.

*Cai.* But are not some whole, that we must make sicke ?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my *Caius*,  
I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,  
To whom it must be done.

*Cai.* Set on your foote,  
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,  
To do I know not what : but it sufficeth  
That *Brutus* leads me on.

[*Thunder.*]

*Bru.* Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Thunder & Lightning.*  
*Enter Iulius Cæsar in his Night-gowne.*

*Cæsar.* Nor Heauen, nor Earth,  
Haue beene at peace to night :  
Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her sleepe cryed out,  
Helpe, ho : They murder *Cæsar*. Who's within ?

*Enter a Seruant.**Ser.* My Lord.*Cæs.* Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of Successe.*Ser.* I will my Lord.[*Exit.*]*Enter Calphurnia.**Cal.* What mean you *Cæsar*? Think you to walk forth?  
You shall not stirre out of your house to day.*Cæs.* *Cæsar* shall forth; the things that threaten'd me  
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see  
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.*Calp.* *Cæsar*, I neuer stood on Ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,  
Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,  
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.  
A Lionesse hath whelped in the streets,  
And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;  
Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds  
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre  
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:  
The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:  
Horsses do neigh, and dying men did grone,  
And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.  
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all vse,  
And I do feare them.*Cæs.* What can be auoyded  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?  
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these Predictions  
Are to the world in generall, as to *Cæsar*.*Calp.* When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen,  
The Heauens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes.*Cæs.* Cowards dye many times before their deaths,  
The valiant neuer taste of death but once:  
Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,  
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,  
Seeing that death, a necessary end  
Will come, when it will come.*Enter a Seruant.*

What say the Augurers?

*Ser.* They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.  
Plucking the intrailes of an Offering forth,  
They could not finde a heart within the beast.

*Cæs.* The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice :  
*Cæsar* should be a Beast without a heart  
 If he should stay at home to day for feare :  
 No *Cæsar* shall not : Danger knowes full well  
 That *Cæsar* is more dangerous then he.  
 We are two Lyons litter'd in one day,  
 And I the elder and more terrible,  
 And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

*Calp.* Alas my Lord,  
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence :  
 Do not go forth to day : Call it my feare,  
 That keeps you in the house, and not your owne.  
 Wee'l send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,  
 And he shall say, you are not well to day :  
 Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.

*Cæs.* *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,  
 And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

*Enter Decius.*

Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

*Deci.* *Cæsar*, all haile : Good morrow worthy *Cæsar*,  
 I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time,  
 To beare my greeting to the Senators,  
 And tell them that I will not come to day :  
 Cannot, is false : and that I dare not, falser :  
 I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

*Calp.* Say he is sicke.

*Cæs.* Shall *Cæsar* send a Lye ?  
 Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,  
 To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth :  
*Decius*, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

*Deci.* Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,  
 Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my Will, I will not come,  
 That is enough to satisfie the Senate.  
 But for your priuate satisfaction,  
 Because I loue you, I will let you know.  
*Calphurnia* heere my wife, stayes me at home :  
 She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,  
 Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts  
 Did run pure blood : and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it :  
 And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,  
 And evils imminent ; and on her knee  
 Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

*Deci.* This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,  
 It was a vision, faire and fortunate :  
 Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
 In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
 Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke  
 Reuiuing blood, and that great men shall presse  
 For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.  
 This by *Calphurnia's* Dreame is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way haue you well expounded it.

*Deci.* I haue, when you haue heard what I can say :  
 And know it now, the Senate haue concluded  
 To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty *Cæsar*.  
 If you shall send them word you will not come,  
 Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke  
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
 Breake vp the Senate, till another time :  
 When *Cæsars* wife shall meete with better Dreames.  
 If *Cæsar* hide himselfe, shall they not whisper  
 Loe *Cæsar* is affraid ?  
 Pardon me *Cæsar*, for my deere deere loue  
 To your proceeding, bids me tell you this :  
 And reason to my loue is liable.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seeme now *Calphurnia*  
 I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.  
 Giue me my Robe, for I will go.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius*  
 And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good morrow *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Welcome *Publius*.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so earely too ?  
 Good morrow *Caska* : *Caius Ligarius*,  
*Cæsar* was ne're so much your enemy,  
 As that same Ague which hath made you leane.  
 What is't a Clocke ?

*Bru.* *Cæsar*, 'tis stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.

*Enter Antony.*

See, *Antony* that Reuels long a-nights  
Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow *Antony*.

*Ant.* So to most Noble *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within :  
I am to blame too be thus waited for.  
Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus* : what *Trebonius*,  
I haue an houres talke in store for you :  
Remember that you call on me to day :  
Be neere me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* *Cæsar* I will : and so neere will I be,  
That your best Friends shall wish I had beene further.

*Cæs.* Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me  
And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

*Bru.* That euey like is not the same, O *Cæsar*,  
The heart of *Brutus* earnes to thinke vpon. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*Enter Artemidorus.*

*Cæsar*, beware of *Brutus*, take heede of *Cassius* ; come not neere  
*Caska*, haue an eye to *Cynna*, trust not *Trebonius*, marke well *Me-*  
*tellus Cymber*, *Decius Brutus* loues thee not : Thou hast wrong'd  
*Caius Ligarius*. There is but one minde in all these men, and it  
is bent against *Cæsar* : If thou beest not Immortall, looke about  
you : Security giues way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods defend  
thee. Thy Louer, *Artemidorus*.

Heere will I stand, till *Cæsar* passe along,  
And as a Sutor will I giue him this :  
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue  
Out of the teeth of Emulation.  
If thou reade this, O *Cæsar* thou mayest liue ;  
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

*Enter Portia and Lucius.*

*Por.* I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.  
Why doest thou stay ?

*Luc.* To know my errand Madam.

*Por.* I would haue had thee there and heere agen  
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there :



O Constance, be strong vpon my side,  
Set a huge Mountaine 'twene my Heart and Tongue :  
I haue a mans minde, but a womans might :  
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.  
Art thou heere yet ?

*Luc.* Madam, whāt should I do ?  
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else ?  
And so returne to you, and nothing else ?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth : and take good note  
What *Cæsar* doth, what Sutors presse to him.  
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that ?

*Luc.* I heare none Madam.

*Por.* Prythee listen well :  
I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray,  
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

*Luc.* Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

*Enter the Soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin ?

*Sooth.* At mine owne house, good Lady.

*Por.* What is't a clocke ?

*Sooth.* About the ninth houre Lady.

*Por.* Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitoll ?

*Sooth.* Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,  
To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

*Por.* Thou hast some suite to *Cæsar*, hast thou not ?

*Sooth.* That I haue Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*  
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to heare me :  
I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.

*Por.* Why know'st thou any harme's intended towards him ?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be,  
Much that I feare may chance :  
Good morrow to you : heere the street is narrow :  
The throng that followes *Cæsar* at the heeles,  
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,  
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death :  
He get me to a place more voyd, and there  
Speake to great *Cæsar* as he comes along.

*Ezit.*

*Por.* I must go in :  
Aye me ! How weake a thing

The heart of woman is ? O *Brutus*,  
 The Heauens speede thee in thine enterprize.  
 Sure the Boy heard me : *Brutus* hath a suite  
 That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint :  
 Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,  
 Say I am merry ; Come to me againe,  
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACTUS TERTIUS.

## SCENE I.

*Flourish.*

*Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* The Ides of March are come,

*Sooth.* I *Cæsar*, but not gone.

*Art.* Haile *Cæsar* : Read this Scedule.

*Deci.* *Trebonius* doth desire you to ore-read

(At your best leysure) this his humble suite.

*Art.* O *Cæsar*, reade mine first : for mine's a suite  
 That touches *Cæsar* neerer. Read it great *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* What touches vs our selfe, shall be last seru'd.

*Art.* Delay not, *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad ?

*Pub.* Sirra, giue place.

*Cassi.* What, vrge you your Petitions in the street ?  
 Come to the Capitoll.

*Popil.* I wish your enterprize to day may thriue.

*Cassi.* What enterprize, *Popillius* ?

*Popil.* Fare you well.

*Bru.* What said *Popillius Lena* ?

*Cassi.* He wisht to day our enterprize might thriue :  
 I feare our purpose is discouered.

*Bru.* Looke how he makes to *Cæsar* : marke him.

*Cassi.* *Caska* be sodaine, for we feare preuention.

*Brutus* what shall be done ? If this be knowne,

*Cassius* or *Cæsar* neuer shall turne backe,

For I will slay my selfe.

*Bru.* *Cassius* be constant :

*Popillius Lena* speakes not of our purposes,

For looke he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

*Cassi.* *Trebonius* knowes his time : for look you *Brutus*  
He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.

*Deci.* Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,  
And presently preferre his suite to *Cæsar*.

*Bru.* He is addrest : presse neere, and second him.

*Cin.* *Caska*, you are the first that reares your hand.

*Cæs.* Are we all ready ? What is now amisse,  
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redresse ?

*Metel.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,  
*Metellus Cymber* throwes before thy Seate  
An humble heart.

*Cæs.* I must preuent thee *Cymber* :  
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree  
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,  
To thinke that *Cæsar* beares such Rebell blood  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet wordes,  
Low-crooked curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning :  
Thy Brother by decree is banished :  
If thou doest bend, and pray, and fawne for him,  
I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way :  
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.

*Metel.* Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,  
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsars* eare,  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

*Bru.* I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæsar* :  
Desiring thee that *Publius Cymber* may  
Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.

*Cæs.* What *Brutus* ?

*Cassi.* Pardon *Cæsar* ; *Cæsar* pardon :  
As lowe as to thy foote doth *Cassius* fall,  
To begge infranchisement for *Publius Cymber*.

*Cæs.* I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,  
If I could pray to mooue, Prayers would mooue me :  
But I am constant as the Northerne Starre,  
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,  
There is no fellow in the Firmament.  
The Skies are painted with vnnumbred sparkes,

They are all Fire, and euery one doth shine :  
 But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.  
 So, in the World ; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,  
 And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensiue ;  
 Yet in the number, I do know but One  
 That vnassayleable holds on his Ranke,  
 Vnshak'd of Motion : and that I am he,  
 Let me a little shew it, euen in this :  
 That I was constant *Cymbber* should be banish'd,  
 And constant do remaine to keepe him so.

*Cinna.* O *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Hence : Wilt thou lift vp Olympus ?

*Decius.* Great *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Doth not *Brutus* bootlesse kneele ?

*Cask.* Speake hands for me.

*They stab Cæsar.*

*Cæs.* *Et Tu Brutè ?* ——— Then fall *Cæsar*.

*Cyn.* Liberty, Freedome ; Tyranny is dead,  
 Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.

*Cassi.* Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out  
 Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.

*Bru.* People and Senators, be not affrighted :  
 Fly not, stand still : Ambitions debt is paid.

*Cask.* Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.

*Dec.* And *Cassius* too.

*Bru.* Where's *Publius* ?

*C'in.* Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, least some Friend of *Cæsars*  
 Should chance ———

*Bru.* Talke not of standing. *Publius* good cheere,  
 There is no harme intended to your person,  
 Nor to no Roman else : so tell them *Publius*.

*Cassi.* And leaue vs *Publius*, least that the people  
 Rushing on vs, should do your Age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so, and let no man abide this deede,  
 But we the doers.

*Enter Trebonius.*

*Cassi.* Where is *Antony* ?

*Treb.* Fled to his House amaz'd :

•Men, Wiues, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were Doomesday.

*Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures :  
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time  
And drawing dayes out, that men stand vpon.

*Cask.* Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,  
Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit :  
So are we *Cæsars* Friends, that haue abridg'd  
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,  
And let vs bathe our hands in *Cæsars* blood  
Vp to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords :  
Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,  
And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads,  
Let's all cry, Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.

*Cassi.* Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence  
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,  
In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne ?

*Bru.* How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,  
That now on *Pompeyes* Basis lye along,  
No worthier then the dust ?

*Cassi.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of vs be call'd,  
The Men that gaue their Country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth ?

*Cassi.* I, euery man away.  
*Brutus* shall leede, and we will grace his heeles  
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Bru.* Soft, who comes heere ? A friend of *Antonia.*

*Ser.* Thus *Brutus* did my Master bid me kneele ;  
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,  
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say :  
*Brutus* is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest ;  
*Cæsar* was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing :  
Say, I loue *Brutus*, and I honour him ;  
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lou'd him.  
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*  
May safely come to him, and be resolu'd  
How *Cæsar* hath deseru'd to lye in death,

*Mark Antony*, shall not loue *Cæsar* dead  
 So well as *Brutus* liuing ; but will follow  
 The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble *Brutus*,  
 Through the hazards of this vntrod State,  
 With all true Faith. So sayes my Master *Antony*.

*Bru.* Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Romane,  
 I neuer thought him worse :  
 Tell him, so please him come vnto this place  
 He shall be satisfied : and by my Honor  
 Depart vntouch'd.

*Ser.* Ile fetch him presently.

[*Exit Seruants.*]

*Bru.* I know that we shall haue him well to Friend.

*Cassi.* I wish we may : But yet haue I a minde  
 That feares him much : and my misgiuing still  
 Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

*Enter Antony.*

*Bru.* But heere comes *Antony* :  
 Welcome *Mark Antony*.

*Ant.* O mighty *Cæsar* ! Dost thou lye so lowe ?  
 Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,  
 Shrunk to this little Measure ? Fare thee well.  
 I know not Gentlemen what you intend,  
 Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke :  
 If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit  
 As *Cæsars* deaths houre ; nor no Instrument  
 Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords ; made rich  
 With the most Noble blood of all this World.  
 I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,  
 Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reeke and smoake,  
 Fulfill your pleasure. Liue a thousand yeeres,  
 I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.  
 No place will please me so, no meane of death,  
 As heere by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,  
 The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

*Bru.* O *Antony* ! Begge not your death of vs :  
 Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,  
 As by our hands, and this our present Acte  
 You see we do : Yet see you but our hands,  
 And this, the bleeding businesse they haue done :  
 Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull :



And pittie to the generall wrong of Rome,  
 As fire driues out fire, so pittie, pittie  
 Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,  
 To you, our Swords haue leaden points *Marke Antony* :  
 Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts  
 Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,  
 With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.

*Cassi.* Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,  
 In the disposing of new Dignities

*Bru.* Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd  
 The Multitude, beside themselues with feare,  
 And then, we will deliuer you the cause,  
 Why I, that did loue *Cæsar* when I strooke him,  
 Haue thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your Wisedome :  
 Let each man render me his bloody hand.  
 First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you ;  
 Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand ;  
 Now *Decius Brutus* yours ; now yours *Metellus*,  
 Yours *Cinna* ; and my valiant *Caska*, yours ;  
 Though last, not least in loue, yours good *Trebonius*,  
 Gentlemen all : Alas, what shall I say,  
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
 That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,  
 Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.  
 That I did loue thee *Cæsar*, O 'tis true :  
 If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now,  
 Shall it not greeue thee deerer then thy death,  
 To see thy *Antony* making his peace,  
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes ?  
 Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,  
 Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,  
 Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,  
 It would become me better, then to close  
 In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.  
 Pardon me *Iulius*, heere was't thou bay'd braue *Hart*,  
 Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand  
 Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee.  
 O World ! thou wast the Forrest to this *Hart*,  
 And this indeed, O World, the *Hart* of thee.  
 How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes,  
 Dost thou heere lye ?

*Cassi.* *Mark Antony.*

*Ant.* Pardon me *Caius Cassius* :

The Enemies of *Cæsar*, shall say this :

Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.

*Cassi.* I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,

But what compact meane you to haue with vs ?

Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,

Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

*Ant.* Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed  
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Cæsar*.

Friends am I with you all, and loue you all,

Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons,

Why, and wherein, *Cæsar* was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a sauage Spectacle :  
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Cæsar*,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seeke,  
And am moreouer sutor, that I may  
Produce his body to the Market-place,  
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,  
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

*Bru.* You shall *Mark Antony*.

*Cassi.* *Brutus*, a word with you :  
You know not what you do : Do not consent  
That *Antony* speake in his funerall :  
Know you how much the people may be mou'd  
By that which he will vtter.

*Bru.* By your pardon :  
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,  
And shew the reason of our *Cæsars* death.  
What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest  
He speakes by leaue, and by permission :  
And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall  
Haue all true Rites and lawfull Ceremonies,  
It shali aduantage more, then do vs wrong.

*Cassi.* I know not what may fall, I like it not.

*Bru.* *Mark Antony*, heere take you *Cæsars* body :  
You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs,  
But speake all good you can deuise of *Cæsar*,  
And say you doo't by our permission :

Else shall you not haue any hand at all  
About his Funerall. And you shall speake  
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so :

I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow vs.

[*Exeunt.*

*Manet Antony.*

O pardor me, thou bleeding peece of Earth :  
That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.  
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man  
That euer liued in the Tide of Times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.  
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,  
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,  
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)  
A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of men ;  
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :  
Blood and destruction shall be so in vse,  
And dreadfull Obiects so familiar,  
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre :  
All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds,  
And *Cæsars* Spirit ranging for Reuenge,  
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,  
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,  
Cry hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,  
That this foule deede, shall smell aboute the earth  
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

*Enter Octauio's Seruant.*

You serue *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not ?

*Ser.* I do Marke *Antony*.

*Ant.* *Cæsar* did write for him to come to Rome.

*Ser.* He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth ——  
O *Cæsar* !

*Ant.* Thy heart is bigge : get thee a-part and weepe.  
Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,

Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy Master comming?

*Ser.* He lies to night within seuen Leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post backe with speede,  
And tell him what hath chane'd:  
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for *Octavius* yet,  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,  
Thou shalt not backe, till I haue borne this course  
Into the Market place: There shall I try  
In my Oration, how the People take  
The cruell issue of these bloody men,  
According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
To yong *Octavius*, of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.*

*Ple.* We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.

*Cassius* go you into the other streete,

And part the Numbers:

Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;

Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,

And publike Reasons shall be rendred

Of *Cæsars* death.

1. *Ple.* I will heare *Brutus* speake.

2. I will heare *Cassius*. and compare their Reasons,  
When seuerally we heare them rendred.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my cause,  
and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor,  
and haue respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure  
me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the  
better Iudge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere  
Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I say, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæsar*, was  
no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose  
against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd *Cæsar* lesse,  
but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were liuing,  
and dye all Slaues; then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-

men? As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Teares for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

*All.* None *Brutus*, none.

*Brutus.* Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to *Cæsar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

*Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsars body.*

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receiue the benefit of his dying, a place in the Comonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my best Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dagger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

*All.* Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.

1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house.

2. Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3. Let him be *Cæsar*.

4. *Cæsars* better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. Wee'l bring him to his House,

With Showts and Clamors.

*Bru.* My Country-men.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speakes.

1. Peace ho.

*Bru.* Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,

And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:

Do grace to *Cæsars* Corpes, and grace his Speech

Tending to *Cæsars* Glories, which *Mark Antony*

(By our permission) is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Saue I alone, till *Antony* haue spoke.

[*Exit*

1 Stay ho, and let vs heare *Mark Antony*.

3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,

Wee'l heare him : Noble *Antony* go vp.

*Ant.* For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.

4 What does he say of *Brutus* ?

3 He sayes, for *Brutus* sake

He findes himselfe beholding to vs all.

4 'Twere best he speake no harme of *Brutus* heere ?

1 This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 Nay that's certaine :

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans.

*All.* Peace hoe, let vs heare him.

*An.* Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears :

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him :

The euill that men do, liues after them,

The good is oft enterred with their bones,

So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,

Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious :

If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,

And greeuously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.

Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the rest

(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,

So are they all ; all Honourable men)

Come I to speake in *Cæsars* Funerall.

He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me ;

But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,

Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill :

Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious ?

When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious :

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition ?

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious :

And sure he is an Honourable man.



I speake not to disprooue what *Brutus* spoke,  
 But heere I am, to speake what I do know ;  
 You all did loue him once, not without cause,  
 What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him ?  
 O Iudgement ! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,  
 And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,  
 My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,  
 And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.

1 Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.

2 If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
*Cæsar* ha's had great wrong.

3 Ha's hee Masters ? I feare there will a worse come in  
 his place.

4. Mark'd ye his words ? he would not take y<sup>e</sup> Crown,  
 Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it.

2. Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.

4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might  
 Haue stood against the World : Now lies he there,  
 And none so poore to do him reuerence.

O Maisters ! If I were dispos'd to stirre  
 Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,  
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong :  
 Who (you all know) are Honourable men.

I will not do them wrong : I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,  
 Then I will wrong such Honourable men.

But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæsar*,  
 I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will :

Let but the Commons heare this Testament :  
 (Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,  
 And they would go and kisse dead *Cæsars* wourds,  
 And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood ;  
 Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,  
 And dying, mention it within their Willes,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie  
 Vnto their issue.

4 Wee'l heare the will, reade it *Mark Antony*.

*All.* The Will, the Will ; we will heare *Cæsars* Will

*Ant.* Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.  
 It is not meete you know how *Cæsar* lou'd you :  
 You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men :  
 And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad ;  
 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,  
 For if you should, O what would come of it ?

4. Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony* :  
 You shall reade vs the Will, *Cæsars* Will.

*Ant.* Will you be Patient ? Will you stay a-while ?  
 I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,  
 I feare I wrong the Honourable men,  
 Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Cæsar* : I do feare it.

4. They were Traitors : Honourable men ?

*All.* The Will, the Testament.

2. They were Villaines, Murderers : the Will, read the Will.

*Ant.* You will compell me then to read the Will :  
 Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæsar*,  
 And let me shew you him that made the Will :  
 Shall I descend ? And will you giue me leaue ?

*All.* Come downe.

2. Descend.

3. You shall haue leaue.

4. A Ring, stand round.

1. Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2. Roome for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

*Ant.* Nay, presse not so vpon me, stand far off.

*All.* Stand backe : roome, beare backe.

*Ant.* If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this Mantle, I remember  
 The first time euer *Cæsar* put it on,  
 'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,  
 That day he ouercame the *Neruy*.  
 Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through :  
 See what a rent the enuyous *Caska* made :  
 Through this, the well-beloued *Brutus* stabb'd,  
 And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away :  
 Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it ;  
 As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd  
 If *Brutus* so vnkindly knock'd, or no :  
 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.

Judge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæsar* lou'd him :  
 This was the most vnkindest cut of all.  
 For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,  
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his Mighty heart,  
 And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,  
 Euen at the base of *Pompeyes* Statue  
 (Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.  
 O what a fall was there, my Countrymen ?  
 Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,  
 Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.  
 O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele  
 The dint of pittie : These are gracious droppes.  
 Kinde soules, what weepe you, when you but behold  
 Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded ? Looke you heere,  
 Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1. O pitteous spectacle !

2. O Noble *Cæsar* !

3. O wofull day !

4. O Traitors, Villaines !

1. O most bloody sight !

2. We will be reueng'd : Reuenge

About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,

Let not a Traitor liue.

*Ant.* Stay Country-men.

1. Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony*.

2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him.

*Ant.* Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre you vp

To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny :

They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.

What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,

That made them do it : They are Wise, and Honourable,

And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.

I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is ;

But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man

That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,

That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him :

For I haue neyther wit nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,

To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on :

I tell you that, which you your selues do know,  
 Shew you sweet *Cæsars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths  
 And bid them speake for me : but were I *Brutus*,  
 And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*  
 Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue  
 In euery Wound of *Cæsar*, that should moue  
 The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

*All.* Wee'l Mutiny.

1. Wee'l burne the house of *Brutus*.

3. Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake.

*All.* Peace hoe, heare *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

*Ant.* Why Friends, you go to do you know not what :

Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deseru'd your loues ?

Alas you know not, I must tell you then :

You haue forgot the Will I told you of.

*All.* Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the *Wil*.

*Ant.* Heere is the Will, and vnder *Cæsars* Seale :

To euery Roman Citizen he giues,

To euery seuerall man, seuentie fve Drachmaes.

2 *Ple.* Most Noble *Cæsar*, wee'l reuenge his death.

3 *Ple.* O Royall *Cæsar*.

*Ant.* Heare me with patience.

*All.* Peace hoe.

*Ant.* Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,

His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,

On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,

And to your heyres for euer : common pleasures

To walke abroad, and recreate your selues.

Heere was a *Cæsar* : when comes such another ?

1. *Ple.* Neuer, neuer : come, away, away :

Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,

And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.

Take vp the body.

2. *Ple.* Go fetch fire.

3. *Ple.* Plucke downe Benches.

4. *Ple.* Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.

[Exit Plebeians.]

*Ant.* Now let it worke : Mischeefe thou art a-foot,

Take thou what course thou wilt.

How now Fellow ?

*Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is hee ?

*Ser.* He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsars* house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight, to visit him :

He comes vpon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will giue vs any thing.

*Ser.* I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*  
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the people  
How I had moued them. Bring me to *Octavius*.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE III.

*Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.*

*Cinna.* I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,  
And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie :  
I haue no will to wander forth of doores,  
Yet something leads me forth.

1. What is your name ?

2. Whether are you going ?

3. Where do you dwell ?

4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor ?

2. Answer euery man directly.

1. I, and breefely.

4. I, and wisely.

3. I, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name ? Whether am I going ? Where do  
I dwell ? Am I married man, or a Batchellour ? Then to an-  
swer euery man, directly and breiefely, wisely and truly : wisely  
I say, I am a Batchellor.

2. That's as much as to say, they are fooles that marrie : you'l  
beare me a bang for that I feare : proceede directly.

*Cinna.* Directly I am going to *Cæsars* Funerall.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy ?

*Cinna.* As a friend.

2. That matter is answered directly.

4. For your dwelling : breiefely.

*Cinna.* Breiefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.

3. Your name sir, truly.

*Cinna.* Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.

*Cinna.* I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4. Teare him for his bad verses, teare him for his bad Verses.

*Cin.* I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.

3. Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands: to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* House, and some to *Caskas*; some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

[*Exeunt all the Plebeians.*]

#### ACTUS QUARTUS.

##### SCENE I.

*Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.*

*Ant.* These many then shall die, their names are prickt.

*Octa.* Your Brother too must dye: consent you *Lepidus*?

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Octa.* Pricke him downe *Antony*.

*Lep.* Vpon condition *Publius* shall not liue,  
Who is your Sisters sonne, Marke *Antony*.

*Ant.* He shall not liue; looke, with a spot I dam him.

But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsars* house:

Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

*Lep.* What? shall I finde you here?

*Octa.* Or heere, or at the Capitoll.

[*Exit Lepidus.*]

*Ant.* This is a slight vnmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit  
The three-fold World diuided, he should stande  
One of the three to share it?

*Octa.* So you thought him,  
And took his voyce who should be prickt to dye  
In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.

*Ant.* *Octavius*, I haue seene more dayes then you,  
And though we lay these Honours on this man,  
To ease our selues of diuers sland'rous loads,  
He shall but beare them, as the Asse beares Gold,  
To groane and swet vnder the Businesse,  
Either led or driuen, as we point the way:  
And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will,  
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off



(Like to the empty Asse) to shake his eares,  
And graze in Commons.

*Octa.* You may do your will :  
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.

*Ant.* So is my Horse *Octavius*, and for that  
I do appoint him store of Prouender.  
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,  
To winde, to stop, to run directly on :  
His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit,  
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so :  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :  
A barren spirited Fellow ; one that feeds  
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.  
Which out of vse, and stal'de by other men  
Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,  
But as a property : and now *Octavius*,  
Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*  
Are leuying Powers ; We must straight make head :  
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,  
Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht,  
And let vs presently go sit in Councell,  
How couert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open Perils surest answered.

*Octa.* Let vs do so : for we are at the stake,  
And bayed about with many Enemies,  
And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare  
Millions of Mischeefes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Drum.* Enter *Brutus*, *Lucillius*, and the Army. *Titinius* and *Pindarus* meete them.

*Bru.* Stand ho.

*Lucil.* Giue the word ho, and Stand.

*Bru.* What now *Lucillius* is *Cassius* neere ?

*Lucil.* He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come  
To do you salutation from his Master.

*Bru.* He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*  
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,  
Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, vndone : But if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt  
But that my Noble Master will appeare  
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*  
How he receiu'd you : let me be resolu'd.

*Lucil.* With courtesie, and with respect enough,  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly Conference  
As he hath vs'd of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot Friend, cooling : Euer note *Lucillius*,  
When Loue begins to sicken and decay  
It vseth an enforced Ceremony.  
There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith :  
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle.

[*Low March within.*]

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,  
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades  
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on ?

*Lucil.* They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd :  
The greater part, the Horse in generall  
Are come with *Cassius*.

*Enter Cassius and his Powers.*

*Bru.* Hearke, he is arriu'd :  
March gently on to meete him.

*Cassi.* Stand ho.

*Bru.* Stand ho, speake the word along.  
Stand.  
Stand.  
Stand.

*Cassi.* Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.

*Bru.* Iudge me you Gods ; wrong I mine Enemies ?  
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

*Cassi.* *Brutus*, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,  
And when you do them ———

*Bru.* *Cassius*, be content,  
Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well.  
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere  
(Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)

Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away :  
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Greefes,  
And I will giue you Audience.

*Cassi.* *Pindarus*,  
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* *Lucillius*, do you the like, and let no man  
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.  
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore.

[Exeunt]

*Manet Brutus and Cassius.*

## SCENE III.

*Cassi.* That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this :  
You haue condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*  
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians ;  
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man was slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.

*Cassi.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That euery nice offence should beare his Comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe  
Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,  
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold  
To Vndeseruers.

*Cassi.* I, an itching Palme ?  
You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,  
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,  
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cassi.* Chastisement ?

*Bru.* Remember March, the Ides of March remember :  
Did not great *Iulius* bleede for Iustice sake ?  
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for Iustice ? What ? Shall one of Vs,  
That strucke the Formost man of all this World,  
But for supporting Robbers : shall we now,  
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes ?  
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors  
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ?  
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,  
Then such a Roman.

*Cassi.* *Brutus*, baite not me,  
 Ile not indure it : you forget your selfe  
 To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,  
 Older in practice, Abler then your selfe  
 To make Conditions.

*Bru.* Go too : you are not *Cassius*.

*Cassi.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not.

*Cassi.* Vrge me no more, I shall forget my selfe :  
 Haue minde vpon your health : Tempt me no farther.

*Bru.* Away slight man.

*Cassi.* Is't possible ?

*Bru.* Heare me, for I will speake.

Must I giue way, and roome to your rash Choller ?  
 Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares ?

*Cassi.* O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this ?

*Bru.* All this ? I more : Fret till your proud hart **break**.  
 Go shew your Slaues how Chollericke you are,  
 And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge ?  
 Must I obserue you ? Must I stand and crouch  
 Vnder your Testie Humour ? By the Gods,  
 You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene  
 Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,  
 Ile vse you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter  
 When you are Waspish.

*Cassi.* Is it come to this ?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better Souldier :  
 Let it appeare so ; make your vaunting true,  
 And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,  
 I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.

*Cass.* You wrong me euery way :  
 You wrong me, *Brutus* :  
 I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.  
 Did I say Better ?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cassi.* When *Cæsar* liu'd, he durst not thus haue mou'd **me**.

*Bru.* Peace, peace, you durst not so haue tempted him.

*Cassi.* I durst not.

*Bru.* No.

*Cassi.* What ? durst not tempt him ?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cassi.* Do not presume too much vpon my Loue,  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You haue done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats :  
For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,  
That they passe by me, as the idle winde,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,  
For I can raise no money by vile meanes :  
By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,  
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring  
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,  
Which you deny'd me : was that done like *Cassius* ?  
Should I haue answer'd *Caius Cassius* so ?  
When *Marcus Brutus* growes so Couetous,  
To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,  
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,  
Dash him to peeces.

*Cassi.* I deny'd you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cassi.* I did not. He was but a Foole  
That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart :  
A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities ;  
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practice them on me.

*Cassi.* You loue me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cassi.* A friendly eye could neuer see such faults.

*Bru.* A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cassi.* Come *Antony*, and yong *Octavius* come,  
Reuenge your selues alone on *Cassius*,  
For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World :  
Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,  
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obseru'd,  
Set in a Note-book, learn'd, and con'd by roate  
To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe  
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,  
And heere my naked Breast ; Within, a Heart

Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine, Richer then Gold :  
 If that thou bee'st a Roman, take it foorth.  
 I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart :  
 Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar* : For I know,  
 When thou did'st hate him worst, y<sup>a</sup> loued'st him better  
 Then euer thou loued'st *Cassius*.

*Bru.* Sheath your Dagger :  
 Be angry when you will, it shall haue scope :  
 Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.  
 O *Cassius*, you are yoaked with a Lambe  
 That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,  
 Who much inforced, shewes a hastie Sparke,  
 And strait is cold agen.

*Cassi.* Hath *Cassius* liu'd  
 To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,  
 When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him ?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

*Cassi.* Do you confesse so much ? Giue me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cassi.* O *Brutus* !

*Bru.* What's the matter ?

*Cassi.* Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,  
 When that rash humour which my Mother gaue me  
 Makes me forgetfull.

*Bru.* Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth  
 When you are ouer-earnest with your *Brutus*,  
 Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you so.

*Enter a Poet.*

*Poet.* Let me go in to see the Generals,  
 There is some grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete  
 They be alone.

*Lucil.* You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Cas.* How now ? What's the matter ?

*Poet.* For shame you Generals ; what do you meane ?  
 Loue, and be Friends, as two such men should be,  
 For I haue seene more yeeres I'me sure then yee.

*Cas.* Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime ?

*Bru.* Get you hence sirra : Sawcy Fellow, hence.

*Cas.* Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.



*Brut.* Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time :  
 What should the Warres do with these Iigging Fooles ?  
 Companion, hence.

*Cas.* Away, away be gone. [Exit Poet]

*Bru.* *Lucillius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders  
 Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

*Cas.* And come your selues, & bring *Messala* with you  
 Immediately to vs.

*Bru.* *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine.

*Cas.* I did not thinke you could haue bin so angry.

*Bru.* O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many greefes.

*Cas.* Of your Philosophy you make no vse,  
 If you giue place to accidentall euils.

*Bru.* No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

*Cas.* Ha ? *Portia* ?

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so ?  
 O insupportable, and touching losse !  
 Vpon what sicknesse ?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,  
 And greefe, that yong *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*  
 Haue made themselues so strong : For with her death  
 That tydings came. With this she fell distract,  
 And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And dy'd so ?

*Bru.* Euen so.

*Cas.* O ye immortall Gods !

*Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her : Giue me a bowl of wine,  
 In this I bury all vnkindnesse *Cassius*. [Drinks.]

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.  
 Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup :  
 I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* loue.

*Enter Titinius and Messala.*

*Brutus.* Come in *Titinius* :  
 Welcome good *Messala* :  
 Now sit we close about this Taper heere,  
 And call in question our necessities.

*Cass.* *Portia*, art thou gone ?

*Bru.* No more I pray you.

*Messala*, I haue heere receiued Letters,  
That yong *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*  
Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,  
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

*Mess.* My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same **Tenure**.

*Bru.* With what Addition.

*Mess.* That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,  
*Octavius*, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,  
Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree :  
Mine speake of seuenty Senators, that dy'de  
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

*Cassi.* *Cicero* one ?

*Messa.* *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription.  
Had you your Letters from your wife my Lord ?

*Bru.* No *Messala*.

*Messa.* Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her ?

*Bru.* Nothing *Messala*.

*Messa.* That me thinkes is strange.

*Bru.* Why aske you ?

Heare you ought of her, in yours ?

*Messa.* No my Lord.

*Bru.* Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

*Messa.* Then like a Romane beare the truth I tell,  
For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why farewell *Portia* : We must die *Messala* :  
With meditating that she must dye once,  
I haue the patience to endure it now.

*Messa.* Euen so great men, great losses should indure.

*Cassi.* I haue as much of this in Art as you,  
But yet my Nature could not beare it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alieue. What do you thinke  
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

*Cassi.* I do not thinke it good.

*Bru.* Your reason ?

*Cassi.* This it is :

Tis better that the Enemie seeke vs,  
So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,  
Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.

*Bru.* Good reasons must of force giue place to better :  
 The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground  
 Do stand but in a forc'd affection :  
 For they haue grug'd vs Contribution.  
 The Enemy, marching along by them,  
 By them shall make a fuller number vp,  
 Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd :  
 From which aduantage shall we cut him off.  
 If at *Philippi* we do face him there,  
 These people at our backe.

*Cassi.* Heare me good Brother.

*Bru.* Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,  
 That we haue tride the vtmost of our Friends :  
 Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,  
 The Enemy encreaseth euery day,  
 We at the height, are readie to decline.  
 There is a Tide in the affayres of men,  
 Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune :  
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life,  
 Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.  
 On such a full Sea are we now a-float,  
 And we must take the current when it serues,  
 Or loose our Ventures.

*Cassi.* Then with your will go on : wee'l along  
 Our selues, and meet them at *Philippi*.

*Bru.* The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,  
 And Nature must obey Necessitie,  
 Which we will niggard with a little rest :  
 There is no more to say.

*Cassi.* No more, good night.  
 Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Bru.* *Lucius* my Gowne : farewell good *Messala*  
 Good night *Titinius* : Noble, Noble *Cassius*,  
 Good night, and good repose.

*Cassi.* O my deere Brother :  
 This was an ill beginning of the night :  
 Neuer come such diuision 'twene our soules :  
 Let it not *Brutus*.

*Enter Lucius with the Gowne.*

*Bru.* Euery thing is well.

*Cassi.* Good night my Lord.

*Bru.* Good night good Brother.

*Tit. Messa.* Good night, Lord *Brutus*.

*Bru.* Farewell euery one.

[*Exeunt*

Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument ?

*Luc.* Heere in the Tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.

Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,

Ile haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

*Luc.* *Varrus*, and *Claudio*.

*Enter Varrus and Claudio.*

*Var.* Cals my Lord ?

*Bru.* I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On businesse to my Brother *Cassius*.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand,  
And watch your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will it not haue it so : Lye downe, good sirs,  
It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.

Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so :

I put it in the pocket of my gowne.

*Luc.* I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.

*Bru.* Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.

Canst thou hold vp thy heaueie eyes a-while,  
And touch thy Instrument a straine or two ?

*Luc.* I my Lord, an't please you.

*Bru.* It does my Boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty Sir.

*Bru.* I should not vrge thy duty past thy might,

I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I haue slept my Lord already.

*Bru.* It was well done; and thou shalt sleepe againe :

I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,

I will be good to thee.

*Musicke, and a Song.*

This is a sleepy Tune : O Murd'rous slumber !

Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,

That playes thee Musicke? Gentle knaue good night :  
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :  
 If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,  
 Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.  
 Let me see, let me see ; is not the Leafe turn'd downe  
 Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

*Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.*

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha ! Who comes heere ?  
 I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes  
 That shapes this monstrous Apparition.  
 It comes vpon me : Art thou any thing ?  
 Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,  
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare ?  
 Speake to me, what thou art ?

*Ghost.* Thy euill Spirit *Brutus* ?

*Bru.* Why com'st thou ?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

*Bru.* Well : then I shall see thee againe ?

*Ghost.* I, at *Philippi*.

*Bru.* Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then :

Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.

Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs : Awake :

*Claudio.*

*Luc.* The strings my Lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.

*Lucius*, awake.

*Luc.* My Lord.

*Bru.* Did'st thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst out ?

*Luc.* My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes that thou did'st : Did'st thou see any thing ?

*Luc.* Nothing my Lord.

*Bru.* Sleepe againe *Lucius* : Sirra *Claudio*, Fellow,

Thou : Awake.

*Var.* My Lord.

*Clau.* My Lord.

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe ?

*Both.* Did we my Lord ?

*Bru.* I : saw you any thing ?

*Var.* No my Lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I my Lord.

*Bru.* Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius* :  
Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*Both.* It shall be done my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

# ACTUS QUINTUS.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

*Octa.* Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,  
You said the Enemy would not come downe,  
But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions :  
It proues not so : their battailes are at hand,  
They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere :  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know  
Wherefore they do it : They could be content  
To visit other places, and come downe  
With fearefull brauery : thinking by this face  
To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage :  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Prepare you Generals,  
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew :  
Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* *Octavius*, leade your Battaile softly on  
Vpon the left hande of the euen Field.

*Octa.* Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you crosse me in this exigent ?

*Octa.* I do not crosse you : but I will do so.

[*March*]

*Drum.* *Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would haue parley.

*Cassi.* Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talke.

*Octa.* Mark *Antony*, shall we giue signe of Battaile ?

*Ant.* No *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.  
Make forth, the Generals would haue some words.

*Oct.* Stirre not vntill the Signal.

*Bru.* Words before blowes : is it so Countrymen ?



*Octa.* Not that we loue words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better then bad strokes, *Octavius*.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, *Brutus*, you giue good words.  
Witnesse the hole you made in *Cæsars* heart,  
Crying long liue, hail *Cæsar*.

*Cassi.* *Antony*,  
The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne ;  
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,  
And leaue them Hony-lesse.

*Ant.* Not stinglesse too.

*Bru.* O yes, and soundlesse too :  
For you haue stolne their buzzing *Antony*,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains : you did not so, when your vile daggers  
Hackt one another in the sides of *Cæsar* :  
You shew'd your teethes like Apes,  
And fawn'd like Hounds,  
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Cæsars* feete ;  
Whil'st damned *Caska*, like a Curre, behinde  
Strooke *Cæsar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.

*Cassi.* Flatterers ? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,  
This tongue had not offended so to day,  
If *Cassius* might haue rul'd.

*Octa.* Come, come, the cause. If arguing make vs swet,  
The prooffe of it will turne to redder drops :  
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,  
When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe ?  
Neuer till *Cæsars* three and thirtie wounds  
Be well aueng'd ; or till another *Cæsar*  
Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

*Brut.* *Cæsar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,  
Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee.

*Octa.* So I hope :  
I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.

*Bru.* O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,  
Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.

*Cassi.* A pecuish School-boy, worthles of such honor,  
Ioyn'd with a Masker, and a Reueller.

*Ant.* Old *Cassius* still.

*Octa.* Come *Antony* ; away.  
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to day, come to the Field ;  
 If not, when you haue stomackes.

[Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army]

*Cassi.* Why now blow winde, swell Billow,  
 And swimme Barke :  
 The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho *Lucillius*, hearke, a word with you.

[*Lucillius* and *Messala* stand forth]

*Luc.* My Lord.

*Cassi.* *Messala*.

*Messa.* What sayes my Generall?

*Cassi.* *Messala*, this is my Birth-day ; as this very day  
 Was *Cassius* borne. Give me thy hand *Messala* :  
 Be thou my witnesse, that against my will  
 (As *Pompey* was) am I compelled to set  
 Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.  
 You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,  
 And his Opinion : Now I change my minde,  
 And partly credit things that do presage.  
 Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensigne  
 Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,  
 Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,  
 Who to *Philippi* heepe consorted vs :  
 This Morning are they fled away, and gone,  
 And in their steeds, do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites  
 Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs  
 As we were sickely prey ; their shadowes seeme  
 A Canopy most fatall, vnder which  
 Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost.

*Messa.* Beleeue not so.

*Cassi.* I but beleeue it partly,  
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd  
 To meete all perils, very constantly.

*Bru.* Euen so *Lucillius*.

*Cassi.* Now most noble *Brutus*,  
 The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may  
 Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.  
 But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,  
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
 If we do lose this Battaile, then is this

The very last time we shall speake together :  
What are you then determined to do ?

*Bru.* Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,  
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death  
Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how :  
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,  
For feare of what might fall, so to preuent  
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,  
To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,  
That gouerne vs below.

*Cassi.* Then, if we loose this Battaile,  
You are contented to be led in Triumph  
Thorow the streets of Rome.

*Bru.* No *Cassius*, no :  
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,  
That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,  
He beares too great a minde. But this same day  
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.  
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not :  
Therefore our euerlasting farewell take :  
For euer, and for euer, farewell *Cassius*,  
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile ;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

*Cassi.* For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus* :  
If we do meete againe, wee'l smile indeede ;  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why then leade on. O that a man might know  
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come :  
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Alarum.* Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

*Bru.* Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and giue these Billes  
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

[*Lowd Alarum.*]

Let them set on at once : for I perceiue  
But cold demeanor in *Octauio's* wing :  
And sodaine push giues them the ouerthrow :  
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe.

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE III.

*Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.*

*Cassi.* O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:  
My selfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:  
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,  
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

*Titin.* O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gaue the word too early,  
Who hauing some aduantage on *Octavius*,  
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,  
Whil'st we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

*Enter Pindarus.*

*Pind.* Fly further off my Lord: flye further off.  
*Mark Antony* is in your Tents my Lord:  
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye far off.

*Cassi.* This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*  
Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my Lord.

*Cassi.* *Titinius*, if thou louest me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him,  
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes  
And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd  
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.

*Tit.* I will be heere againe, euen with a Thought. [Exit]

*Cassi.* Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,  
My sight was euer thicke: regard *Titinius*,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.  
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end,  
My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes?

*Pind.* Aboue. O my Lord.

*Cassi.* What newes?

*Pind.* *Titinius* is enclosed round about  
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,  
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:  
Now *Titinius*. Now some light. O he lights too.  
Hee's tane. [Shout.]  
And hearke, they shout for ioy.

*Cassi.* Come downe, behold no more:  
O Coward that I am, to liue so long,  
To see my best Friend tane before my face.

*Enter Pindarus.*

Come hither sirrah : In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,  
And then I swore thee, sauing of thy life,  
That whatsoeuer I did bid thee do,  
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,  
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword  
That ran through *Cæsars* bowels, search this bosome.  
Stand not to answer : Heere, take thou the Hilts.  
And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the Sword ——— *Cæsar*, thou art reueng'd,  
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.

*Pin.* So, I am free,  
Yet would not so haue beene  
Durst I haue done my will, O *Cassius*,  
Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,  
Where neuer Roman shall take note of him.

*Enter Titinius and Messala.*

*Messa.* It is but change, *Titinius* : for *Octavius*  
Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,  
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

*Titin.* These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

*Messa.* Where did you leaue him ?

*Titin.* All disconsolate,  
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

*Messa.* Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground ?

*Titin.* He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart !

*Messa.* Is not that hee ?

*Titin.* No, this was he *Messala*,  
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne :  
As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night ;  
So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.  
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,  
Clowds, Dewes, and Dangers come ; our deeds are done :  
Mistrust of my succeſſe hath done this deed.

*Messa.* Mistrust of good succeſſe hath done this deed.  
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe ;  
Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not ? O Error soone concey'd,  
Thou neuer com'st vnto a happy byrth,  
But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.

*Tit.* What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?

*Messa.* Seeke him *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet  
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report  
Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:  
For piercing Steele, and Darts inuenomed,  
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,  
As tydings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hye you *Messala*.  
And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:  
Why did'st thou send me forth braue *Cassius*?  
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they  
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,  
And bid me giue it thee? Did'st thou not hear their showts?  
Alas, thou hast misconstrued euery thing.  
But hold thee, take this garland on thy Brow,  
Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,  
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*:  
By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,  
Come *Cassius* sword, and finde *Titinius* hart.

[Dies.]

*Alarum.* Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Yong Cato*, *Strato*, *Volumnius*, and *Lucillius*.

*Bru.* Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lye?

*Messa.* Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

*Bru.* *Titinius* face is vpward.

*Cato.* He is slaine.

*Bru.* O *Iulius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet,  
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords  
In our owne proper Entrailles.

[Low Alarums.]

*Cato.* Braue *Titinius*,  
Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Cassius*.

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans liuing such as these?  
The last of all the Romans, far thee well:  
It is impossible, that euer Rome  
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe no teares  
To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.  
I shall finde time, *Cassius*: I shall finde time.  
Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his body,  
His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,  
Least it discomfort vs. *Lucillius* come,  
And come yong *Cato*, let vs to the field,  
*Labio* and *Flawio* set our Battailles on:



'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night  
We shall try Fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius.*

*Bru.* Yet Country-men : O yet, hold vp your heads.

*Cato.* What Bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?

I will proclaime my name about the Field.

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe,

A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

*Enter Souldiers, and fight.*

And I am *Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,*

*Brutus* my Countries friend : know me for *Brutus.*

*Luc.* O yong and noble *Cato* art thou downe ?

Why now thou dyest, as brauely as *Titinius*,

And may'st be honoured, being *Cato's* Sonne.

*Sold.* Yeeld, or thou dyest.

*Luc.* Onely I yeeld to dye :

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight :

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

*Sold.* We must not : a Noble Prisoner.

*Enter Antony.*

2. *Sold.* Roome hoe : tell *Antony Brutus* is tane.

1. *Sold.* Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the *Generall*,  
*Brutus* is tane, *Brutus* is tane, my Lord.

*Ant.* Where is hee ?

*Luc.* Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough :

I dare assure thee that no Enemy

Shall euer take alieue the noble *Brutus* :

The Gods defend him from so great a shame,

When you do finde him, or alieue, or dead,

He will be found like *Brutus*, like himselfe.

*Ant.* This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,

A prize no lesse in worth ; keepe this man safe,

Giue him all kindnesse. I had rather haue

Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,

And see where *Brutus* be alieue or dead,

And bring vs word vnto *Octavius* Tert :

How euey thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.*

*Brut.* Come poore remaines of friendes, rest on this **Rocke.**

*Clit.* *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord  
He came not backe : he is or tane, or slaine.

*Brut.* Sit thee downe, *Clitus* : slaying is the word,  
It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*.

*Clit.* What I, my Lord ? No, not for all the World

*Brut.* Peace then, no words.

*Clit.* Ile rather kill my selfe.

*Brut.* Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.

*Dard.* Shall I doe such a deed ?

*Clit.* O *Dardanius*.

*Dard.* O *Clitus*

*Clit.* What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee ?

*Dard.* To kill him, *Clitus* : looke he meditates.

*Clit.* Now is that Noble Vessell full of griefe,  
That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes.

*Brut.* Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

*Volum.* What sayes my Lord ?

*Brut.* Why this, *Volumnius* :

The ghost of *Cæsar* hath appeared to me  
Two seuerall times by Night : at Sardis, once ;  
And this last Night, here in Philippi fields :  
I know my houre is come.

*Volum.* Not so, my Lord.

*Brut.* Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,  
Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit : [*Low Alarums.*]

It is more worthy, to leape in our selues,  
Then tarry till they push vs. Good *Volumnius*,  
Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together :  
Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee  
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilst I runne on it.

*Vol.* That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

*Cly.* Fly, flye, my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.

*Bru.* Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius*.

*Strato*, thou hast bin all this while asleepe :

Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen :

My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.  
 I shall haue glory by this loosing day  
 More then *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*,  
 By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.  
 So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue  
 Hath almost ended his liues History :  
 Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,  
 That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

*Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.*

*Cly.* Fly, my Lord, flye.

*Bru.* Hence : I will follow :

I prythee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,  
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect :  
 Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,  
 Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,  
 While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato* ?

*Str.* Giue me your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord.

*Bru.* Farewell good *Strato*. ——— *Cæsar*, now be still,  
 I killed not thee with halfe so good a will. [Dyes]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucillius, and the Army*

*Octa.* What man is that ?

*Messa.* My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master ?

*Str.* Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,  
 The Conquerors can but make a fire of him :  
 For *Brutus* only ouercame himselfe,  
 And no man else hath Honor by his death.

*Lucil.* So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*  
 That thou hast prou'd *Lucillius* saying true.

*Octa.* All that seru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.  
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

*Str.* I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.

*Octa.* Do so, good *Messala*.

*Messa.* How dyed my Master *Strato* ?

*Str.* I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

*Messa.* *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,  
 That did the latest seruice to my Master.

*Ant.* This was the Noblest Roman of them all :  
 All the Conspirators saue onely hee,  
 Did that they did, in enuy of great *Cæsar* :

He, onely in a generall honest thought,  
 And common good to all, made one of them.  
 His life was gentle, and the Elements  
 So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,  
 And say to all the world; This was a man.

*Octa.* According to his Vertue, let vs vse him  
 Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.  
 Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,  
 Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably :  
 So call the Field to rest, and let's away,  
 To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

#### NOTES ON JULIUS CÆSAR.

**ACT I. SCENE I. Being mechanically**, mechanical men, *i. e.* mechanics. The once prevalent usage of doubling the final consonant in an unaccented syllable is retained in many words in this edition of Shakespeare. The *l* was usually doubled in such cases at this period of our literature. — **Ought not walke.** *Ought* is here followed by the inf. without the sign *to*, which was originally a prep. followed by the gerund. Besides the proper auxiliaries, other verbs, as *bid*, *dare*, etc., are sometimes followed by the inf. without the prep. See "Art of Composition," § 282, Obs. 3. — **Laboring day**, day for laboring. *Laboring* is best regarded here as a gerundive noun used adjectively to modify *day*. Cf. *meeting-house*, a house for meeting. In such use of nouns to modify other nouns in respect of an attribute of relation, a hyphen would now be used to avoid the ambiguity, as *laboring-day*. See "Art of Composition," § 297, Obs. Cf. *working day*, S. A. 1299. — **Trade.** We must suppose here a colloquial omission of the preposition. The sense is : of *what trade*. — **Thou.** The second person was still in Shakespeare's time used in addressing an inferior. The plural is used in the replies to the Tribune. It is used also by the Tribune himself in connection with the title of address, *Sir*. — **Doest.** *Doest* and *doeth* are now the more common forms for the verb when used as a principal verb; the abbreviated forms *dost* and *doth*, when it is used as an auxiliary. This distinction was not observed formerly. — **Naughty**, adj. from *naught*, meaning originally, *of no account*, *worthless*. — **Proper men**, *true, veritable men*, that is, such as men are in their own proper nature as designed in their creation. — **Neats**, A.-S. *neat*, cattle. — **His triumph.** This triumph was on occasion of Cæsar's return from Spain, in October B. C. 44, after the defeat of the sons of Pompey at Munda, March 17th, B. C. 45. It is said that in this most desperately fought battle, Cæsar lost 1,000, and the enemy 30,000 slain. — **Knew you not Pompey?** The punctuation is changed here better to express the sense after the received editions. — **Pass the streets**, walk the streets. *Pass* and *pace* are only different spellings of the same word. Fr. *passer*.

Weep your tears  
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

A bold hyperbole, it is true, but no intrinsic contradiction; as the meaning is, till the stream shall be so raised from its lowest mark that it shall touch its highest banks. *Tears* is specifying object of the verb *weep*. See "Art of Composition," § 249 — **Where**, whether This word was pronounced as a monosyllable, not uncom

monly, in early times. Thus Wycliffe spells it both in full, *whether*, and also *wher*, and *where*, in Rom. xiv. 8. "For *where* we lyven we lyven to the lord, and *whether* we dien, we dien to the lord; therfor *wher* we lyven or dien we ben of the lord." — **Ceremonies**, ceremonial vestments. — **Feast of Lupercal**. This was a festival of great antiquity, celebrated on the 15th day of February in each year, in honor of Lupercus, the god of fertility. After the sacrifice, the priests, called Luperci, ran through the streets with thongs cut from the skins of the goats that had been sacrificed, striking all who placed themselves in their way, as a symbolical act of purification. Hence the name of the month — February — from the verb signifying to purify.

SCENE II. In this scene Antony is represented as one of the Luperci, officiating in the festival and running with the goat-skin thongs. He was made High-priest of the Julian class of the College of Luperci by Julius Cæsar. With the exception of Decius, the persons represented in this scene are historical characters. Calpurnia is in this play spelt Calphurnia, in analogy with the common change of the smooth mute in classic words to the aspirate. Cf. Anthony; also in Wycliffe, *scarioth*, *trone*. — **The Ides of March**. The Romans reckoned the days of the month from the *kalends*, which fell on the first day, the *nones*, which fell on the fifth, and the *ides*, which fell on the thirteenth, except in March, May, July, and October, when the *nones* fell on the seventh, and the *ides* on the fifteenth day of the month. The *ides* of March were accordingly on the fifteenth. — **Sennet**, a stage direction indicating a flourish of trumpets. — **Course**, the running. — **Gamesom**, disposed to sport. The suffix *some*, of the same root as *same*, has the same force as *-ly*, that is, *like*. The final *e* was not uncommonly omitted in these compounds. — **Quicke**, lively. **Ile**, I'll — a spelling conformed to the pronunciation. — **As**, which, correlative of *that*. This particle, originally a mere sign of comparison, has come to be treated as a relative, the proper relative having dropped out in the elliptical expression of popular speech. — **Meerely**, wholly, exclusively. — **Passions of some difference**, somewhat conflicting passions. — **Proper to my selfe**, peculiar to myself. — **Giue some soyle**, somewhat sully. *Soil* and *sully* are from the same root. Cf. A.-S. *sylvian*, to soil, to sully; Old Fr. *soillier*. — **Behaviours**, behaviors. The termination of this word is French; but the stem is purely Anglo-Saxon. The word points to the outward deportment. The plural form is now obsolete. — **Be**, the old indicative. — **Passion**, feeling. — **Respect**, repute or esteem. — **Iealous on me**, towards me. Cf. *glad on't*, sc. iii. — **Laughter**, object of laughter. — **Did vse**, were wont. *Use*, in the sense of *to be wont*, is at the present time obsolete. — **Stale**, make vapid or insipid. As in *Ant.* and *Cleopatra*, II. ii. : —

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety."

So also Act. IV. sc. i. — **Protester**, one who puts himself forward as a friend. — **Scandall**, slander or defame; a common use formerly. — **Professe my selfe**, speak out my secret thoughts. — **Rout**, company. — **I**, phonetic spelling of *aye*, indeed. — **Indifferently**, without change of feeling, with equanimity, calmly. The meaning is: "Let honor and death confront me together; it shall not disturb me." — **Fauour**, countenance, appearance. Cf. "well-favored kine," "ill-favored kine." Gen. xli. 4. — **Had as lief not be**. *Liefe* is a nearly obsolete word, signifying *gladly*. *Had* is the optative conditional for *would have*. The meaning is: "I would have (that is, hold) as gladly not be," etc. *Be* is the old infinitive written without the *to*. See n. Versions, 7. There is an intended assonance in the use of *lief* and *live*. — **Chafing with her shores**, violently colliding with its shores. Heat being one effect, and so a sign of physical violence, *to make hot*, *to chafe* (Lat. *calidum facere*), by an easy figurative use comes to signify violent motion, especially by friction or collision. — **Lusty**, powerful, vigorous, formerly the more common

meaning; A.-S. *lust*, desire, will, power. — **Hearts of controuersie**, hearts of opposition, contesting wills. — **Arriue the point**. The preposition *at* was once frequently omitted after *arrive*. So Milton:—

“ Ere he arrive  
The happy ile.” — P. L. ii. 409, 410.

**His lustre**. *His* was the genitive of the Anglo-Saxon neuter personal pronoun *hit*, as well as of the masculine *he*. The initial *h* was early dropped from the nominative and accusative *hit*; but the genitive *his* for the neuter was long retained. *Its* does not occur in the King James version of the Bible, but *his* is used for the neuter genitive; as, “If the salt have lost *his* savor.” Matt. v. 13.—**I**, for *aye*, as above. — **Walkes**. Walls is generally accepted as the preferable reading. — **Rome indeed, and Roome enough**. *Room*, it would seem from the joining of these words here and elsewhere, was once pronounced like *rome*. Cf. *boke*, *loke*, *dome*, etc., old spellings of *book*, *look*, *doom*, etc. The Anglo-Saxon was *rum*. — **Onely**, only. The pronunciation was doubtless as if spelled *ownly*. So Wycliffe wrote *oonli*, 2 Cor. vii. 7. — **Brook’d**, borne; from A.-S. *brucan*, to use, to bear. Cf. “So mote I brouken wel min eyen twey,” so may I use or enjoy my two eyes. Chaucer, ver. 15,306. — **Ayme**, conjecture. So Spenser: “It is impossible by *aim* to tell it.” From Fr. *esme*, Lat. *astimare*. — **So with loue I might intreat you**, if, or that, I in kindness might entreat you. *So* should be included within the parenthesis. — **Had rather**, would have sooner to be. See above, note on *had lief*. — **To repute himselfe**, etc., inf. with its sign *to* is like *be*, object of *had*. — **As**, is here used as the correlative of the demonstrative pronoun *these*. A similar use occurs near the beginning of this scene. — **Like**, likely. The derivation of this meaning from *like*, in its primitive sense of *same*, *identical*, is natural, as the cause is naturally identified with its proper effect. — **Worthy note**, worthy of note. The omission of the preposition before a noun limiting an adjective was more common in the earlier stages of our literature, as in the inflected or A.-S. stage of the language, the inflection expressed the relation. — **Ferret**. The ferret has red eyes. — **In conference**, in consultation. — **A-nights**, on nights. See below for *a-shouting*. “When Caesar’s friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered: As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them; but those pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most; meaning Brutus and Cassius.” North’s Plutarch, quoted by Craik. — **Well giuen**, well endowed in character. — **My name**, I. So the Scriptures everywhere; as, “for my name’s sake,” instead of “for my sake.” *Name* is the expression for the person. In accordance with the general analogy of language, the internal is denoted by the outward, the spirit by the body. — **Yond**, the old spelling of *you*; A.-S. *geond*, beyond, cognate of A.-S. *gen*, moreover, which stem appears in our *again* (formerly *agen*). The *d* is euphonic and has now dropped away in our *yon*. It remains in *beyond*, a compound of the prep. of condition *be* and *yond*. *Yonder* is a compar. form, meaning etymologically, “more beyond.” — **He heares no musicke**. The sentiment is akin to that in the familiar passage in the Merchant of Venice V. i.:—

“ The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov’d with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus;  
Let no such man be trusted.”

**Be neuer at heart’s ease**. Indicative present, as above, *be you one*. —



**Whiles.** Old genitive. It has assumed a *t* like *against*, *amongst*, *midst*, etc., which were genitives and were once written *agens*, *amonges*, *middles*. See § 36. — **To-day.** *To* is here a preposition. It once had the force of *at*. — **A shouting.** *A* is a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon preposition *on* or *an*, like *a* in *a-nights* above. So also *a days*, A.-S. *an daegas*, on days, by day. Cf. *afoot*, *afield*, *ashore*, etc., *Cafoot*, etc. — **I marry was't**, aye, marry, was it. *Marry* is a perversion of *Maria* or *Mary*, the name of the mother of Jesus, used in adjuration. — **Euerie time gentler then other**, every time more gently than the preceding time. — **Howted**, hooted. The word seems to have indicated contemptibleness in the subject rather than as now in the object. We can now speak of reputable men as hooting at a contemptible thing; but Shakespeare's use of the word indicated that they who hooted were disreputable. Hooting was the clamor of low people. So in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. vi. :—

"You are they  
Who made the ayre unwholsome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasie caps, in hooting  
At Coriolanus exile."

**Swooned**, swooned, Cf. vulgar *drowned*. It will be observed that the language given to Casca is in keeping with his character as cast in this play. Casca thus speaks in prose, not in verse as the higher characters represented. — **He hath the falling sicknesse.** Plutarch, § 17, says that Cæsar was subject to attacks of epilepsy. — **Tag-ragge.** These words were earlier connected by the conj., *tag* and *rag*. *Bobtail* was added to accumulate the marks of low life in one expression. Shakespeare uses, in *Coriolanus*, III. i. the single word *tag* : "Will you hence before the *tag* return?" — **He pluckt me ope his doublet**, he plucked open his doublet. *Me* is generally regarded as expletive; but it seems once to have been used in the sense of *one* or *self*, as : "He sendes me thys," he himself sends this. "The Pearl," a poem of the 14th century. Shakespeare elsewhere uses *ope* as an adjective, as —

"The mouth of passage shall we fling *ope*." — *King John*, III. ii.  
"I'll break ope the gate." — *Comedy of Errors*, III. ii.

**And**, *an*, *if*, sign of conditional. So also below : "Nay and I tell you that." So Chaucer, C. T. 15,614 : "Ther is a conseil, *and* ye wol it here." — **I am promis'd forth.** As we say "I am engaged out. — **How-euer he puts on this tardie forme**, notwithstanding he puts on this appearance of slowness or dullness. It is to represent this character of Casca that Shakespeare puts Casca's speeches in prose, as if an inferior personage. — **Disgest**, digest. — **Think of the world**, think of what the world will judge of you. Cassius' whole appeal is to Brutus' sensibility to esteem. "Honor is the subject of his story."

**From that it is dispos'd**, from that to which it is disposed of itself. — **Cæsar doth beare me hard**, doth dislike me. So, II. i. : "Caius Ligarius doth beare Cæsar hard;" and III. i. : "If you beare me hard." — **He should not humor me.** The meaning is : "If Cæsar loved me as he does Brutus. Brutus should not control my humor or bent of mind, as I control or intend to control Brutus." — **In seuerall hands**, in several handwritings. To be connected in sense with the next verse.

SCENE III. **All the sway of earth**, all of earth that can sway or move. — **Vnfirm**, a Lat. stem with Eng. prefix. Its force differs from that of *infirm*. — **Exalted with**, exalted to a height even with. — **Tempest-dropping-fire.** These words, as originally joined by hyphens, give a far more energetic reading : "a fire dropping tempest," than the common text, "a tempest dropping fire." — **Any thing more wonderfull**, anything more that was wonderful. — **I ha' not since put vp my sword**, an adverbial clause modifying some such expres

sion understood as, so lately that I had not, etc.—**Glar'd**, in first editions *glazed*.—**Howting**, another spelling of *hooting*. See above, sc. ii.—**Reasons**, established modes or ways of operation, rules. Cf. Lat. *vitæ ratio*, plan of life; *mea ratio in dicendo*, my method in speaking; “*sæpe jam scribendi totum consilium rationemque mutavi*”; “I have often changed my whole plan and method of writing.”—

**They are portentous things  
Vnto the clymate,**

They are portentous to the region which they respect.—**Cleane**, adv. entirely. Cf. “Until all the people were passed *clean* over Jordan.” Josh. iii. 17. “The earth is *clean* dissolved.” Isa. xxiv, 19.—**Thunder-stone**, the stone supposed by the ancients to be hurled in the thunder; thunder-bolt.—**From qualitie and kinde**. In a different way from their natural disposition. *Quality* is used, in a more general import than is now common, to mean *character* generally. *Kind* was the old word signifying *nature*.—**Then thyselfe, or me**. The distinctions of case by inflection were broken down by the Danes, so that they were disregarded for slight reasons.—**Woe the while**, woe to the time.—**Gouern'd with our mothers spirits**. *With* was used to denote relation of agency as well as of instrumentality.—**My answere must be made**, I must answer.—**Flearing**, trifling. Probably connected with A.-S. *fleardian*, to trifle.—**Be factious for redresse of all these griefes**, be active to redress all these grievances.—**By this**, by this time; already.—**Element**, the sky.—**In fauor's**. In first edition, *Is favors*. *Favor* is here used in the sense of *appearance*, as elsewhere.—**Incorporate to our attempts**, united into our body for our undertakings.—**Stay'd for**, waited for. *Stay* used intransitively now forms *staid*, in the preterit.—**I am glad on't**. *On* was the proper prep. for expressing this relation.—**Pretors chayre**. Brutus had been made Prætor by Cæsar after the defeat of Pompey. Plutarch says that “the conspirators put billets night after night in the tribunal which he used as prætor, mostly in these terms, ‘Thou sleepest, Brutus;’ or, ‘Thou art not Brutus.’”—**Decius Brutus**. His proper name was Decimus Brutus. There was doubtless an error in transcribing. Shakespeare followed his immediate copy, North's translation. Appian, according to received editions at least, wrote the name Δέκιμος, leaving out the *i*. De Bell. Civ., II. cxi.—**Hie**. hasten; A.-S. *hig an*, to hasten, from *hige*, mind, spirit. The speech of Cinna, in this scene, *Yes you are*, is variously arranged by critics. The pronunciation gives no trouble. No one can mistake the intended rhythm. It is the division into verses for the eye that occasions the difficulty. There must be a broken verse; and the arrangement urged by Mr. Craik meets the demands of the rhythm better than the others that have been proposed. It is:—

“Yes you are.  
O Cassius, if you could  
But win the noble Brutus to our party.”

**ACT II. SCENE I. Orchard**, yard; A.-S. *ortgeard*, yard for herbs, a garden, hence any inclosure near the houses. Cf. A.-S. *wurt*, an herb.

**I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,  
But for the generall,**

I have no personal, but only public grounds against Cæsar.—**Spurne at**. *Spurn* is from the A.-S. verb *spurn an*, from the noun *spor* or *spura*, also *sporn*, a heel. To *spurn at* is to *heel at*, to *throw the heel at*, to *kick at*.—**That craues warie walking**. *That* may possibly be a relative like the same word in the preceding clause; or it may be the demonstrative, referring to *adder*; but it is more energetic to regard it as the demonstrative referring to the fact that *the bright day brings forth the adder*. The meaning then would be: Royalty brings the power and the dispo-

**sition** to harm ; that consideration should make me cautious about confiding in Cæsar's friendship when on the throne. — **Crowne him that.** A full punctuation would give *crown him, that.* The sense is: If we crown him, do that, suppose that, and then, etc. — **Danger,** harm. This was the earlier signification of the word, which comes from the Lat. *damnum*, loss, harm. It came to mean source of harm or power to harm. Cf. North's Plutarch: "He brought all the pyrates' ships that were in a fleet together within his danger." So Shakespeare, Merchant of Venice, IV. i. : "You stand within his danger." — **Remorse,** conscience. — **Affections,** passions. These two words are to be taken in a wider sense than recent use gives them. — **Prooffe,** experience. — **Base degrees.** Words from the French, literally meaning *low steps.* — **Least,** lest. See n. F. Q., I. i. 12. — **Preuent,** used here in the old meaning, *anticipate, be before him.* The language is that of deliberation, single words being used for full clauses. We may supply here, *we must.* — **Since the quarrell,** etc. Since anything that Cæsar is now will not justify or afford pretext for a quarrel. — **These, and these,** such and such. — **Kinde,** nature, by which the species is characterized. — **First of March.** This is the uniform reading of the old copies. Theobald in his edition, 1733, corrected to *Ides.* He also changed *fifteen* below to *fourteen.* — **The exhalations.** Plutarch speaks of various prodigies about the time of Cæsar's death: Meteors, strange noises at night, owls coming into the forum in full daylight, fiery shapes of men marching against each other in the air, victims offered in sacrifice found without hearts, etc. — **Brutus thou sleep'st.** These words, as repeated, are to be regarded as Brutus' repetition of them in his reflections upon the letter. — **The genius, and the mortall instruments,** the ruling power of the soul and the executive functions. — **Your brother Cassius.** Cassius had married Junia, Brutus' sister. — **Moe,** more. See Gloss. — **Any marke of fauor,** any feature of their countenance. — **Path.** Mr. Coleridge proposes to read here *put,* *path* having been misread for the old form *putte.* — **Fret,** A.-S. *fretan*, to gnaw. From this comes our word to *fret*, with its derivatives *fretful*, etc., used in reference to mental corrosions, and, also, in architecture, *fret-work*, A.-S. *fraetlu* and *fraetivu*, ornament.

**Which is a great way growing on the South,  
Weighing the youthfull season of the yeare.**

The point towards which he pointed his sword was far advanced upon the southern hemisphere, where, in the early season of the year, the sun should be expected to rise. — **The face of men,** the looks of men. — **Sufferance.** In passive sense, *the sufferings.* — **Time's abuse,** the abuse that characterizes the time. — **Idle bed,** that is to inaction, to his bed of rest where nothing is to be done. — **By lottery,** as his lot may appoint. The words imply not only that they would all fall under Cæsar's tyranny, but also that each man's fall would be all uncertain beforehand, so that it could not be foreseen and guarded against. — **Secret Romans,** Romans under obligations of secrecy. — **Palter.** Etymologists have not been agreed in regard to the origin of this word. Tooke and others think that together with *poltroon* it is derived from the Latin *pollice trunci.* But we have Dan. *palt* and *pialt* meaning *rag, old clothes.* *Palter* would thus signify *a dealer in rags*; hence, not unnaturally, a higgler in worthless things. To *palter*, used metaphorically, would mean to *play the higgler.* *Paltry* would seem to have the same origin. The passage in Macbeth, V. vii., sanctions this derivation: —

"And be these juggling fiends no more believed  
That *palter* with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear  
And break it to our hope." —

**Honesty,** honor. — **Cautelous,** cautious to excess. — **Euen,** steadfast. — **In-**

**suppressiue**, insuppressible. — **That or our cause, or our performance.** *Either* and *or* are originally the same word. Cf. Cowper's "Task," 805-6. See n. Mandeville, 13. — **Senerall**, in each person respectively. — **No whit**, not at all. The A.-S. *wiht*, creature both animate and inanimate, appears in two forms in English, *wight*, meaning animated creature; *whit*, inanimate creature or thing. — **Breake with**, break to, communicate with or to, as elsewhere: —

"If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it:  
And I will *break with* her, and with her father,  
And thou shalt have her." — *Much Ado about Nothing*, I. i.

**So**, in Two Gentlemen of Verona, III. i. : —

"Stay with me a while,  
I am to *break with* thee of some affairs."

**Onely**. The spelling of this word varies greatly. Wycliffe wrote *oonli*; Tyndale, *only*; King James' version, *onely*.

**Shrew'd**. Not a little labor has been expended on the etymology of this word. Various conjectures have been formed and much learning exhibited by critics in the discussion of its origin. The solution seems to have lain too near their feet and has been hence, perhaps, entirely overlooked. It has the same origin as *shrew*. Both are beyond all question from the A.-S. *screw*. A shrew is a *screw* metaphorically; a shrewd person is a *screwed* person. A shrew-mouse was in A.-S. *screawca*, a screw-thing. *Shrewedness* occurs everywhere in Chaucer in the sense of perverseness, moral distortion, or twistedness, if the word may be allowed; as, "In hir houses is iniquitee and *shrewedness*." *The Persones Tale*. The adjective *shrewd* is used by him in the same sense. "The backbiter wol turne all that goodnesse up so down (upside-down) to his *shrewde* entente." *Ibid*. It may be remarked that A.-S. words beginning with *sc* have in English changed those letters generally into *sh*, as *scal*, *scarp*, *scep*, *scine*, *scift*, have become respectively, *shall*, *sharp*, *sheep*, *shine*, *shrift*. This is the general rule. *Screw* is an exception; but it is pronounced *shrew* in some parts of England. The verb *bescrew*, presents no difficulty; as its proper meaning is, to declare one to be a shrew or treat one as such, that is, as perverse. This is its proper import; not, originally, to *curse*. — **Enuy**, malice, hatred. — **Enuious**, malicious. — **And that were much he should**, that he should do this would be much, — would be a great good. — **There is no feare in him**, no ground of fear. — **Whether**, here a monosyllable as often elsewhere. — **Quite from the maine opinion**, quite different from the predominant opinion. — **Fantasie**, same as *fancy*, but used in larger meaning. — **Ceremonies**, religious omens, as at sacrifices. — **Apparant prodigies**, appearing prodigies. — **The vnaccustomed terror**, the unusual frightfulness. *Terror*, ground of terror. Cf. *fear*, above. — **That vnicornes**, etc. Unicorns, it used to be said, were taken by getting their horns stuck in the trunk of a tree behind which the hunter would hide to elude their blows; bears by being dazzled by mirrors, and elephants by being driven or enticed into pits.

**By the eight houre**. As in answer to the question, At what hour? We say, *nine*; the phrase is, like many popular expressions, to be grammatically explained only by supposing an ellipsis; as, *by the hour we name eight*. It is not necessary to suppose Shakespeare wrote *eight*. It is not probable that he did. — **Is that the vttermost?** Is that the latest? — **Beare Cæsar hard**. See above, I. ii. — **Go along by him**, by his house. Cf. Fr. *chez lui*. — **Let not our lookes put on our purposes**, express our purposes. — **Hony-heavy-dew**. If this is the proper order of the words, the last hyphen should be omitted according to modern rules of punctuation. But we find in this first edition of Shakespeare, the hyphen written when the adjective is modified by a word with a hyphen, as *tem-*

**pest-dropping-fire**, I. iii. The meaning is, *dew honey-heavy* or *heavy with honey*. Holland says, "Plinie," xi. 12, "The pleasant and sweet liquor which we call *honia* is engendred naturally in the aire. About the day-breake betimes in the morning, the leaves of trees are found bedewed with *honnie*, and looke whosoever they are that have occasion to be abroad in the aire about the dawning of the morrow, they may evidently perceive their clothes wet with the clammie humour of *honie*." — **Wafter**, wafture. — **Humor**, mood of feeling. — **His houre**, its hour. — **Deare my Lord**. *My lord* should be taken as one word. Cf. Fr. *Monsieur*, *cher monsieur*, Ital. *caro milordo*. — **Physicall**, medicinal, restorative to health. — **Sicke offence**, cause of offense that occasions sickness. — **Charme**, adjure. *Charge* is suggested as the correct reading. — **In sort**, in a certain way; that is, not in every respect. — **And talke to you**, etc. *To you* should be read as *t'you*, in one syllable, and *in the*, as *i'th'*, also in one syllable.

**Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound  
Heere, in the thigh**

Plutarch says that Portia, to try whether she was proof against pain, gave herself a severe wound in the thigh, which brought on considerable fever. — **All the charractery of my sad browes**, all that is impressed on my brows. — **Kerchiefe**, contracted from Old Eng. *coverchief*, Old Fr. *couvrechief*, head-cover.

**As we are going,**

**To whom it must be done.**

There is an ellipsis here of "to those," to those to whom it must be done.

SCENE II. **Nor heauen, nor earth, haue beene at peace**. The plural form of the verb points to a plurality in the thought. It is as if it had been said, "Both heaven and earth have been at war." For the first *nor* instead of *neither*, see above on *or* — *or*. — **Murther**, the old spelling of *murder*; from A.-S. *myrthrian*, from *morth*, death. Cf. Lat. *mort*. But Chaucer writes *mordre*. — **Do present sacrifice**. *Do* was formerly used in a wider sense than now; as "The kyngdom of God shall be taken fro you and schal be goven to a folk *doing* fruytis of it." Wyc. Matthew xxi. 43. "Thei haue done hir vnderstonde." They have made her understand. Gower. — **Successe**, result. Similar use of the word occurs in *Othello*, Act III. iii.

"My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aim not at."

**Ceremonies**, superstitious omens. — **Right forme of warre**, regular array of battle. — **Drizel'd**, let fall in drops. Dim. or freq. from A.-S. *dreas*, a fall, or falling. Cf. *whittle*, from *hwita*, a sharpener, and *hwaet*, sharp; *trickle*, from *track*; *frizzle* from *friz*. — **Hurtled**, clashed. Cf. under Grimm's Law; A.-S. *hyrt*, a hurt, with Gr. *κπορέω* and *κπούω*, to strike. *Hurtle* should, etymologically, mean *strike frequently*. — **Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets**. So in *Hamlet*, I. i. : —

"The sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

The ed. of 1623 has *do shrieke*. For *shriek* cf. *screech*, *scream*, cry (*squall* and *waul*). Dan. *skrige* to cry, Gr. *γρῦ*. Chaucer has *shrigh*t, shrieked, C. T. 15,368. — **As to Cæsar**, as much as to Cæsar. — **Haue you to stirre forth**. The sign of the infinitive is usually omitted after *have*. — **They could not finde a heart within the beast**. Plutarch says: "It seems, from this instance, that fate is not so secret as it is inevitable. For we are told, there were strong signs and presages of the death of Cæsar. As to the lights in the heavens, the strange noises heard in various quarters by night, and the appearance of solitary birds in the forum, perhaps they deserve not our notice in so great an event as this. But some attention should be given to Strabo the philosopher. According to him, there were



seen in the air men of fire encountering each other ; such a flame appeared to issue from the hand of a soldier's servant, that all the spectators thought it must be burnt, yet, when it was over, he found no harm ; and one of the victims which Cæsar offered, was found without a heart. The latter was certainly a most alarming prodigy ; for, according to the rules of nature, no creature can exist without a heart. What is still more extraordinary, many report that a certain soothsayer forewarned him of a great danger which threatened him on the Ides of March, and that when the day was come, as he was going to the Senate house, he called to the soothsayer, and said, laughing, " The Ides of March are come ; " to which he answered, softly, " Yes, but they are not gone."

The evening before, he supped with Marcus Lepidus and signed, according to custom, a number of letters as he sat at table. While he was so employed, there arose a question, " What kind of death was the best ? " and Cæsar, answering before them all, cried out, " A sudden one." The same night, as he was in bed with his wife, the doors and windows of the room flew open at once. Disturbed both with the noise and the light, he observed, by moonshine, Calpurnia in a deep sleep, uttering broken words and inarticulate groans. She dreamed that she was weeping over him, as she held him murdered in her arms. Others say, she dreamed that the pinnacle was fallen, which, as Livy tells us, the Senate had ordered to be erected upon Cæsar's house, by way of ornament and distinction, and that it was the fall of it which she lamented and wept for. Be that as it may, next morning she conjured Cæsar not to go out that day, if he could possibly avoid it, but to adjourn the Senate ; and if he paid no regard to her dreams, to have recourse to some other species of divination or to sacrifices for information as to his fate. This gave him some suspicion and alarm ; for he had never known before in Calpurnia anything of the weakness or superstition of her sex, though she was now so much affected." — **Do this in shame of cowardice**, in shaming cowardice ; that is, for the purpose of shaming cowardice. The preposition *in* is thus used to express purpose, as is the participle. — **Cæsar should be**. *Should* is used instead of *would*, as importing something of necessity in the consequence. *Shall* and *will*, as *should* and *would*, are confounded in some provincial usages. But that Shakespeare was familiar with the distinction which is now recognized in good use is apparent from his *Coriolanus*, III. i. : —

" Shall remain !

Hear you this Triton of the minnows ? Mark you  
His absolute shall ?"

Immediately after, in " Cæsar shall go forth," the same force is to be seen. *Will* here would be weak.

**Danger knowes full well**

**That Cæsar is more dangerous then he.**

A bold but most happy hyperbole. — **We are two lions**. The early editions have *heare*. — **Afear'd**. This is the passive participle from the A.-S. *afæran*, to make to fear, to frighten, from the intransitive verb *færan*, to fear, and the causative particle *a* ; as *laenian*, to be lean ; *a-laenian*, to make lean. — **Fortunate**. In the active sense, assuring fortune. — **Apt to be render'd**, to be thrown back. — **Proceeding**, advancement. — **Liable**, subject. — **Earely**, early ; A.-S. *aerlice* ; Wyc. *eerli* ; Chaucer, *erly* ; Gower, *erely* and *ereliche*. — **A clocke**, on clock, o'clock. The A.-S. prep. was written *an* and *on*, and also *a*. — **That euery like is not the same**, everything like or similar is not the same ; partial is not total sameness. The allusion is to Cæsar's expression, *like friends*. Brutus says he yearns to think that they who are like friends in tasting wine and going together



with Cæsar are not really friends. — **Earnes**, yearns; A.-S. *earnian*, to earn, to labor for, pronounced *yarnian*.

SCENE III. **Security giues way**, prepares or opens the way, leads. — **Sutor**, petitioner. The *i* in *sutor* is orthographic. The stem *su-* is from Lat. *sequi*, Old Fr. *seure* and *sieure*.

SCENE IV. **Get thee gone**. *Get* may on plausible grounds be reckoned an auxiliary, like *let*. Cf. Dan. *faar*, as *faar skrevet*, get (shall have) written. — **Constancie**, firmness. — **Keepe counsell**, keep what has been confided in counseling. — **Sickly**, somewhat sick; adj. modifying predicate relatively to subject abstractly. See "Art of Compositon," § 199. — **Bussling**, bustling, a phonetic spelling. — **Sooth**, truth, truly. — **Bin**, phonetic spelling of *been*.

ACT III. SCENE I. **Flourish**, sound of trumpets. — **Ore-read**, read over. — **He is addrest**, he is prepared. So K. Henry, IV. iv.: "Our navy is addrest." — **Couchings**, corrected reading of *crouchings*. — **Lane**, corrected text, *law*. — **Fond**, silly, foolish. A common use of the word formerly. See n. F. Q., I. ix. 39. — **Such** is used as correlative with *that*, as before, *that* with *as*, I. ii. — **Rebell blood**, base blood, or blood that is not true to Cæsar himself. The meaning of the whole passage is: Be not so foolish as to think that Cæsar has a disposition so faithless to himself as to be moved away from its proper condition by considerations that fools are moved by. — **Doest**. See n. I. i. — **Repealing**, recall, from the French *rappeler*, to recall. So *repeale*, a little farther on. — **His**, the old neuter possessive. — **Apprehensieue**, intelligent. — **Holds on his ranke**, maintains his position. — **Vnshak'd of motion**, unshaken by any motion. — **Ambitions debt is paid**, the debt ambition owes.

**The Pulpit**. The pulpit here intended was that in the Forum, which was an elevated platform, called *Rostra*, from the beaks of ships taken as trophies in a naval engagement. It was used by orators in addressing the people. The stage in theaters, back of the orchestra, and used by the actors, was also called the pulpit. — **Abide this deede**, be responsible for this deed. — **Pompeyes basis**, base of Pompey's statue, where the assassination took place. Although Shakespeare everywhere represents the transaction as taking place at the Capitol, it really occurred in Pompey's theater. — **Lye along**, corrected reading, *lies along*. — **Honest**, honorable, the old sense. — **Be resolu'd**, be released from his doubts. So also, further on, III. ii., "to be resolved if Brutus so unkindly knocked or no." — **So please him come**, if it please him to come. See I. ii. The old form of the English infinitive had no preposition *to* with it; and the inf. is the proper subject of *please*, — *if come please him*. — **To friend**, for friend.

#### My misgiuing still

#### Falles shrewdly to the purpose,

My misgiving tends sagaciously to its object — has a wise reference to its aim. — **Must be let blood**; a passive form, as it were, of *to let blood*. — **I do beseech yee**. *Ye* was, as it is now, the nominative of the second person plural pronoun. It came into use as an objective with the general obliteration of inflections in the language consequent on the invasion and occupation of England by the Danes. For the vulgar *yer* for you, cf. Dan. objective case *jer* (*yer*). — **Liue a thousand yeeres**, if I live, etc. — **As fire driues out fire**. This image is elsewhere found in Shakespeare; as Rom. and Jul., I. ii.: "One fire burns out another's burning." So Cor., IV. vii.: "One fire burns out one fire;" and Two Gentlemen of Verona, II. iv.: "Even as one heat another heat expels." — **In strength of malice**. The text is supposed to be corrupt here. Mr. Collier proposed to read "strength of welcome." — **Last, not least**. Cf. Spenser's "Colin Clouts com, Home againe," ver. 444: "And there though last not least is action." — **Greene thee deerer then thy death**. *Dearer*, as here

used, is supposed to be derived from the A.-S. *derian*, to harm, to injure, and here means, therefore, *worse*. It is now obsolete in this sense. — **Bay'd**, brought to a bay; that is, brought to the condition in which the hart is when made to stand and face its pursuers. *Bay* means originally to *bark*; then particularly to bark when pursuit is over, and the dogs fear to attack, and stand off and bark. Instances in abundance in our old writers show this use of the word. Thus in Lord Berners' translation of Froissart (1523-1525), we find: "The dogge would baye." So Fabyan (died 1512) speaks of bringing a hart "to a bay;" and then speaks of the dogs standing and "baying." In like manner, Drayton: "He like a lion keeps them all at bay." Johnson: "As mongrels bay the lion in a cage." The image seems to have been suggested by Plutarch, who says: "Whatever way he turned, he saw nothing but steel gleaming in his face, and met nothing but wounds. Like some savage beast attacked by the hunters, he found every hand lifted against him." — **Sign'd in thy spoyle**, marked in that which is taken violently from thee. — **Lethee**, probable misprint for *lethe*. Mr. Steevens says: "*Lethe* is used by many of the old translators of novels for death." He gives, however, no unequivocal instance. *Lethe* is not an unnatural derivation from the Latin *lethum*, death. It is here a metonymy of the cause for the effect. — **Prick'd**, a figure taken from marking persons by a puncture against their names. — **Or else were this a sauage spectacle**. The imperfect plural used for the conditional mood in the singular. — **Good regard**, what may be well or favorably regarded. *Regard* is used in a passive instead of its usual active sense. — **Produce his body to the market place**, conduct forth his body, etc. — **Order**, ordered procedure. — **Funerall**, funeral ceremony. — **I know not what may fall**, I am in doubt what may result from this. — **Tide of times**, the regular flow of seasons. — **Quartered with**. *With* is here, as frequently elsewhere, equivalent to *by*. It is now less used in connection with instrumentality. — **Ate**, the Grecian goddess Revenge or Curse. The frequent naming of this Grecian deity suggests a greater familiarity with Greek literature on the part of Shakespeare than is generally supposed. — **Dogges of Warre**.

"And, at his heels,  
Leashed in, like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire  
Crouch for employment."—*King Henry V.* Chorus, Act I.

Malone, in commenting on this passage, cites the following from Hall's Chronicle: "The Goddess of war, called Bellona, . . . hath these three handmaids ever of necessity attending on her; Blood, Fire, and Famine." — **Octavius Cæsar**. He was the son of Caius Octavius and Julia, sister of C. Julius Cæsar. On his adoption by his uncle, as was customary among the Romans, he assumed the first names of his adoptive father, Caius Julius Cæsar, and the other or gentile name, Octavius, he changed to Octavianus. He was however generally called Octavius in history. — **From**, corrected reading, *for*. — **The which**. It was once not uncommon to write the definite article *the* before the relative *which*, as was usual in A.-S.

SCENE II. **Publike reasons**, reasons of a public nature, as opposed to personal grounds, such as resentment, envy, or the like. — **Rendred**, here as below, should, to meet the demands of the rhythm, be regarded as trisyllabic. — **Is ascended**, belongs with such forms as *is become*, *is gone*, *is escaped*, *is fled*, *is dead*. — **Censure**, judge. So 2 Part Hen. VI., I. iii. :—

"Madam, the King is old enough himself  
To give his censure."

Also in Hamlet, I. iii. :—

"Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."

**Had you rather**. See n. Versions 7; also J. C., I. iii. — **The question of**

**his death**, the matter of his death, so far as calling for investigation. — **Offences enforc'd**, pressed unduly. — **Do grace to Cæsars corpes, and grace his speech**. *Grace* is here used in the sense of courtesy or honor — a more general sense than the word now bears. — **Beholding**, beholden, under obligation. This form of the word was once very common. It is in all probability, but the common use of the active part. in a reflexive sense — beholding myself. The prefix *be*, in A.-S. was like *ge*, intensive, and the two are often interchanged. Cf. A.-S. *behealdan* and *gehealdan*, to observe, to consider. Sometimes one prefix is used, sometimes the other; sometimes both with the same meaning, as is often and naturally the case with modifications. — **Greuous**, Old Fr. *grevous*, Lat. *gravis*. The spelling with *i* was not established till later; yet we find *griefful* in Spenser, F. Q., VI. viii. 9. — **Will deere abide it**. See n. on *dearer*, sc. i. — **Maisters**, Old Fr. *maistre*, Lat. *magister*. — **Napkins**, formerly meaning handkerchief, as here. In *Othello*, III. iii., *napkin* is used to denote the same thing as *handkerchief*. The word is dim. of *nappe*, Fr. from Lat. *mappa*, a cloth, a napkin. — **He ouercame the Neruy**. The Nervii were a warlike tribe, who occupied the greater part of modern Flanders and Hainault. They attacked Cæsar unexpectedly with a force of sixty thousand. At the first shock, they routed his cavalry. They succeeded, also, in surrounding two legions and slaying all the officers. Had not Cæsar by rushing himself into the thickest of the fight inspired by his own audacity a desperate valor in his troops, not a Roman would have escaped. As it was, the Nervians fought most obstinately. There were saved of their sixty thousand only five hundred; and out of four hundred of their senators only three escaped. See Plutarch, J. Cæsar, § 23. — **To be resolu'd**. See note, sc. i. — **Dint**, force; A.-S. *dynt*, a blow. — **Griefs**, grievances. — **Wit**, in first ed. *writ*. — **Dum**, dumb; A.-S. *dumb*. Cf. Dan. *dum*; A.-S. *dumnys*, dumbness; *dome* and *domme*. Tyndale and Geneva Versions, note 9. — **Seuenty five drachmaes**. Appian says Cæsar left to each man then in the city five and seventy Attic drachmas; Suetonius says three hundred sesterces. The value is thirteen or fourteen dollars of our money. Plutarch does not in his life of Cæsar mention the amount, nor speak of the gardens given to the people, as do both Appian and Suetonius. — **He comes vpon a wish**, he comes upon my mere wish. — **Cinna**. Plutarch says: "One Cinna, a friend of Cæsar's, dreamed the night preceding that Cæsar invited him to supper and on his refusing to go, caught him by the hand and drew him along in spite of his resistance; and that on the next day, on his coming up to attend the funeral rites, one of the populace asked 'who that was?' and having learned his name told it his next neighbor. A report immediately spread through the whole company that it was one of Cæsar's murderers; and, indeed, one of the conspirators was named Cinna. The multitude, taking this for the man, fell upon him and tore him to pieces upon the spot." — **Charge**, burden, oppress — **Whether**, whither. — **You were best**, it were best for you. — **You'l beare me a bang for that**, you'll suffer a bang for that on my account. Or if an old use of *me* in the sense of *self*, as noticed in n. I. ii., be accepted as having crept into colloquial discourse and been preserved in some familiar phrases, the meaning will be: You yourself shall bear a bang. — **Plucke but his name out**. The meaning is: If his heart is right and only his name is wrong, do nothing but pluck the name out of his heart; pluck away all that expresses Cinna — his body, from the heart and let him go.

ACT IV. SCENE I. The conference between Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, actually took place, according to Plutarch, on a small island in the Rhine, and lasted three days. — **Are pricked**. See note III. i.

Vpon condition Publius shall not liue

Who is your sisters sonne, Marke Antony.

Antony's uncle, the brother of his mother, was the man who was thus placed on the

list of the proscribed. His name was Lucius Cæsar. — **Vnmeritable**, used here in an active sense, undeserving. — **In some taste**, in some slight degree. — **Stal'de**, staled, treated as insipid, worthless. — **Listen great things**. *Listen* formerly was followed by a passive object. Thus Spenser: "Which she long listening." *F* Q., IV. viii. — **Surest answered**, surest met. — **Bayed**. See note III. i.

SCENE II. In his owne change, by a change in himself. — **Regard** that which merits regard.

#### A word Lucillius

#### How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.

Such is the punctuation in the first edition. — **Instances**, approaches. — **Hot at hand**, mettlesome, when simply led or urged by reins in hand. — **Fall**, let fall. Shakespeare frequently uses this word as a causative or factitive. Thus, *Com. of Errors*, II. ii.: "As easy mayst thou *fall* a drop of water in the breaking gulf;" also, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i.: "And as she fled, her mantle she did *fall*," and, *Othello* IV. i.: "Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile." — **Sardis**, a city in Lydia in Asia Minor. **Be content**, be moderate; contain yourself. — **Lucius**. The first edition had *Lucilius* here and *Lucius* the next line but one below.

SCENE III. On his side, on his behalf. The second folio edition is followed in these two verses; the first being evidently wrong. — **Slighted off**, slighted of, that is, made a slighted thing of; a somewhat stronger expression than *slighted* alone. *Of* and *off* are in origin the same word. It was spelled, both as prep. and as adv., in both ways, *of* and *off*. The progress of the language, as in so many other like cases, has set apart different spellings for the different uses. We have examples of the old spelling with the doubled letter at the end of a word being continued, when the word stands at the end of a sentence after it had been changed elsewhere. Thus below, *go too for go to*. — **His comment**, its criticism, a criticism to which it might be subject. *His* is old neut. possessive. — **Are much condemn'd**, are much blamed, or charged. — **To sell and mart**. These verbs have the same grammatical regimen as *to have*, being objects of *condemned*. The construction is like *said to have*, *to sell*, etc. — **Mart**, a contraction of *market*. Cf. *Dan. marked*, *Ger. markt*; Old *Ger. marcat*; *Lat. mercatus*. — **Palme**, object of *have* understood. — **Hide his head**. *His*, the old genitive of the neuter pronoun referring here to *chastisement*. — **Bru-tus, baite you me**. If *bait* be the correct reading, there is a play upon the previous word *bay*. It is proposed by critics to read here, also, *bay*. But *bait* is better. It means to *assail* as a beast of chase by baying dogs; make me not a bayed animal. Besides, there is the play of words as already noted. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, III. ii.: "Who late hath beat her husband and now baits me." — **I am a souldier, I**. This last *I* may be the first per. pron. or the interjection *aye*. — **Haue mind vpon your health**, have regard to your safety. — **Slight man**, weak man, not to be regarded. — **Bouge**, budge. Cf. *Fr. bouger*, to stir. — **Observe you**, watch and wait on your motions. — **To wring**, infin. object of *had*. — **Indirection**, any crooked, that is, wrong procedure. — **Rascall**, base, despicable; A.-S. *rascal*, a scaly or worthless deer, from *ra*, a doe, and *scale*, a shell, a scale. — **Dash him to peeces**. *Dash* is the infin. and object of *ready*. — **A-weary**. Prof. Gibbs, in his learned work on Teutonic Etymology, has carefully analyzed the uses of *a* as a prefix. (I.) As equivalent to *co* or *con*. (1.) To verbs, as *abide*, *affright*, *arise*, *arouse*, *awake*. Its force here seems to be intensive or causative. (2.) To past participles, as *adrift*, *afloat*, *aghost*, *agone*, etc. (3.) To adjectives, as *afoul*, *ahungry*, *awearry*. Here the force is the same as before verbs. (II.) For the A.-S. preposition *an* or *on*, on, in; as *across*, *abreast*. (III.) For the indefinite article, as *a-piece*. (IV.) For Latin *ad*, *Fr. d*, as *abase*, *adieu*. (V.) For Latin *a* or *ab*, as *avert*. (VI.) For Latin *e* or *ex* through the French, as *amend*. (VII.) For the Greek privative, as *atheist*, *anarchy*. — **Con'd**. *Conned* is past part. of A.-S. *cunnian*, to prove, to try, search into. — **Roate**, wheel, hence routine, endless repetition; *Lat. rota*. —

**Deerer**, more precious. — **Pluto**, *Plutus*. — **If that thou bee'st**. We have here the conjunction *that* after the hypothetical particle *if*. This was more common formerly. *Beest* is for the second pers. sing. pres. indic. *bist*. Cf. Milton, P. L., I. i "If thou beest he." — **Yū**, thou. The *th* was represented by a character resembling the *y*. — **Dishonor shall be humour**, your insult shall be sport to me. — **Enter a Poet**. Plutarch relates that Marcus Favonius forced himself into the tent. As soon as he entered, he cried out in the words of Nestor, in the First Book of the Iliad, as translated by North : —

"My Lords, I pray you hearken both to me ;  
For I have seen more years than such ye three."

**Vildely**, vilely. — **Iigging**, jig-making, that is, making low poetry. Thus Malone renders "*jigging fools*," silly poets. — **Companion**, fellow, used contemptuously. — **Impatient of my absence, and greefe**. The construction is : The sickness was from being impatient of my absence and from grief, etc. This passage just indicates a depth and strength of emotion to which the awakened imagination sees no limit. — **Tydings**. This word, now used only with a plural termination, but formerly used in the singular, is derived from the A.-S. verb, *tid-an*, to happen. It is sometimes used with a plural adjective or verb, as afterwards, V. iv., *these tidings*. — **Distract**, distracted ; *distraught* is still another form once in use. F. Q., I. ix. 38. — **Tenure**, tenor. — **Me thinkes**, now written as one word. It is compounded of the old dative *me* and the impersonal verb *thinks*. In the earlier stages of the language, *it* was not necessary with an impersonal verb. — **With meditating**, etc, by meditating that she must die at one time or another. — **In art**, so far as training is concerned ; in instructed reason. It is opposed to *nature* in the next verse. — **To our worke aline**, to our living work. — **Niggard**, treat sparingly. — **Knaue**. This word originally meant simply *boy*, like the German *knabe*. — **Betimes**, compound of old prep. *be* or *bi*, and *times*.

ACT V. SCENE I. **Battailles**, forces, lines of battle. Just below we find *battell* used in the sense of conflict, and further on *battaile* again in the sense of line of battle. It would seem that it was designed by the spelling to meet the distinction of meanings. — **Warne**. The word is here used in a more general sense, as equivalent to *summon*. — **I am in their bosomes**, I know their secret thoughts. — **Fearefull brauery**, timid show of bravery. — **Thinking by this face**, thinking by this show. — **I will do so**, I will by greater energy in assault cross you — a play upon the word *cross*. — **Signe**, signal. — **Make forth**, move forward ; that is, for the parley with the opposing generals.

**The posture of your blowes are yet unknowne**. Certainly an ungrammatical expression, if the text is correct. The meaning is : The place of your blows is yet unknown. — **Teethes**. The later editions read *teeth*. — **The prooffe of it**, the determination of the question by the sword. — **Straine**, race, family. So Spenser, F. Q., IV. viii. 33 : "Sprung of the ancient stock of princes' straine." Also, V. ix. 32 : —

"And Sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly strene."

And Beaumont and Fletcher, "Custom of the Country," Act I. sc. i : —

"Not knowing from what place  
Or honorable strain of blood he is sprung."

**Former ensigne**, more advanced ensign. — **Rests**, sing. verb, with plural subject, as above. — **Preuent the term of life**, anticipate the end of life. — **To stay the prouidence**, to await the forecast appointment. — **Some**. It is suggested that we should read *those*. — **Thorow**, through. See n. C. T. 2.

SCENE II. **Bills**, billets or notes. "In the mean time Brutus, that led the right wing sent little *bills* to the colonels," etc. *North's Plutarch*.



**SCENE III. Ensigne**, standard-bearer. — **Is run**. See *n.* on *is ascended*, III li. — **Some light**, some alight. — **Tane**, ta'en for *taken*. — **Sauing of thy life**. We may, in the grammatical analysis of this phrase, take *saving* to be a noun and understand *at the saving*, etc. But the pres. part. in looser expression is sometimes followed by the prep. *of*, denoting the relation of object to the action expressed by the part. — **Hilts**, plu. of *hilt*; A.-S. *hilt*, a handle. — **Change**, exchange of defeat on one side for defeat on the other — in different parts of the general battle. — **To night**, to the darkness of night. — **Mistrust**, misapprehension; on mistake of the result of my movement. — **Where**, whether, as before. See I. i. — **Mo**, more. See II. i. — **Tharsus**, misprint for *Thassos*, an island near the shore of Thrace, a short distance from Philippi. — **Funerals**. Cf. Lat. *funera*; and Mod. Eng. *nuptials*. — **Three a clocke**. See *n.* I. ii.

**SCENE IV. Or alius or dead**. See *n.* Mandeville, 13.

**SCENE V. Sit thee down**. *Thee* may be taken as specifying object after the intrans. verb, or it may be supposed with some plausibility to be used for the noun *thou* and subject of *sit*; a use introduced at the era of the language when inflectional distinctions were disregarded. Cf. *fare thee well*; *hark'ee* for *hark thee*. — **Prethee**, prithe, for pray thee. — **Smatch**, smack. — **And common good**. Received reading, *of common good*. — **Field**, the forces in the field. — **Part the glories**, apportion the glories.

## 8. JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674.

JOHN MILTON was born in London, December 9, 1608, and died there November 8, 1674. He was trained under a Puritan discipline, and with the best educational advantages. He was especially instructed in the science and art of music. At 16 he entered Christ's College, Cambridge. After taking his degrees in 1632, he spent five years "in a ceaseless round of study and reading," remarking in those memorable words: "*He cared not how late he came into life, only that he came fit.*" In this period he wrote his "Sonnet to the Nightingale," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," the masques of "Arcades" and "Comus," and the elegy of "Lycidas." In 1638 he made his tour on the continent, returning after an absence of fifteen months. He now took up his residence in London, and devoted himself to studying and to teaching his two nephews and a few others, sons of intimate friends. In 1641 he entered into the political controversies of the times, and wrote in masterpieces of prose his defenses of civil and religious liberty. He married in 1643, Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, of Forest Hill in Oxfordshire. After a month's residence with him in London, she left him and went back to her father's house. A reconciliation was effected, and she returned to London in 1645. After the execution of King Charles, January 30, 1649, he was offered the position of foreign secretary under the Commonwealth. After the Restoration, he was obliged to live for a time in concealment. His wife having died in 1652 or 1653, he married a second time in 1656; but his wife lived but fifteen months; and after eight years he married his third wife. His sight had been failing for several years, till before 1653 he became completely blind. The "Paradise Lost," the great ambition as the great achievement of his life, was completed, and the "Paradise Regained" commenced at Chalfont, whither he had retired from the plague in London in 1665. His "Samson Agonistes" was published with the "Paradise Regained," in 1671.

The "Samson Agonistes" is selected as on the whole best suited to the wants of a student of English Literature. It is from the first complete edition of Milton's works by Bishop Newton in 1749, but printed directly from the excellent reprint of that edition "by John Baskerville for J. & R. Tonson, in London, 1753." Baskerville, in his preface, claims to have "followed with exactness the Text of *Dr. Newton*," and speaks of "the extraordinary care and expense" bestowed upon his re-



**prints.** The best style of punctuation, capitalizing, and spelling of the middle of the eighteenth century may accordingly be expected in this reprint. The selection itself, while it presents a complete product of the poet's genius, and is worthy to stand side by side with the immortal "Paradise Lost," bearing the characteristics of that great work, has the further consideration in its favor, that, being strictly modeled after the Grecian drama, it affords the opportunity to the student of comparing the Classical with the Romantic type of dramatic art, and of obtaining distinct notions of their respective peculiarities. If no other reason, the length of the "Paradise Lost" would forbid its insertion. But no student will fail, in his advancing course, to study this towering monument of English literary art, of which the great Scotch critic, Professor Wilson, has thus pronounced: "To this conclusion must we come at last, that in the English language there is but one Great Poem. What! Not Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth? *Paradise Lost.*" Should a class be able to command several hours for reading together, the following selections will guide them to some notion of the design and conduct of this poem, its characteristic qualities, and also to the finest passages in it. Book I. vv. 1 to 375, the opening of the poem; vv. 615 to 798, the assembly of the fallen spirits in Pandemonium; Book II. the council, vv. 1 to 505; Satan's flight, 629 to 726; 871 to 1055; Book III. 1 to 55, Apostrophe to Light; Book IV. 32 to 113, Satan's soliloquy; 598 to 735, the Evening Hymn; 781 to 1015, Satan's encounter with the angelic guards; Book V. 1 to 210, the Morning Hymn; Book XI. 191 to 292, the sentence of expulsion from Paradise and Eve's Lament; Book XII. 466 to 649, Adam's joy over the promise of Redemption, and the departure from Paradise. Book VI. contains Raphael's narration to Adam of the battle of Satan and his angels, and their defeat and punishment. Verses 609 to 627 are fine instances of sarcasm and play on words. Book IX. recounts the temptation and the fall.

## SAMSON AGONISTES,

## A DRAMATIC POEM.

*The Author JOHN MILTON.*

Aristot. Poet. Chap. 6.

*Tragoedia mimesis praxeos Spondaias, etc.*

**Tragoedia** est imitatio actionis seriae, etc, per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

*Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is call'd Tragedy.*

**TRAGEDY**, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in physis, things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. XV. 33, and Paræus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguish'd each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have labor'd not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honor Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but unable

to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is intitled *Christ suffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; hap'ning through the poets error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defense or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistl'd; that chorus is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modeling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse us'd in the chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epod, which were a kind of stanza's fram'd only for the music, then us'd with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanza's or pauses, they may be call'd Allæostrophæ. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produc'd beyond the fifth act. Of the stile and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such œconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequal'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavor to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty four hours.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labor as in a common work-house, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labor, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavors the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclam'd by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavor with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him: the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

## THE PERSONS.

SAMSON. HARAPHA of Gath.

MANOAH, the Father of Samson. Public Officer.

DALILA, his Wife. Messenger.

*Chorus of Danites.**The SCENE before the prison in Gaza.*

## SAMSON AGONISTES.

*Sams.* A little onward lend thy guiding hand  
 To these dark steps, a little further on ;  
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade :  
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
 Daily' in the common prison else enjoin'd me,  
 Where I a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
 The air imprison'd also, close and damp,  
 Unwholesome draught : but here I feel amends,  
 The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,  
 With day-spring born ; here leave me to respire.  
 This day a solemn feast the people hold  
 To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid  
 Laborious works ; unwillingly this rest  
 Their superstition yields me ; hence with leave  
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
 From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm  
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,  
 But rush upon me thronging, and present  
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
 O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold  
 Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight  
 Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
 From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,  
 As in a fiery column charioting  
 His god-like presence, and from some great act  
 Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race ?  
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd  
 As of a person separate to God,  
 Design'd for great exploits ; if I must die  
 Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,  
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze ;

To grind in brazen fetters under task  
 With this Heav'n-gifted strength ? O glorious strength  
 Put to the labor of a beast, debas'd  
 Lower than bondslave ! Promise was that I  
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver ;  
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke :  
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
 Divine prediction ; what if all foretold  
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,  
 Whom have I to complain of but myself ?  
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me.  
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,  
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
 O'ercome with importunity and tears.  
 O impotence of mind, in body strong !  
 But what is strength without a double share  
 Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command !  
 God, when he gave me strength, to show withal  
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will  
 Of highest dispensation, which herein  
 Haply had ends above my reach to know ;  
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
 And proves the source of all my miseries ;  
 So many, and so huge, that each apart  
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,  
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !  
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
 Dungeon, or beggery, or decrepit age !  
 Light the prime work of God to me' is extinct,  
 And all her various objects of delight  
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,  
 Inferior to the vilest now become  
 Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me,  
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd

35

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To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,  
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
 In pow'r of others, never in my own ;  
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80  
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
 Without all hope of day !  
 O first created Beam, and thou great Word,  
 Let there be light, and light was over all ;  
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree ? 85  
 The sun to me is dark  
 And silent as the moon,  
 When she deserts the night  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
 Since light so necessary is to life, 90  
 And almost light itself, if it be true  
 That light is in the soul,  
 She all in every part ; why was the sight  
 To such a tender ball as th'eye confin'd,  
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ? 95  
 And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,  
 That she might look at will through every pore ?  
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,  
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,  
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100  
 And bury'd ; but O yet more miserable !  
 Myself, my sepulchre, a moving grave,  
 Bury'd, yet not exempt  
 By privilege of death and burial  
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs, 105  
 But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity  
 Among inhuman foes  
 But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear 110  
 Th' tread of many feet steering this way ;  
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare  
 At my affliction, and perhaps t'insult,  
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.  
*Chor.* This, this is he ; softly a while, 115  
 Let us not break in upon him ;

O change beyond report, thought, or belief !  
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,  
 With languish'd head unpropt,  
 As one past hope, abandon'd, 120  
 And by himself given over ;  
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
 O'er-worn and soil'd ;  
 Or do my eyes misrepresent ? . Can this be he,  
 That heroic, that renown'd, 125  
 Irresistible Samson ? whom unarm'd  
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could withstand ;  
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,  
 Ran on imbattel'd armies clad in iron,  
 And weaponless himself, 130  
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,  
 Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail  
 Adamantean proof ;  
 But safest he who stood aloof, 135  
 When insupportably his foot advanc'd,  
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools  
 Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite  
 Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd  
 Their plated backs under his heel : 140  
 Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.  
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flow'r of Palestine,  
 In Ramath-lechi famous to this day. 145  
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore  
 The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,  
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so ;  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven. 150  
 Which shall I first bewail,  
 Thy bondage or lost sight,  
 Prison within prison  
 Inseparably dark ?  
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !)  
 The dungeon of thyself ; thy soul 155  
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)



Imprison'd now indeed,  
 In real darkness of the body dwells, 160  
 Shut up from outward light  
 T'incorporate with gloomy night ;  
 For inward light alas  
 Puts forth no visual beam.

O mirror of our fickle state,  
 Since man on earth unparallel'd ! 165  
 The rarer thy example stands,  
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,  
 Strongest of mortal men,  
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.  
 For him I reckon not in high estate 170  
 Whom long descent of birth  
 Or the sphere of fortune raises :

But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,  
 Might have subdued the earth,  
 Universally crown'd with highest praises. 175

*Sams.* I hear the sound of words, their sense the air  
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

*Chor.* He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,  
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief ;  
 We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown 180  
 From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale  
 To visit or bewail thee, or if better,  
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,  
 Salve to thy sores ; apt words have pow'r to swage  
 The tumors of a troubled mind, 185  
 And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

*Sams.* Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I learn  
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,  
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
 Bear in their superscription, (of the most 190  
 I would be understood) in prosp'rous days  
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,  
 Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O Friends,  
 How many evils have inclos'd me round ;  
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me, 195  
 Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,  
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
 Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd

My vessel trusted to me from above,  
 Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear, 200  
 Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God  
 To a deceitful woman? tell me, Friends,  
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool  
 In every street? do they not say, how well  
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why? 205  
 Immeasurable strength they might behold  
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;  
 This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,  
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

*Chor.* Tax not divine disposal; wisest men 210  
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd.  
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.  
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,  
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;  
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder 215  
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather  
 Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,  
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

*Sams.* The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd 220  
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed  
 The daughter of an infidel: they knew not  
 That what I motion'd was of God; I knew  
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd  
 The marriage on; that by occasion hence 225  
 I might begin Israel's deliverance,  
 The work to which I was divinely call'd.  
 She proving false, the next I took to wife  
 (O that I never had! fond wish too late,)  
 Was in the vale of Sorac, Dalila,  
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare. 230  
 I thought it lawful from my former act,  
 And the same end; still watching to oppress  
 Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer  
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,  
 Who vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!) 235  
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

*Chor.* In seeking just occasion to provoke  
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,  
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:  
 Yet Israel still serves with all his sons. 240

*Sams.* That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
 On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,  
 Who seeing those great acts, which God had done  
 Singly by me against their conquerors,  
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd 245  
 Deliverance offer'd: I on th'other side  
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,  
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer ;  
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem  
 To count them things worth notice, till at length 250  
 Their lords the Philistines with gather'd pow'rs  
 Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then  
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,  
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place  
 To set upon them, what advantag'd best : 255  
 Mean while the men of Judah, to prevent  
 The harrass of their land, beset me round ;  
 I willingly on some conditions came  
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me  
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey, 260  
 Bound with two cords ; but cords to me were threads  
 Touch'd with the flame : on their whole host I flew  
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
 Their choicest youth ; they only liv'd who fled.  
 Had Judah that day joined, or one whole tribe, 265  
 They had by this possess'd the tow'rs of Gath,  
 And lorded over them whom now they serve :  
 But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,  
 And by their vices brought to servitude,  
 Than to love bondage more than liberty, 270  
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty ;  
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect  
 Whom God hath of his special favor rais'd  
 As their deliverer ; if he ought begin,  
 How frequent to desert him, and at last 275  
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?  
*Chor.* Thy words to my remembrance bring  
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel  
 Their great deliverer contemn'd,  
 The matchless Gideon in pursuit 280  
 Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings :

And how ingrateful Ephraim  
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,  
 Not worse than by his shield and spear,  
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,  
 Had not his prowess quell'd their pride  
 In that sore battel, when so many dy'd  
 Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,  
 For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

293

*Sams.* Of such examples add me to the roll,  
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
 But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

296

*Chor.* Just are the ways of God,  
 And justifiable to men ;  
 Unless there be who think not God at all :  
 If any be, they walk obscure ;  
 For of such doctrin never was there school,  
 But the heart of the fool,  
 And no man therein doctor but himself.

295

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,  
 As to his own edicts found contradicting,  
 Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,  
 Regardless of his glory's diminution ;  
 Till by their own perplexities involv'd  
 They ravel more, still less resolv'd,  
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

300

305

As if they would confine th'Interminable,  
 And tie him to his own prescript,  
 Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,  
 And hath full right t'exempt  
 Whom so it pleases him by choice  
 From national obstriction, without taint  
 Of sin, or legal debt ;  
 For with his own laws he can best dispense.

310

He would not else who never wanted means,  
 Nor in respect of th'enemy just cause  
 To set his people free,  
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,  
 Against his vow of strictest purity,  
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,  
 Unclean, unchaste.

315

320

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,

Though reason here aver  
That moral verdict quits her of unclean :  
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

335

But see here comes thy reverend Sire  
With careful step, locks white as down,  
Old Manoah : advise  
Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

330

*Sams.* Ay me, another inward grief awak'd  
With mention of that name renews th'assault.

*Man.* Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,  
Though in this uncouth place ; if old respect,  
As I suppose, tow'ards your once glory'd friend,  
My Son now captive, hither hath inform'd  
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age  
Came lagging after ; say if he be here.

335

*Chor.* As signal now in low dejected state,  
As earst in high'est, behold him where he lies.

*Man.* O miserable change ! is this the man,  
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,  
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,  
None offering fight ; who single combatant  
Duel'd their armies rank'd in proud array,  
Himself an army, now unequal match  
To save himself against a coward arm'd  
At one spear's length. O ever failing trust  
In mortal strength ! and oh what not in man  
Deceivable and vain ? Nay what thing good  
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane ?  
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness  
In wedlock a reproach ; I gain'd a son,  
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy ;  
Who would be now a father in my stead ?  
O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd ?  
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
Our earnest pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand  
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind ?  
For this did th'Angel twice descend ? for this  
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant  
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,

340

345

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360

The miracle of men ; then in an hour  
 Insnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound, 365  
 Thy foes derision, captive, poor and blind,  
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves ?  
 Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once  
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,  
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall 370  
 Subject him to so foul indignities,  
 Be it but for honor's sake of former deeds.  
*Sams.* Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father ;  
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me  
 But justly ; I myself have brought them on, 375  
 Sole author I, sole cause : if ought seem vile,  
 As vile hath been my folly, who' have profan'd  
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge  
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. 380  
 This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,  
 But warn'd by oft experience : did not she  
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
 The secret wrested from me in her highth  
 Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it strait 385  
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies,  
 And rivals ? In this other was there found  
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,  
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
 Though offer'd only, by the sent conceiv'd 390  
 Her spurious first-born, treason against me ?  
 Thrice she assay'd with flattering pray'rs and sighs,  
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me  
 My capital secret, in what part my strength  
 Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know ; 395  
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport  
 Her importunity, each time perceiving  
 How openly, and with what impudence  
 She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse  
 Than undissembled hate) with what contempt 400  
 She sought to make me traitor to myself ;  
 Yet the fourth time, when must'ring all her wiles,  
 With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,  
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night



To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out, 406  
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,  
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd  
 Might easily have shook off all her snares :  
 But foul effeminacy held me yok'd 410  
 Her bond-slave ; O indignity, O blot  
 To honor and religion ! servile mind  
 Rewarded well with servile punishment !  
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n,  
 These rags, this grinding is not yet so base 415  
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,  
 That saw not how degenerately I serv'd. 420

*Man.* I cannot praise thy marriage choices, Son, 420  
 Rather approv'd them not ; but thou didst plead  
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st  
 Find some occasion to infest our foes.  
 I state not that ; this I am sure, our foes  
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee 425  
 Their captive, and their triumph ; thou the sooner  
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms  
 To violate the sacred trust of silence  
 Deposited within thee ; which to have kept  
 Tacit, was in thy pow'r : true ; and thou bear'st 430  
 Enough, and more, the burden of that fault ;  
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying  
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,  
 This day the Philistines a popular feast  
 Here celebrate in Gaza ; and proclame 435  
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud  
 To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd  
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,  
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.  
 So Dagon shall be magnify'd, and God, 440  
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,  
 Disglorify'd. blasphem'd, and had in scorn  
 By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine ;  
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest, 445

Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
 Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

*Sams.* Father, I do acknowledge and confess  
 That I this honor, I this pomp have brought  
 To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high 450  
 Among the Heathen round ; to God have brought  
 Dishonor, obloquy, and op'd the mouths  
 Of idolists, and atheists : have brought scandal  
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before 455  
 To waver, or fall off and join with idōls ;  
 Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,  
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460  
 With me hath end ; all the contést is now  
 'Twixt God and Dagon ; Dagon hath presum'd,  
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
 His deity comparing and preferring  
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure, 465  
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,  
 But will arise and his great name assert :  
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him  
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me, 470  
 And with confusion blank his worshippers.

*Man.* With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words  
 I as a prophecy receive ; for God,  
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
 To vindicate the glory of his name 475  
 Against all competition, nor will long  
 Indure it doubtful whether God be Lord,  
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done ?  
 Thou must not in the mean while here forgot  
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480  
 Neglected. I already have made way  
 To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat  
 About thy ransome : well they may by this  
 Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge  
 By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted 485  
 On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

*Sams.* Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble  
 Of that solicitation ; let me here  
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment ;  
 And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490  
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd  
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
 How hainous had the fact been, how deserving  
 Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded  
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab, 495  
 The mark of fool set on his front ?  
 But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,  
 Weakly at least, and shamefully : a sin  
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn 500  
 To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

*Man.* Be penitent and for thy fault contrite  
 But act not in thy own affliction, Son ;  
 Repent the sin, but if the punishment  
 Thou canst avoid, self preservation bids ; 505  
 Or th'execution leave to high disposal,  
 And let another hand, not thine, exact  
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself ; perhaps  
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt ;  
 Who ever more approves and more accepts 510  
 (Best pleas'd with humble' and filial submission)  
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,  
 Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due ;  
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd  
 For self-offense, more than for God offended. 515  
 Reject not then what offer'd means ; who knows  
 But God hath set before us, to return thee  
 Home to thy country and his sacred house,  
 Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert  
 His further ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd ? 520

*Sams.* His pardon I implore ; but as for life,  
 To what end should I seek it ? when in strength  
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes  
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts  
 Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits, 525  
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond

The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,  
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God  
 I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded  
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.  
 Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell  
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;  
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge  
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me  
 Like a tame weather, all my precious fleece,  
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
 Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies.

538

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540

*Chor.* Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
 Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing ruby  
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavor, or the smell,  
 Or taste that cheers the heart of Gods and men,  
 Allure thee from the cool crystallin stream.

545

*Sams.* Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure  
 With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,  
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying  
 Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape  
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

550

*Chor.* O madness, to think use of strongest wines  
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
 When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear  
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

555

*Sams.* But what avail'd this temp'rance, not complete  
 Against another object more enticing?  
 What boots it at one gate to make defense,  
 And at another to let in the foe,  
 Effeminately vanquished? by which means,  
 Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonor'd, quell'd,  
 To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
 My nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,  
 But to sit idle on the household hearth,  
 A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,  
 Or pity'd object, these redundant locks

560

565

Robustious to no purpose clustring down,  
 Vain monument of strength ; till length of years 570  
 And sedentery numness craze my limbs  
 To a contemptible old age obscure ?  
 Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,  
 Till vermin or the draff of servile food  
 Consume me, and oft-invoked death 575  
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

*Man.* Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift  
 Which was expresly giv'n thee to annoy them ?  
 Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,  
 Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn. 580  
 But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer  
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t'allay  
 After the brunt of battel, can as easy  
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast ; 585  
 And I persuade me so ; why else this strength  
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks ?  
 His might continues in thee not for nought  
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

*Sams.* All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,  
 Nor th'other light of life continue long,  
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand :  
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
 My hopes all flat, nature within me seems 595  
 In all her functions weary of herself,  
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

*Man.* Believe not these suggestions which proceed  
 From anguish of the mind and humors black, 600  
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however  
 Must not omit a father's timely care  
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
 By ransome, or how else : mean while be calm,  
 And healing words from these thy friends admit. 605

*Sams.* O that torment should not be confin'd  
 To the body's wounds and sores,  
 With maladies innumerable  
 In heart, head, breast and reins ;

But must secret passage find 610  
 To th'inmost mind,  
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
 And on her purest spirits prey,  
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
 With answerable pains, but more intense, 615  
 Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me  
 As a lingring disease,  
 But finding no redress, ferment and rage,  
 Nor less than wounds immedicable 620  
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
 To black mortification.  
 Thoughts my tormentors, arm'd with deadly sting  
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise 625  
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,  
 Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
 Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er  
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure : 630  
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
 And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursling once and choice delight,  
 His destin'd from the womb,  
 Promis'd by heav'nly message twice descending. 635  
 Under his special eye  
 Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain ;  
 He led me on to mightiest deeds  
 Above the nerve of mortal arm .  
 Against th'uncircumcis'd, our enemies : 640  
 But now hath cast me off as never known,  
 And to those cruel enemies,  
 Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,  
 Left me all helpless with th'irreparable loss 645  
 Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated  
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.  
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;  
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless ;  
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
 No long petition, speedy death, 650  
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm.



*Chor.* Many are the sayings of the wise  
 In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,  
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;  
 And to the bearing well of all calamities, 655  
 All chances incident to man's frail life,  
 Consolatories writ  
 With study'd argument, and much persuasion sought  
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought :  
 But with th'afflicted in his pangs their sound 660  
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint ;  
 Unless he feel within  
 Some source of consolation from above,  
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength, 665  
 And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man !  
 That thou tow'ards him with hand so various,  
 Or might I say contrarious,  
 Temper'st thy providence through his short course, 670  
 Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st  
 Th'angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,  
 Irrational and brute.  
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
 That wand'ring loose about 675  
 Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,  
 Heads without name no more remember'd,  
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd  
 To some great work, thy glory, 680  
 And people's safety, which in part they' effect :  
 Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft  
 Amidst their highth of noon  
 Changest thy count'nance, and thy hand with no regard  
 Of highest favors past 685  
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,  
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high,  
 Unseemly falls in human eye, 690  
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission ;  
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword

Of Heathen and profane, their carcases  
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd ;  
 Or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times, 695  
 And condemnation of th'ingrateful multitude.  
 If these they scape, perhaps in poverty  
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,  
 Painful diseases and deform'd,  
 In crude old age ; 700  
 Though not disordinate, yet causless suff'ring  
 The punishment of dissolute days : in fine,  
 Just or unjust alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion, 705  
 The image of thy strength and mighty minister.  
 What do I beg ? how hast thou dealt already ?  
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn  
 His labors, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land ? 710  
 Female of sex it seems,  
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing  
 Like a stately ship  
 Of Tarsus, bound for th'iles 715  
 Of Javan or Gadire  
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,  
 An amber scent of odorous perfume 720  
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ;  
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,  
 And now at nearer view, no other certain  
 Than Dalila thy Wife. 724

*Sams.* My Wife, my Trait'ress let her not come near me.

*Chor.* Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd,  
 About t'have spoke, but now, with head declin'd  
 Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,  
 And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,  
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil : 730  
 But now again she makes address to speak.

*Dal.* With doubtful feet and wavering resolution  
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,

Which to have merited, without excuse,  
 I cannot but acknowledge ; yet if tears  
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew  
 In the perverse event than I foresaw)  
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon  
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection  
 Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt,  
 Hath led me on desirous to behold  
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,  
 If ought in my ability may serve  
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease  
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power,  
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

735

740

745

*Sams.* Out, out Hyæna ; these are thy wonted arts,  
 And arts of every woman false like thee,  
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,  
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,  
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,  
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,  
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,  
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail :  
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
 Again transgresses, and again submits ;  
 That wisest and best men full oft beguild,  
 With goodness principled not to reject  
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
 Intangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,  
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off  
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

750

755

760

765

*Dal.* Yet hear me, Samson ; not that I endeavor  
 To lessen or extenuate my offense  
 But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd  
 By' itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,  
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,  
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
 In me, but incident to all our sex,

770

- Curiosity, inquisitive, importune 775  
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
 To publish them, both common female faults :  
 Was it not weakness also to make known  
 For importunity, that is for naught,  
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety ? 780  
 To what I did thou showd'st me first the way.  
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not :  
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty :  
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.  
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parle 785  
 So near related, or the same of kind,  
 Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine  
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
 More strength from me, than in thyself was found.  
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate, 790  
 The jealousy of love, pow'rful of sway  
 In human hearts, nor less in mine tow'ards thee,  
 Caus'd what I did ? I saw thee mutable  
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me  
 As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore 795  
 How to indear, and hold thee to me firmest :  
 No better way I saw than by importuning  
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
 Thy key of strength and safety : thou wilt say,  
 Why then reveal'd ? I was assur'd by those 800  
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd  
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold :  
 That made for me ; I knew that liberty  
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears, 805  
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed ;  
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night  
 Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,  
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
 Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810  
 These reasons in love's law have past for good,  
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps ;  
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,  
 Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd.  
 Be not unlike all others, not austere 815

As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

*Sams.* How cunningly the sorceress displays  
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine ? 820  
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither,  
 By this appears : I gave, thou say'st, th'example,  
 I led the way ; bitter reproach, but true ;  
 I to myself was false ere thou to me ;  
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly, 825  
 Take to thy wicked deed ; which when thou seest  
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather  
 Confess it feign'd : weakness is thy excuse,  
 And I believe it, weakness to resist 830  
 Philistian gold : if weakness may excuse,  
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,  
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it ?  
 All wickedness is weakness : that plea therefore  
 With God or Man will gain thee no remission. 835  
 But love constrain'd thee ; call it furious rage  
 To satisfy thy lust : love seeks to' have love ;  
 My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way  
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,  
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd ? 840  
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

*Dal.* Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea  
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,  
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides, 845  
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented ;  
 Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,  
 The constantest, to' have yielded without blame.  
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
 That wrought with me : thou know'st the magistrates 850  
 And princes of my country came in person,  
 Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,  
 Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty  
 And of religion, press'd how just it was,  
 How honorable, how glorious to intrap 855  
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd

Such numbers of our nation : and the priest  
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
 Preaching how meritorious with the Gods  
 It would be to insnare an irreligious 860  
 Dishonorer of Dagon : what had I  
 To oppose against such pow'rful arguments ?  
 Only my love of thee held long debate,  
 And combated in silence all these reasons  
 With hard contest : at length that grounded maxim 865  
 So rife and celebrated in the mouths  
 Of wisest men, that to the public good  
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority  
 Took full possession of me and prevail'd ;  
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so injoining. 870  
*Sams.* I thought where all thy circling wiles would end ;  
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.  
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds. 875  
 I before all the daughters of my tribe  
 And of my nation chose thee from among  
 My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,  
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
 Not out of levity, but over-power'd 880  
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;  
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then  
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,  
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd ?  
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave 885  
 Parents and country ; nor was I their subject,  
 Nor under their protection but my own,  
 Thou mine, not theirs : if ought against my life  
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
 Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890  
 No more thy country, but an impious crew  
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
 For which our country is a name so dear ;  
 Not therefore to be' obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee ; 895  
 To please thy Gods thou didst it ; Gods unable  
 T'acquit themselves and prosecute their foes



But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
 Of their own deity, Gods cannot be ;  
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.  
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colors failing,  
 Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear ?

900

*Dal.* In argument with men a woman ever  
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

*Sams.* For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath ;  
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

*Dal.* I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.

Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,  
 Afford me place to show what recompense  
 Tow'ards thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
 Misguided ; only what remains past cure

910

Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
 T'afflict thyself in vain : though sight be lost,  
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd

915

Where other senses want not their delights  
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,  
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which  
 Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.

I to the lords will intercede, not doubting  
 Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee

920

From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide  
 With me, where my redoubled love and care  
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
 May ever tend about thee to old age

925

With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supply'd,  
 That what by me thou' hast lost thou least shalt miss.

*Sams.* No, no, of my condition take no care ;  
 It fits not ; thou and I long since are twain ;

Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd,

930

To bring my feet again into the snare  
 Where once I have been caught ; I know thy trains  
 Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils ;

Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms  
 No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd,  
 So much of adders wisdom I have learn'd

935

To fence my ear against thy sorceries.

If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men

Lov'd, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me  
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forgo me; 940  
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby  
 Deceivable, in most things as a child  
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,  
 And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,  
 When I must live uxorious to thy will 945  
 In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,  
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords  
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?  
 This jail I count the house of liberty  
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter. 950

*Dal.* Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

*Sams.* Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake  
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.  
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that;  
 Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works 955  
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives;  
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold  
 Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

*Dal.* I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960  
 To pray'rs, than winds and seas, yet winds to seas  
 Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:  
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,  
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd. 965  
 Why do I humble thus myself, and suing  
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?  
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand  
 Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?  
 To mix with thy concernments I desist  
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. 970  
 Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,  
 And with contrary blast proclames most deeds;  
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
 Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.  
 My name perhaps among the circumcis'd 975  
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,  
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,  
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot  
 Of falshood most unconjugal traduc'd.

But in my country where I most desire, 980  
 In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,  
 I shall be nam'd among the famousest  
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,  
 Living and dead recorded, who to save  
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose 985  
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb  
 With odors visited and annual flowers ;  
 Not less renown'd than in mount Ephraim  
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile 990  
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd.  
 Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy  
 The public marks of honor and reward  
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety  
 Which to my country I was judg'd to have shown.  
 At this who ever envies or repines, 995  
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

*Chor.* She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting  
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

*Sams.* So let her go, God sent her to debase me, 1000  
 And aggravate my folly, who committed  
 To such a viper his most sacred trust  
 Of secresy, my safety, and my life.

*Chor.* Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,  
 After offense returning, to regain 1005  
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily  
 Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt  
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

*Sams.* Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,  
 Not wedlock-treachery indang'ring life.

*Chor.* It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit, 1010  
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit  
 That woman's love can win or long inherit ;  
 But what it is, hard is to say,  
 Harder to hit,

(Which way soever men refer it) 1015  
 Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day  
 Or sev'n, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all, the Timnian bride  
 Had not so soon preferr'd 1020  
 Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd,

- Successor in thy bed,  
 Nor both so loosly disally'd  
 Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously  
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head. 1028  
 Is it for that such outward ornament  
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts  
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,  
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend  
 Or value what is best  
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong ? 1030  
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,  
 Of constancy no root infix'd,  
 That either they love nothing, or not long ?  
 Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best  
 Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil, 1035  
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
 Intestin, far within defensive arms  
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms 1040  
 Draws him awry inslav'd  
 With dotage, and his sense deprav'd  
 To folly' and shameful deeds which ruin ends.  
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck  
 Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm ? 1045  
 Favor'd of Heav'n who finds  
 One virtuous rarely found,  
 That in domestic good combines :  
 Happy that house ! his way to peace is smooth :  
 But virtue which breaks through all opposition, 1050  
 And all temptation can remove,  
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.  
 Therefore God's universal law  
 Gave to the man despotic power  
 Over his female in due awe, 1055  
 Nor from that right to part an hour,  
 Smile she or lour :  
 So shall he least confusion draw  
 On his whole life, not sway'd  
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd. 1060  
 But had we best retire, I see a storm ?

*Sams.* Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

*Chor.* But this another kind of tempest brings.

*Sams.* Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

*Chor.* Look now for no inchanting voice, nor fear 1065

The bait of honied words ; a rougher tongue

Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,

The giant Harapha of Gath, his look

Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.

Comes he in peace ? what wind hath blown him hither 1070

I less conjecture than when first I saw

The sumptuous Dalila floting this way :

His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

*Sams.* Or peace or not, alike to me he comes. 1074

*Chor.* His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives

*Har.* I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,

As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,

Though for no friendly' intent. I am of Gath,

Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd

As Og or Anak and the Emims old 1080

That Kiriathaim held, thou know'st me now

If thou at all art known. Much I have heard

Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd

Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,

That I was never present on the place 1085

Of those encounters, where we might have try'd

Each other's force in camp or listed field :

And now have come to see of whom such noise

Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,

If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

*Sams.* The way to know were not to see but taste.

*Har.* Dost thou already single me ? I thought  
Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune

Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd

To' have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw ; 1095

I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,

Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown :

So had the glory' of prowess been recover'd

To Palestine, won by Philistine

From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'st 1100

The highest name for valiant acts ; that honor

Certain to' have won by mortal duel from thee,

I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

*Sams.* Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do  
What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand. 1105

*Har.* To combat with a blind man I disdain,  
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

*Sams.* Such usage as your honorable lords  
Afford me' assassinated and betray'd, 1110  
Who durst not with their whole united powers  
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,  
Nor in the house with chamber ambushes  
Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,  
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold  
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me. 1115  
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd  
Some narrow place inclos'd, where sight may give thee,  
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me ;  
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon, 1120  
Vant-brass and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,  
A weaver's beam, and sev'n-times-folded shield,  
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,  
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,  
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head, 1125  
That in a little time while breath remains thee  
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast  
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

*Har.* Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms, 1130  
Which greatest heroes have in battel worn,  
Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
And black enchantments, some magician's art,  
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from Heaven  
Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair, 1135  
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs  
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back  
Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

*Sams.* I know no spells, use no forbidden arts ;  
My trust is in the living God, who gave me 1140  
At my nativity this strength, diffus'd  
No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,  
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,  
The pledge of my unviolated vow,



For proof thereof, if Dagon be thy God, 1145  
 Go to his temple invoke his aid  
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him  
 How highly it concerns his glory now  
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,  
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God 1150  
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
 Offering to combat thee his champion bold,  
 With th'utmost of his Godhead seconded :  
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow  
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine. 1155

*Har.* Presume not on thy God, what'er he be,  
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up  
 Into thy enemies hand, permitted them 1160  
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee  
 Into the common prison, there to grind  
 Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,  
 As good for nothing else, no better service  
 With those thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match 1165  
 For valor to assail, nor by the sword  
 Of noble warrior, so to stain his honor,  
 But by the barber's razor best subdued.

*Sams.* All these indignities, for such they are  
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,  
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1170  
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon  
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant ;  
 In confidence whereof I once again  
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight, 1175  
 By combat to decide whose God is God,  
 Thine or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

*Har.* Fair honor that thou dost thy God, in trusting  
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
 A Murderer, a Revolter, and a Robber. 1180

*Sams.* Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou prove me  
 these ?

*Har.* Is not thy nation subject to our lords ?  
 Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee  
 As a league-breaker and deliver'd bound

Into our hands : for hadst thou not committed 1184  
 Notorious murder on those thirty men  
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,  
 Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes ?  
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,  
 Went up with armed pow'rs thee only seeking, 1190  
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

*Sams.* Among the daughters of the Philistines  
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe ;  
 And in your city held my nuptial feast :  
 But your ill-meaning politician lords, 1195  
 Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,  
 Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
 Who threatning cruel death constrain'd the bride  
 To wring from me and tell to them my secret,  
 That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200  
 When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,  
 As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,  
 I us'd hostility, and took their spoil  
 To pay my underminers in their coin.  
 My nation was subjected to your lords. 1205  
 It was the force of conquest ; force with force  
 Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.  
 But I a private person, whom my country  
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd  
 Single rebellion and did hostile acts. 1210  
 I was no private but a person rais'd  
 With strength sufficient and command from Heaven  
 To free my country ; if their servile minds  
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive.  
 But to their masters gave me up for nought, 1215  
 Th'unworthier they ; whence to this day they serve  
 I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,  
 And had perform'd it, if my known offense  
 Had not disabled me, not all your force :  
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant 1220  
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,  
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

*Har.* With thee a man condemn'd, a slave inroll'd,  
 Due by the law to capital punishment ? 1225  
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

*Sams.* Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,  
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?  
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;  
But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

*Har.* O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd  
Hear these dishonors, and not render death?

*Sams.* No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand  
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,  
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free. 1235

*Har.* This insolence other kind of answer fits.

*Sams.* Go baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,  
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down. 1240  
To th'hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

*Har.* By Astaroth ere long thou shalt lament  
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

*Chor.* His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n  
Stalking with less unconscionable strides, 1245  
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

*Sams.* I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,  
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,  
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

*Chor.* He will directly to the lords, I fear, 1250  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

*Sams.* He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight  
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise 1255  
Whether he durst accept the' offer or not,  
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.  
Much more affliction than already felt

They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;  
If they intend advantage of my labors,  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping 1260  
With no small profit daily to my owners.

But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,  
The worst that he can give, to me the best.  
Yet so it may fall out, because their end 1265  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

*Chor.* Oh how comely it is, and how reviving  
 To the spirits of just men long oppress'd !  
 When God into the hands of their deliverer  
 1270 Puts invincible might  
 To quell the mighty of the earth, th'oppressor,  
 The brute and boist'rous force of violent men  
 Hardy and industrious to support  
 Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to pursue  
 1275 The righteous and all such as honor truth ;  
 He all their ammunition  
 And feats of war defeats  
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
 And celestial vigor arm'd,  
 1280 Their armories and magazines contemns,  
 Renders them useless, while  
 With winged expedition  
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes  
 His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd  
 1285 Lose their defense distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise  
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
 Making them each his own deliverer,  
 1290 And victor over all  
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.  
 Either of these is in thy lot,  
 Samson, with might indued  
 Above the sons of men ; but sight bereav'd  
 May chance to number thee with those  
 1295 Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,  
 Laboring thy mind  
 More than the working day thy hands.  
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,  
 1300 For I descry this way  
 Some other tending, in his hand  
 A scepter or quaint staff he bears,  
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.  
 By his habit I discern him now  
 1305 A public Officer, and now at hand.  
 His message will be short and voluble.

*Off.* Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

*Chor.* His manacles remark him, there he sits.

*Off.* Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say; 1310  
 This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;  
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
 And now some public proof thereof require  
 To honor this great feast, and great assembly; 1315  
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,  
 Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad  
 To' appear as fits before th'illustrious lords.

*Sams.* Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them,  
 Our Law forbids at their religious rites 1320  
 My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

*Off.* This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

*Sams.* Have they not sword-players, and every sort  
 Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
 Juglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics, 1325  
 But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,  
 And over-labor'd at their public mill,  
 To make them sport with blind activity?  
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
 On my refusal to distress me more, 1330  
 Or make a game of my calamities?  
 Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

*Off.* Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

*Sams.* Myself? my conscience and internal peace.  
 Can they think me so broken, so debas'd 1335  
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
 Will condescend to such absurd commands?  
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief  
 To show them feats, and play before their God, 1340  
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
 Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

*Off.* My message was impos'd on me with speed,  
 Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

*Sams.* So take it with what speed thy message needs. 1345

*Off.* I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

*Sams.* Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

*Chor.* Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd  
 Up to the highth, whether to hold or break;

He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1320  
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?  
 Expect another message more imperious,  
 More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

*Sams.* Shall I abuse this consecrated gift 1325  
 Of strength, again returning with my hair  
 After my great transgression, so requite  
 Favor renew'd, and add a greater sin  
 By prostituting holy things to idols;  
 A Nazarite in place abominable  
 Vaunting my strength in honor to their Dagon? 1330  
 Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
 What act more execrably unclean, profane?

*Chor.* Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,  
 Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

*Sams.* Not in their idol-worship, but by labor 1335  
 Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
 Of those who have me in their civil power.

*Chor.* Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile  
 not.

*Sams.* Where outward force constrains, the sentence  
 holds.

But who constrains me to the temple' of Dagon, 1370  
 Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.  
 Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
 I do it freely, vent'ring to displease  
 God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,  
 Set God behind: which in his jealousy 1375  
 Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
 Yet that he may dispense with me or thee  
 Present in temples at idolatrous rites  
 For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt. 1379

*Chor.* How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

*Sams.* Be of good courage, I begin to feel  
 Some rousing motions in me which dispose  
 To something extraordinary my thoughts.  
 I with this messenger will go along,  
 Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonor 1385  
 Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
 If there be ought of presage in the mind,  
 This day will be remarkable in my life  
 By some great act, or of my days the last.



*Chor.* In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns. 1390

*Off.* Samson, this second message from our lords  
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,  
Our 'captive, at the public mill our drudge,  
And dar'st thou at our sending and command  
Dispute thy coming? come without delay; 1395  
Or we shall find such engines to assail  
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
Though thou wert firmler fastened than a rock.

*Sams.* I could be well content to try their art,  
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious. 1400  
Yet knowing their advantages too many,  
Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.  
Masters commands come with a pow'r resistless  
To such as owe them absolute subjection; 1405  
And for a life who will not change his purpose?  
(So mutable are all the ways of men)  
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

*Off.* I praise thy resolution: doff these links: 1410  
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
To favor, and perhaps to set thee free.

*Sams.* Brethren farewell; your company along  
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight 1415  
Of me as of a common enemy,  
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them  
I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;  
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd  
With zeal, if ought religion seem concern'd; 1320  
No less the people on their holy-days  
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:  
Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our Law, my Nation, or myself, 1425  
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

*Chor.* Go, and the Holy One  
Of Israel be thy guide  
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name  
Great among the Heathen round; 1430  
Send thee the Angel of thy birth, to stand

Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field  
 Rode up in flames after his message told  
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
 Of fire ; that Spirit that first rushed on thee 1438  
 In the camp of Dan

Be efficacious in thee now at need.  
 For never was from Heav'n imparted  
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
 As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen. 1440  
 But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste  
 With youthful steps ? much livelier than ere while  
 He seems : supposing here to find his son,  
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news ? 1444

*Man.* Peace with you, Brethren ; my inducement hither  
 Was not at present here to find my son,  
 By order of the lords new parted hence  
 To come and play before them at their feast.  
 I heard all as I came, the city rings,  
 And numbers thither flock. I had no will, 1450  
 Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.  
 But that which moved my coming now, was chiefly  
 To give ye part with me what hope I have  
 With good success to work his liberty.

*Chor.* That hope would much rejoice us to partake 1455  
 With thee ; say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

*Man.* I have attempted one by one the lords  
 Either at home, or through the high street passing,  
 With supplication prone and father's tears,  
 T'accept of ransome for my son their pris'ner. 1460  
 Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,  
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite ;  
 That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests :  
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
 Private reward, for which both God and State 1465  
 They easily would set to sale : a third  
 More generous far and civil, who confess'd  
 They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd  
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,  
 The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470  
 If some convenient ransome were propos'd.  
 What noise or shout was that ? it tore the sky.

*Chor.* Doubtless the people shouting to behold

Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them.  
Or at some proof of strength before them shown. 1475

*Man.* His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
And number'd down : much rather I shall choose  
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest, 1480  
And he in that calamitous prison left.  
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.  
For his redemption all my patrimony,  
If need be, I am ready to forgo  
And quit : not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

*Chor.* Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons, 1485  
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all ;  
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son  
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

*Man.* It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1490  
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled  
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,  
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,  
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd :  
And I persuade me God had not permitted 1495  
His strength again to grow up with his hair  
Garrison'd round about him like a camp  
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
To use him further yet in some great service,  
Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500  
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.  
And sincē his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

*Chor.* Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain 1505  
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,  
In both which we, as next, participate.

*Man.* I know your friendly minds and — O what noise !  
Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noise was that !  
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout. 1510

*Chor.* Noise call you it or universal groan,  
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd !  
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,  
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

*Man.* Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise : 1519  
Oh it continues, they have slain my son.

*Chor.* Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry  
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

*Man.* Some dismal accident it needs must be ;  
What shall we do, stay here or run and see ? 1520

*Chor.* Best keep together here, lest running thither  
We unawares run into danger's mouth.

This evil on the Philistines is fall'n ;  
From whom could else a general cry be heard ? 1525  
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,  
From other hands we need not much to fear.

What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,  
He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way. 1530

*Man.* That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

*Chor.* Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
For his people of old ; what hinders now ?

*Man.* He can I know, but doubt to think he will ;  
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief. 1535  
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

*Chor.* Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;  
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.  
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,  
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe. 1540

*Mess.* O whither shall I run, or which way fly  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst my eyes beheld and yet behold ?  
For dire imagination still pursues me. 1545  
But providence or instinct of nature seems,  
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,  
To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first reverend Manoah, and to these  
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining  
As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550  
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

*Man.* The accident was loud, and here before thee  
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not ;  
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

*Mess.* It would burst forth, but I recover breath 1555  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

*Man.* Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

*Mess.* Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,  
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

*Man.* Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest 1560  
The desolation of a hostile city.

*Mess.* Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

*Man.* Relate by whom.

*Mess.* By Samson.

*Man.* That still lessens  
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

*Mess.* Ah Manoah, I refrain, too suddenly 1565  
To utter what will come at last too soon ;  
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

*Man.* Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

*Mess.* Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead. 1570

*Man.* The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated  
To free him hence ! but death who sets all free  
Hath paid his ransome now and full discharge.  
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves 1575  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost !  
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,  
How dy'd he ; death to life his crown or shame.  
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he, 1580  
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound ?

*Mess.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter then or how ? explain.

*Mess.* By his own hands.

*Man.* Self-violence ? what cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes ? 1585

*Mess.* Inevitable cause  
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd ;  
The edifice, where all were met to see him,  
Upon their heads and upon his own he pull'd. 1590

*Man.* O lastly over-strong against thyself !  
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.  
More than enough we know ; but while things yet  
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,

Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct. 1598

*Mess.* Occasions drew me early to this city,  
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclam'd  
Through each high street : little I had dispatch'd, 1600

When all abroad was rumor'd that this day  
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games ;  
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle. 1604

The building was a spacious theatre  
Half-round on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats where all the lords and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold ;  
The other side was open, where the throng 1616  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand ;  
I among these aloof obscurely stood.

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,  
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately 1618

Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad ; before him pipes  
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
Both horse and foot, before him and behind  
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears. 1620

At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamoring their God with praise,  
Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
He patient but undaunted where they led him,  
Came to the place, and what was set before him, 1624  
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,  
To heave, pull, draw or break, he still perform'd  
All with incredible, stupendious force,

None daring to appear antagonist. 1630

At length for intermission sake they led him  
Between the pillars ; he his guide requested  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)

As over-tir'd to let him lean awhile  
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
That to the arched roof gave main support. 1634



He unsuspecting led him ; which when Samson  
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,  
 And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,  
 Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd :  
 At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud, 1644  
 Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd  
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,  
 Not without wonder or delight beheld :  
 Now of my own accord such other trial  
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater ; 1645  
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.  
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,  
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
 With horrible convulsion to and fro, 1650  
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew  
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder  
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,  
 Their choice nobility and flow'r, not only 1655  
 Of this but each Philistian city round  
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
 Samson with these immix'd, inevitably  
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself ;  
 The vulgar only scap'd who stood without. 1660

*Chor.* O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious !  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
 The work for which thou wast foretold  
 To Israel, and now ly'st victorious  
 Among the slain self-killed 1665  
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more  
 Than all thy life had slain before. 1669

*Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund and sublime,  
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,  
 And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,  
 Chaunting their idol, and preferring  
 Before our living Dread who dwells  
 In Silo his bright sanctuary ; 1675  
 Among them he a spi'rit of phrenzy sent,

Who hurt their minds,  
 And urg'd them on with mad desire  
 To call in haste for their destroyer ;  
 They only set on sport and play 1680  
 Unweetingly importun'd  
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.

So fond are mortal men  
 Fall'n into wrath divine,  
 As their own ruin on themselves t'invite, 1685  
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
 And with blindness internal struck.

*Semichor.* But he though blind of sight,  
 Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,  
 With inward eyes illuminated, 1690

His fiery virtue rous'd  
 From under ashes into sudden flame,  
 And as an evening dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perched roosts,  
 And nests in order rang'd 1695

Of tame villatic fowl ; but as an eagle  
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.

So virtue giv'n for lost,  
 Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,  
 Like that self-begotten bird 1700

In the Arabian woods imboist,  
 That no second knows nor third,  
 And lay ere while a holocaust,  
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd,  
 Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most 1705

When most unactive deem'd,  
 And though her body die, her fame survives  
 A secular bird ages of lives.

*Man.* Come, come, no time for lamentation now,  
 Nor much more cause ; Samson hath quit himself 1710  
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd

A life heroic, on his enemies  
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,  
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor  
 Through all Philistian bounds ; to Israel 1715  
 Honor hath left, and freedom, let but them  
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;

To' himself and father's house eternal fame ;  
 And which is best and happiest yet, all this 1720  
 With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,  
 But favoring and assisting to the end.  
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
 Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble. 1725  
 Let us go find the body where it lies  
 Sok'd in his enemies blood, and from the stream  
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off  
 The clotted gore. I with what speed the while  
 (Gaza is not in plight to say us nay) 1730  
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend  
 With silent obsequy and funeral train  
 Home to his father's house : there will I build him  
 A monument, and plant it round with shade 1735  
 Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,  
 With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd  
 In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
 And from his memory inflame their breasts 1740  
 To matchless valor, and adventures high :  
 The virgins also shall on feastful days  
 Visit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing  
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes. 1745  
*Chor.* All is best, though we oft doubt,  
 What th' unsearchable dispose  
 Of highest wisdom brings about,  
 And ever best found in the close.  
 Oft he seems to hide his face, 1750  
 But unexpectedly returns,  
 And to his faithful champion hath in place  
 Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns  
 And all that band them to resist  
 His uncontrollable intent ; 1755  
 His servants he with new acquist  
 Of true experience from this great event  
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss,  
 And calm of mind all passion spent.

## NOTES ON SAMSON AGONISTES.

**PREFACE.** *Imitated*, to be taken in the larger sense of *represented*. *Imitation* is properly of the real, the actual; representation, of the ideal. — **Physic melancholic.** The orthography of the last half of the seventeenth century, and first half of the eighteenth, had not attained perfect uniformity. The classes of words in regard to which there was most variance of usage were (1) words ending in *ic*, like *physic*, from Lat. or Gr. adjectives. This edition omits the *k* introduced at first simply to mark the guttural quality of the letter *c* preceding, § 21 (3). (2). Words ending in *or* from Lat. nouns in *or*. The French, through which language many of these words came into the English, inserted a *u* to show the long quantity or accent on the preceding *o*. The English drawing back the accent to a prior syllable, there was no reason for continuing the *u*, and it was gradually omitted, but with still variant usage which has continued to this time. In this edition the *u* is generally, not always, omitted. We find *neighbours* ver. 180, *harbour*, ver. 489. At the present time it is generally omitted, but with persistent opposition on the part of some. The *u* is retained in the word *Savior* by a few in inconsistency with their accepted principle and practice otherwise; from some association of sanctity with the name. (3). Derivative words formed by suffixes to stems ending in an unaccented syllable with a single consonant, as *modeling* from *model*. In this edition the more prevalent modern usage is to spell with a single consonant. (4). Words from the Latin compounded with the preposition *in*. The French had changed the *in* to *en*. The prevailing rule now is to spell such words coming at an early stage into the language whether directly from the Latin or through the French, with *en*; and only words more recently derived directly from the Latin in *in*. This edition very often spells in *in* where the practice now prefers *en*, as *intituled* in the Preface; *injoin'd* ver. 6; *indure*, ver. 477. (5). Words which have the long quantity indicated by a vowel added to the stem, § 18 (1). Here the usage as to the vowel employed is variant and can hardly be brought under any philological principle. We find in this edition *proclame*, ver. 435. (6). Words formed from stems in *t* or *d*, followed by *l*, *n*, or *r* and a connecting vowel, by adding a suffix beginning with a vowel. Such words have shown a tendency to drop this connecting vowel, as *threatning*, *hindrance*. The omission of the *e* was once more prevalent than now, as in the best editions of the seventeenth century we find *hindring*, *remembring*, *hardned*, *brightned*, *fatning*, *oftner*. The orthography in other words followed the orthoepy more closely than the etymology. *Judgment* was the common spelling. In the edition of Milton's prose works of 1697, we find even *judg*. The *d* had for a long time been in use to show the lingual quality of the *g*, § 21, (2), as *alledge*, even *colledge*. When *e* follows the *g*, the *d* is not necessary for this purpose. — **Poets error.** The apostrophe to mark the possessive case is omitted here, but is inserted in the plural form *stanza's* below, and in the Argument to mark the possessive in *Samson's* and *Son's*. It is also employed to mark the omission of a letter, as in *us'd*, *produc'd*, below.

**THE ARGUMENT.** **What they can**, an adverbial clause modifying *comfort*. It is elliptical and may be filled out thus, *in what degree they can*; or, more fully, *in that degree in which they can comfort him*. — **Ransome**, so spelled also in vv. 483, 1460, 1471, etc.

**THE PERSONS.** **Samson**, the hero of the tragedy, was a native of Zorah, a town belonging to the tribe of Dan in the vicinity of the territory belonging to the tribe of Judah. Its site has been identified by modern travelers in the neighborhood of Zanoah, Bethshemesh, and Timnath, lying just under the brow of a sharp-pointed conical hill by a valley opening down to the plains of the Philistines. The story of his birth, his exploits, and his death is told in the Book of Judges, chapters xiii.-xvi

— **Dalila**, or *Delilah* was of the village of Sorek, the site of which is not ascertained, but was probably in the vicinity of the Philistine city of Gath. — **Harapha of Gath** is not an historical character.

VER. 1. **A little onward**. An adverbial phrase limiting *lend*, equivalent to *for a little onward space*. — 2. **Dark**, modifying in respect of condition, = steps in darkness. This use of adjectives is less free now than formerly. — 3. **Yonder**, adv. used as adj., an inflected form of A.-S. *geond* and *iond*. Cf. Ger. *jener*; Gr. *ἐκεῖνος*, Ionic *κεῖνος*. It is allied to A.-S. *gean*, against, opposite. — 4. **Wont**, for *woned*, from A.-S. *wunian*, to abide, to be accustomed, past tense, *wunode*. See C. T. 41. — 5. **Else**, modifying *injoin'd* = enjoined at times other than *when chance relieves*. — 13. **Dagon**, a diminutive from a Hebrew word signifying *a fish*. — 28. **From some great act**. The ascent of the angel in flames betokened his presence as god-like and as in return from an errand revealing some great benefit. — **Both my eyes put out**. An adjective phrase (having both my eyes) modifying *die* relatively to the subject *I*. See "Art of Composition," § 199. — 63. **Suffices** has for its subject the clausal noun that follows — *that to me*, etc. — 69. **Beggery**. The vowel before *r* is very unstable; the old *e* which is the proper connecting vowel before the suffix *r* is in this word now changed to *a*. Cf. *liar*. — **Let there be light**, in apposition with *word*, which being uttered was followed by what is here expressed as connected with the utterance by the conjunction *and* — *light was over all*. The expression is elliptical. It might be filled out thus: Thou great word — Let there be light, — which word was uttered and light was over all. — 93. **She all in every part**, — the entire soul in every part, the whole soul active, feeling in the exercise or affection of every particular power or sensibility. — 127, 128. It would be better perhaps to make four verses of these two, dividing them at *man*, and *lion*. — 129. **Imbattel'd**, embattled, set in array. For *im*, see § 37. For *battel'd*, see F. Q., I. xi. 2; J. C., V. i. — 133. **Chalybean**. Chalybs was a river in Spain, the waters of which were famous for hardening steel. Hence the noun *χάλυψ* for steel. — 138. **Spurned**. The old meaning of this word, as from A.-S. *sporn*, a heel, is here evidently in the poet's mind. See J. C., II. i. The grammatical subject of *spurned* is *foot*. — 145. **Ramath-Lechi**, the scene of this famous exploit, Judges xv. 17. The name means *raising of the jaw-bone*. — 147. **Azza, Gaza**. It is written *Azzah*, Deut. ii. 23; 1 Kings iv. 24; Jer. xxv. 20; elsewhere Gaza. It is one of the earliest cities spoken of (see Gen. x. 19,) and is still a place of considerable size. Its site in the south-west of Palestine on the borders of the desert gave it importance both for commerce and for defense. The position was strong in a military sense; hence its name *the strong*. — 148. **Hill by Hebron**, "hill that is before Hebron," Judges xvi. 3. The hill may have been at some distance from Hebron, which is some twenty miles from Gaza. Hebron was situated in a valley and vies with Gaza in antiquity and continuance. It was a well-known town when Abraham entered Canaan, and is now a city of five thousand inhabitants. — 150. **Like whom**, like those whom. — 162. **Inward light**, his spirit, reason, conscience from within shedding no cheerful ray. — 164. **Since man on earth**. *Since*, although primitively a genitive form, — *sithens* from *sith*, a moving, a path, a period of time, — came readily to be used not only as an adverb, but also as a preposition and a conjunction. This is the case with a number of words. See "Art of Composition," § 400, Observation. It is here better regarded as a prep., having for its object the clausal noun *man* (appeared) *on earth*. Id. § 222. **Unparallel'd** modifies *mirror*, which is a symbol, a figurative word referring to Samson's condition. — 166, 167. **The rarer — by how much**. *The* and *by how much* are correlative, being equivalent to Lat. *eo, quo*. See n. P. 62; and n. Mandeville, 14. The second comparative *lower*, as the correlative of the first *rarer* is absorbed by a poetic license in the superlative *lowest*. The expression is not strictly grammatical. — 181. **Eshtaol and Zora**. Eshtaol was a

town of Dan in the neighborhood of Zora or Zorah, the birthplace of Samson. — 184 **Swage**, assuage, from Lat. *suavis*; Old Fr. *assouager*. The simple verb *suage* without the intensive prefix *as* assimilated from *ad*, was once in use, as Wycliffe, Acts xiv. 18, *unnethis swagiden the puple*, scarcely soothed the people. — 192. **Adverse**, accented on last syllable, as in Lat. *adversus*. — 207. **Mean**, ordinary. — 212. **Ne'er so wise**, wise to a degree never so great. *Ever so wise* has a similar import, but is to be resolved differently, being equivalent to *however wise*. — 219. **Timna**. Timnath, a town lower than Zorah on the slope of the hill towards the sea; at the time of this story, in the possession of the Philistines. — 223. **Intimate**, inmost, impulse from within. — 229. **Sorec**, Sorek, a Philistine valley near Gaza, Judges xvi. 4. — 253. **Etham**, Etam, supposed to be in the broken country near Bethlehem, and also not far from Lehi and Ramath-Lehi. — 263. **A trivial weapon**, "a new jawbone of an ass," Judges xv. 15. — **Succoth**, etc. The story of these exploits by Gideon and Jephthah is in the Book of Judges. — 282. **Ingrateful**. The stem of this word is Latin, but the suffix is vernacular; the prefix ought also to be vernacular, — *ungrateful*. — 333. **Uncouth**, unknown, strange. See F. Q., I. i. 15. — 339. **Earst**, formerly. See F. Q., I. ix. 29. — 345. **Duel'd**, fought; a verb from the noun *duel*, Lat. *duellum*, which became *bellum*, the original vowel *u* having become consonantized to the labial, and then supplanted the *d*. — 354. **As**, equivalent to the conj. *that*. — 357. The construction is: And wherefore did God adorn the granting of the request with such pomp as if it were a blessing. — 358. **To tempt**, etc. These phrases, *to tempt*, etc., and *draw a scorpion's tail*, are modifiers of *gifts*. The meaning is: Why are his gifts, first to tempt our prayers, then when given to draw a scorpion's tail, desirable? — 373. **Appoint**, arraign. A rare use, but not etymologically unwarrantable. Cf. Ital. *appuntar alcuno*, to blame any one, from Lat. *ad* and *punctum*, a point. — **Disposition**, disposing. See § 47. — 376. **Ought**, aught. — 384. **Highth**, a noun formed from adj. *high*. Cf. *length*, *strength*, *width*, etc. — 389. **Spousal embraces**, in apposition with *prime of love*. — **Vitiated** relates to *who*. — 390. **Sent**, scent. — 391. **Treason**, in apposition with *first born*. — 403. **Parlies**, parleys; Fr. *parler*, from Lat. *parabola*, Gr. *παράβολα*. — 405. **Weary'd**. The *y* is written here instead of *i* according to rule. So also in *magnify'd*, ver. 440, and *disglorify'd*, ver. 442, and elsewhere we find *however wearied*, ver. 1583. — 461. **Contest**, accented on last syllable like the Latin stem. — **Twixt**, a prep. from an old genitive form of A.-S. *twega*, two. The final *t* is euphonic, § 38. It is usually compounded with the prep. of condition, *be*. — 477. **Indure**, endure. See § 27. — 493. **Hainous**, heinous; Fr. *haineux*, from the same Teutonic stem as English *hate*. — 516. **What offer'd means**, what means are offered. — 571. **Numness**, numbness. The *b* in *numb*, Old Eng. *num*, is Euphonic, § 38. — **Who caus'd a fountain**, at Ramoth-Lehi, after the slaughter of the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. — 604. **How else**, two adverbs for the adjunct *in some other way*. — 624. **Apprehensive** sensitive; an attribute belonging to the sensibility as well as to the intelligence or cognitive faculty. — 627. **Medicinal**, accented on first syllable. — **Forsook**, forsaken. The form of the past part, by a change of the vowel of the stem, was once used in the case of many verbs in which it is now obsolete. Cf. *shook*, ver. 409; also past tense *shore*, ver. 537. — 637. **Amain**, mightily; comp. of prefix *a* and *main*, from A.-S. *maegen*, main strength. — 653. **Inroll'd**, enrolled. See § 37. — 676. **Flie**, fly; A.-S. *flig* and *fleoge*. — 729. **Address'd**, made ready. See J. C., III. i. — 745. **Amends**, noun like *news*, *pains*, plural in form, but either singular or plural in signification. — 754. **Chief**, chiefly, adj. used as an adverb. See § 47 (2). It may be regarded as modifying some such words as *practised* understood. — 776. **Endeavor**, old spelling of *endeavor*, the *a* in which is orthographic. § 18 (1), Fr. *en* and *devoir*, duty. It has for its object *to lessen*, etc., and also the clausal noun *that I may find thy par-*



*don*, etc. — 785. **Parle**, parley, confer. See *parties*, ver. 403. — 796. **Indear, en-dear**. As in *intangled*, ver. 763, *intrap*, ver. 855, *insnare*, ver. 860, and elsewhere. This edition uses the A.-S. form *in* instead of the French form *en* of the prep. — 820. **Upbraid me mine**. Milton frequently, as here, omits the preposition after a verb. Cf. vv. 537, 538, *who shore me all my precious fleece*. A transitive verb may take a second noun after it in divers objective relations: it may express a factitive object, as ver. 401: "she sought to make me *traitor* to myself;" or remote object, as ver. 107: "I yielded and unlocked *her* all my heart;" or specifying object, as vv. 874, 875: "it would have taught thee far other *reasonings*." Generally in such constructions we may suppose a preposition understood before one or other of the nouns; in other words, the relation between the noun and the verb may be appropriately expressed by a preposition, although the writer may have known of no such preposition, and the language may at the period of his writing have supplied none. *Give me drink* is as grammatically correct as *give to me drink*. — 933. **Toils**, nets; Fr. *toiles*, from Lat. *telu*. — 967. **Go**, infinitive object of the participle *bid*. — **Contrary**, accented on the middle syllable, as in its Latin primitive. — 1003. **Injurious**, here used in a sense which looks to moral quality rather than to effect in good or evil. Every moral act, and so every moral agent, and even things or attributes personified as moral agents, may be viewed in either of two respects, that of the direction in which they move, that is, as right or wrong, or that of the result or effect of the acting, that is, as beneficent or baleful. This word *injurious* is more commonly used now in the latter sense, as we apply it to food, to pursuits, etc., to which no proper moral property can properly be attributed. — 1016. **Much like thy riddle**. The allusion is to Samson's riddle propounded to the Philistines at Timnath, which was to be explained in the seven days of the feast, but which they were unable to explain till on the seventh day they succeeded in worming out the explanation from him through his wife. Judges, chap. xiv. — 1019. **Had**, would have, conditional mood. — 1038. **Far within defensive arms** too near to be warded off by defensive armor. — 1048. The meaning is: Who combines that rarely found treasure in domestic prosperity. — **Fraught**, freight, what he bears. The previous image, vv. 1070-1072. Cf. Dan. *fragte*, Fr. *fret*, freight, cargo. — 1080. **Og**, King of Bashan, a remnant of the giant race of the Rephaim, conquered by the people of Israel in their exodus to Canaan. Deut. chap. ii. — **Anak**, a name applied to another branch of this giant race, the Rephaim, dwelling in the southern part of Canaan, having Hebron as their chief city, dispossessed and almost entirely destroyed by Joshua. Joshua xi. 21. Some of them lingered in the Philistine cities of Gaza, Gath, and Ashdod. *Ibid.* 22. — **Emims**, another branch of the Rephaim, who seem to have occupied the country on the east of the Jordan, where Kiriathaim was situated. Genesis, xiv. 5. — 1087. **Listed**, inclosed for combat. — 1120. **Brigandine**, a coat of mail; Fr. *brigandine*. — **Habergeon**, a defense for the neck; A.-S. *heals-beorga*, from *heals* or *hals*, neck, and *beorga*, a defense; Old Fr. *hauberc*: the *n* is dim. affix. — 1121. **Vant-bras**, covering for the arm; Fr. *avant*, fore, and *bras*, arm. — 1136. **Those thirty men**, etc. See Judges, xiv. 19, 20. — 1223. **Enforce**, force, ability. — 1231. **Baal-zebub**, in New Testament, Beelzebub, is Baal of the Fly, or the Fly-Baal, the form of Baal worshipped at Ekron — "the god of Ekron." 1 Kings i. 2, 3, 16; perhaps so designated as supposed protector against a plague of flies. Baal was the supreme divinity of the Phenician tribes, worshiped under diverse forms and specific names in different districts. — 1242. **Astaroth** or **Ashtaroth**, and in the sing. **Ashtoreth**, **Gr.** **Astarte**, was the principal female, as Baal was the principal male divinity of the Phenicians. — 1266. **It may with mine**, etc. The prophetic spirit here breaks out in Samson in this presage of his death. — 1298. **Laboring**, busying. — 1299. **Working day**. Cf. *laboring day*. J. C., I. i. — 1309. **Remark**, point: ut. —

1367. **Civil**, as opposed to *moral*. — 1369. **The sentence**, the proposition. — 1401. **Because**, in order that; used in a larger sense than now. Cf. *Rom* iii. 21. — **Do**ff, put off, comp. of *do* and *off*. — 1426. **No**, in old sense of *not*. — 1431. **The Angel of thy birth**. See *Judges* xiii. 20. — 1436. **Camp of Dan**. See *Judges* xiii. 25. — 1454. **Ye**. The inflection of the pronoun is here disregarded. — **What hope**, as to what hope; the specifying object often occurring, in poetry, without the preposition. — 1475. **Dread**, *n.* dreaded object. — 1480. **And** is here equivalent to *than that*. It is here used as a conjunction of comparison, *not* of mere connection, as usually. — 1514. **Ruin**, in this and following ver. in its primitive sense of *falling*. The word signifying the means or mode has come, in this as in other words, to denote the result. — 1556. **Distract**, distracted, which has a double participial affix. Cf. *distraught*. *F. Q.*, I. ix. 38. — **Dy'd**. Cf. *weary'd*, ver. 405. — 1588. **At once**, etc. This phrase is to be regarded grammatically as in apposition with *cause*. — 1600. **Sort**, rank, as preëminently or by distinction. — 1602. **Banks**, benches; *A.-S.* *ban* and *benc*, a bench. See § 46 (2). — 1623. **Stupendious**, for *stupendous*, a hardly allowable license even in poetry. — 1683. **So fond**, etc., so foolish are mortal men when fallen into wrath divine. — 1701. **Imbost**, hidden. See *F. Q.*, I. ix. 29. — **Sons of Caphtor**. — Caphtorim, living in Philistia, are mentioned *Deut.* ii. 23, as having come from Caphtor, which is supposed to have been in Egypt, or in its vicinity. — 1756. **Acquist**, acquisition, in the passive sense of *what is acquired*. Cf. *Lat. acquisitum*. — The drama closes in a kind of strophe by the chorus composed in alternate rhyme but in irregular rhythm.

### 9. JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born in the parish of Milston in Wiltshire, May 1, 1672, and died at Holland House, Kensington, June 17, 1719. He was educated at Oxford, where he took his master's degree in 1693. Attaching himself to the party of the Whigs, he obtained a pension to enable him to travel. Among other literary fruits of this provision, are his "Remarks on Italy," and the familiar hymn, beginning, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord," which was written in gratitude for his escape from shipwreck during a storm off the coast of Genoa. He entered Parliament in 1708, and continued a member till his death. In 1710 he began his contributions to the "Tatler," a weekly paper projected by his school-fellow and life-long friend, Sir Richard Steele. In 1711, having returned to London from Dublin, where he had resided as secretary of Wharton, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, he joined Steele in establishing the "Spectator," in his contributions to which he won his great classic fame and celebrity. In 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick, and from this time he resided at Holland House, Kensington, till his death. His remains were deposited in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

The selections are from the "Spectator," from the edition of Addison's works published by Jacob Tonson, 1730.

#### THE SPECTATOR.

No. 111.

Saturday, July 7.

Inter silvas Academi querere verum. — *Hor.*

THE course of my last Speculation led me insensibly into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the Immortality of the Soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost my self in it very agreeably,

as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of Morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn,

*First*, From the nature of the Soul it self, and particularly its immateriality ; which though not absolutely necessary to the Eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

*Secondly*, From its Passions and Sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

*Thirdly*, From the nature of the supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom and veracity are all concerned in this great point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the Soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it ; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the Soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all Eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created ? Are such abilities made for no purpose ? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass : in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of ; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a Thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries ?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into

the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

Hæres

*Hæredem alterius, velut unda, supervenit undam.*

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprizing to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his Soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive Intelligences, such short-lived reasonable Beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the Soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the Soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his Creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to Him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite Spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That Cherubim which now appears as a God to a human Soul, knows very well

that the period will come about in Eternity, when the human Soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of Being; but he knows, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior Nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth with the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own Souls, where there are such hidden stores of Virtue and Knowledge, such inexhaustible sources of perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will always be in reserve for him. The Soul considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another to all eternity without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider our selves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness!

No. 106.

*Monday, July 2.*

Hinc tibi copia  
Manabit ad plenum benigno  
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. — *Hor.*

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing Speculations. Sir ROGER, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the Gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shews me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir ROGER's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the Knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and

as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him : by this means his domesticks are all in years, and grow old with their master. You would take his Valet de Chambre for his brother, his Butler is grey-headed, his Groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his Coach-man has the looks of a Privy-Counsellor. You see the goodness of the Master even in the old house-dog, and in a grey pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domesticks upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old Master ; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with ; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his Butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir R O G E R is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir R O G E R, and has lived at his house in the nature of a Chaplain above thirty years. This Gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation : he heartily loves Sir R O G E R, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's esteem ; so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir R O G E R, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist ; and that his Virtues, as well as Imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which make them par-



ticularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of Sense and Virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned ? and without staying for my answer told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table ; for which reason, he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of Back-gammon. My friend, says Sir R O G E R, found me out this Gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good Scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish ; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good Annuity for life. If he out-lives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years ; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, he has never in all that time asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every day solliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them : If any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision ; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once, or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good Sermons which have been printed in *England*, and only begged of him that every *Sunday* he would pronounce one of them in the Pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical Divinity.

As Sir R O G E R was going on in his story, the Gentleman we were talking of came up to us : and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was *Saturday* night) told us the Bishop of *St. Asaph* in the morning, and Dr. *South* in the afternoon. He then shewed us his list of Preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop *Tillotson*, Bishop *Saunderson*, Doctor *Barrow*, Doctor *Cal-*

amy, with several living Authors who have published Discourses of Practical Divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the Pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A Sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a Poet in the mouth of a graceful Actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our Country-clergy would follow this example; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater Masters. This would not only be more easie to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

No. 112.

Monday, July 9.

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,  
Τίμα. — *Pyth.*

I AM always very well pleased with a country *Sunday*; and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country-people would soon degenerate into a kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the supreme Being. *Sunday* clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country-fellow distinguishes himself as much in the *Church-yard*, as a Citizen does upon the *Change*, the whole parish-politicks being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir ROGER being a good church-man, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own

chusing : He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular ; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer-book ; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms ; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed build most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir ROGER is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer no one to sleep in it besides himself ; for if by chance he has been surprized into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions : Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it ; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same prayer ; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprized to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one *John Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This *John Matthews* it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all the circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behaviour ; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character, make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, no body presumes to stir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side ; and every now and then enquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or

father do, whom he does not see at church ; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising-day, when Sir ROGER has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encouragement ; and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir ROGER has likewise added five pounds a year to the Clerk's place ; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised upon the death of the present Incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir ROGER and his Chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The Parson is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parson, never comes to church. The 'Squire has made all his tenants atheists, and tithe-stealers ; while the Parson instructs them every *Sunday* in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his Patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his prayers either in publick or private this half year ; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people ; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning ; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

No. 120.

*Wednesday, July 18*

Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis  
Ingenium. — *Virg.*

MY friend Sir ROGER is very often merry with me, upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry : he has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and sometimes sitting an hour or two together near an hen and chicken.

He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house : calls such a particular cock my favorite, and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country-life ; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in Authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation ; the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of any other kind ; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are *Lust* and *Hunger* : the first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind ; the latter, to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish : others of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposite them in, and there leave them, as the Serpent, the Crocodile, and Ostrich : others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model ? It cannot be *Imitation* ; for though you hatch a Crow under a Hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be *Reason* ; for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees

with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts; and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is verified by a very barbarous experiment; which I shall quote at length as I find it in an excellent Author, and hope my Readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the strength of that principle in animals, of which I am here speaking. "A person who was well skilled in dissections opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain: on the removal, she kept her eyes fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one, than the sense of her own torments."

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves: and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it; as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species; nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads it self downwards; for in all family-affection, we find protection granted and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the Reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.



Reason shews it self in all occurrences of life ; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men ; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation.

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance ? When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth ? When she leaves them to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal ? In the summer you see her giving her self greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together ; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison ? Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help it self ; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A Chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a chick ; though there are many other birds that shew an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species) considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner : she is insensible of an increase or diminution in the number of those she lays : she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species ; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of her self or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not in my opinion any thing more mysterious in nature than this Instinct in Animals, which thus rises above Reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual Being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest Philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first mover, and the Divine energy acting in the creatures.

No. 122.

*Friday, July 20.**Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est. - Publ. Syr. Frag.*

A MAN's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world; if the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives it self seconded by the applauses of the publick: A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir ROGER is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will, which are paid him by every one who lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shewn to the good old Knight. He would needs carry *Will Wimble* and my self with him to the country-assizes: as we were upon the road, *Will Wimble* joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir ROGER acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a Yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man: he is just within the game act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant: He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than

those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges : in short, he is a very sensible man ; shoots flying ; and has been several times Fore-man of the Petty-Jury.

The other that rides along with him is *Tom Touchy*, a fellow famous for *taking the law* of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a Quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the *Widow*. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments : he plagued a couple of honest Gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution : his father left him fourscore pounds a year ; but he has *cast* and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.

As Sir ROGER was giving me this account of *Tom Touchy*, *Will Wimble* and his two companions stopped till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir ROGER, *Will* told him that Mr. *Touchy* and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. *Will* it seems had been giving his fellow-travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole ; when *Tom Touchy*, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. such an one, if he pleased, might *take the law of him* for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir ROGER heard them both, upon a round trot ; and after having paused some time told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgement rashly, that *much might be said on both sides*. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it : upon which we made the best of our way to the Assizes.

The Court was sat before Sir ROGER came, but notwithstanding all the Justices had taken their seats upon the Bench, they made room for the old Knight at the head of them ; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the Judge's ear, that *he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit*. I was listening to the proceedings of the Court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a publick administration of our laws ; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprize,

in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir ROGER was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the Court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country-people that Sir ROGER was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it: and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the Gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the Judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir ROGER are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little Inn to rest our selves and our horses. The man of the house had it seems been formerly a servant in the Knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir ROGER, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that *the Knight's head* had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir ROGER was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded only from affection and good will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a Duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the Knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the *Saracen's head*. I should not have known this story, had not the Inn-keeper upon Sir ROGER's alighting told him in my hearing, That his Honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be

made in it. Upon this my friend with his usual chearfulness related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir ROGER, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a *Saracen*, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, *That much might be said on both sides.*

These several adventures, with the Knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

No. 102.

Wednesday, June 27.

Lusus animo debent aliquando dari  
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi. — *Phœd.*

I DO not know whether to call the following Letter a satyr upon Coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the publick. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions, so that I shall give it my Reader at length without either Preface or Postscript.

MR. SPECTATOR,

“WOMEN are armed with Fans as men with Swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end therefore that Ladies may be entire Mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an Academy for the training up of young women in the *Exercise of the Fan*, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at Court. The Ladies who *carry* Fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great Hall, where they are instructed in the use of their Arms, and *exercised* by the following words of command: *Handle your Fans, Unfurl your Fans, Discharge your Fans, Ground your Fans, Recover your Fans, Flutter your Fans.* By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a

woman of a tolerable genius who will apply her self diligently to her exercise for the space of one half year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

“ But to the end that my Readers may form to themselves a right notion of this *Exercise*, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female Regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to *handle their Fans*, each of them shakes her Fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her Fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy motion, and stands in a readiness to receive the next word of Command. All this is done with a close Fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

“ The next motion is that of *unfurling the Fan*, in which are comprehended several little flurts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the Fan it self, that are seldom learned under a month’s practice. This part of the *Exercise* pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of Cupids, Garlands, Altars, Birds, Beasts, Rain-bows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the Regiment holds a picture in her hand.

“ Upon my giving the word to *discharge their Fans*, they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the *Exercise* ; but I have several Ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a room, who can now *discharge a Fan* in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have also taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their Fans in wrong places or unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a Fan may come in properly : I have likewise invented a Fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary Fan.

“ When the Fans are thus *discharged*, the word of command in course is to *ground their Fans*. This teaches a Lady to quit her Fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take



up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply her self to any other matter of importance. This part of the *Exercise*, as it only consists in tossing a Fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose) may be learned in two days time as well as in a twelvemonth.

“When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit) they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out *recover your Fans*. This part of the *Exercise* is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

“The *fluttering of the Fan* is the last, and indeed the masterpiece of the whole *Exercise*; but if a Lady does not mis-spend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the *Exercise*, for as soon as ever I pronounce *flutter your Fans*, the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to Ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

“There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the *flutter of a Fan*: there is the angry Flutter, the modest Flutter, the timorous Flutter, the confused Flutter, the merry Flutter, and the amorous Flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the Fan; insomuch, that if I only see the Fan of a disciplined Lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a Fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it: and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the Lady’s sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a Fan is either a Prude or Coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own observations compiled a little Treatise for the use of my scholars, intitled, *The passions of the Fan*; which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the publick. I shall have a general review on *Thursday* next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your presence.

“*I am, &c.*”

*P. S.* "I teach young Gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a Fan.

*N. B.* "I have several little plain Fans made for this use, to avoid expence."

No. 565.

*Friday, July 9.*

Deum namque ire per omnes  
Terrasque, tractasque maris, cœlumque profundum. — *Virg.*

I WAS yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields, 'till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused my self with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of Heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, 'till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the *Æther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its most beautiful white. To compleat the scene, the full Moon rose at length in that clouded Majesty, which *Milton* takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the Sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the Moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. *David* himself fell into it, in that reflection, *When I consider the Heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!* In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of Stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of Suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of Luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, whilst I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I my self bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the Sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little, in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a *Blank* in the creation. The Chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other, as it is possible there may be such a sense in our selves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than our selves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our Telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. *Huygenius* carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation. There is no question but the Universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert it self in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first thought, I could not but look upon my self with secret horror, as a Being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover my self from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We our selves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in our selves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, Beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created Being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The Sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the

widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in our selves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him, in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us, that his attributes are infinite, but the poorness of our conception is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, 'till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is Omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is Omniscient.

If we consider him in his Omnipresence: his Being passes through, actuates and supports the whole frame of Nature. His Creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so incon siderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every Being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that Being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old Philosopher, he is a Being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is Omniscient as well as Omnipresent. His Omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his Omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several Moralists have considered the creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *Sensorium* of the

Godhead. Brutes and men have their *Sensoriola*, or little *Sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the presence, and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turns within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to Omniscience.

Were the Soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the Creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find it self within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him !* says Job. *Behold I go forward, but he is not there ; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him : he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.* In short, reason as well as revelation assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's Omnipresence and Omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has Being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion : for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavor to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

#### NOTES ON SELECTIONS FROM ADDISON.

Instead of comments on particular words and phrases, notices of more general characteristics of expression and thought are here given as more promising of interest and benefit. And first, *the orthography* of Addison will be remarked as unsettled and irregular in respect to divers classes of words. The *k* was not omitted after *c* final unaccented, as we find *publick*, *domesticks*, *politicks*. The *u* was still retained in many words from the Latin ending in *or*, as *colour*, *humour*, *behaviour*, *endeavour*, *favour*, *neighbour*, *honour* ; it was however omitted in others, as *superior*, *inferior*, *humorist*, *author*. The *e* was sometimes retained, sometimes omitted in *judgment*. The distinct uses of the *i* and *y* were not fully settled, as instanced in *easie*, *tryal*, *satyr* (satire). Use was not settled in all words as to whether the Latin prefix *in*, or French *en*, should be preferred, as *enquiries*, *enclose*. The sibilant *s* and its cognate

phthongal *z* was variously represented, as in *expe*nce, *practis*ed, *surpriz*e. By the insertion of what vowel the quantity of an integrant vowel in a stem should be indicated as long, was not settled, as we find *chearfulnes*, *compleat*. Other orthographies will attract notice, as *centre* ; *fibre* ; *shews* ; *flurts* ; *chusing* ; *traveller* ; *deposite stopped* ; *dependant* ; *dazle* ; *'till*. Generally it will be apparent that the orthography of our language, while it had made great progress towards a more entire conformity to rule, has also made great progress since, although not yet reaching the goal of perfection. One general law which has governed and is still governing this progress is this ; that where orthographic expedients have been resorted to in order to indicate the sound more perfectly than would be in the normal mode of one elemental sound by one written character, as the insertion of the *k* after the final *c*, the *u* to show the long sound of *o* in *honor*, of *e* after *g*, and the like, these expedients have been disused when there ceased to be occasion for them. Another law of progress still governing is : that words of unsettled orthography be conformed to the spelling of other words of the same class which are settled.

It is proper to notice in this connection that the use of *capitals* was more frequent than good use now allows, and at the same time very irregular.

2. The orthographic syllabication of words was evidently unsettled in Addison's time. The edition from which the selections are taken is in size a large quarto, and therefore would admit easily of a regular syllabication which is not always so practicable in short lines. It was printed for Tonson, one of the most careful and tasteful typographers of the first half of the last century. Yet we find such anomalies of syllabication as *infi nity*, *omni science*, *abi lities*, *pre sent*, *imagine*, *e ver*, *ve ry*, *di stance*, *cha racter*, *encourage*, *po sterity*. With all allowance for typographical oversights, we cannot hesitate to pronounce the syllabication of this period to be without law.

3. The style of Addison is generally remarkable for its accuracy. In comparison, the style of his associate, Steele, for instance, is to be characterized as most grossly loose and slovenly. That we find expressions in Addison which would now discredit a novice in literary composition, proves not so much his negligence as the progress of taste in matters of style. In general, we must characterize the style of this period as far looser than it is at present. Some *grammatical* peculiarities are here particularly to be noticed. The use of *an* before a sounded *h* under the accent occurs everywhere, as *an hen*, *an hundred*, *an hare*, *an humorist*. The use of the *gerund* as a proper participial, in its twofold function of a verb and of a noun is so frequent as to compel us to regard it as established by the law of the language. It will be observed that it governs its object without a preposition, and admits of tense distinction like a verb, while at the same time it is used as a noun, both as subject of a verb and object of a preposition and of a verb, and takes definitives, as the article, etc., before it. Moreover, it takes its subject in the genitive or possessive case. The following are instances : " For the *leaving* a posterity ; " " Pardon the *mentioning* such an instance of cruelty ; " " Her *covering* it ; " " Her *forsaking* the nest ; " " Upon the *knight's* conjuring me ; " " For the *teaching* this part ; " " Upon the *knight's* asking him ; " " Approved of my *friend's* insisting upon the qualifications."

The following expressions are noticeable whether they are regarded as instances of negligence or as authorized at that stage of our literature : " Is travelled ; " " That cherubim which now appears ; " " Asking him who preached to-morrow ; " " Were the soul separate from the body and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation ; " " There is nothing can so effectually shew the strength ; " " The make of every kind of animal is different from that of any other kind ; " " Never so different ; " " Who rid before us ; " " Was sat ; " " He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges



til he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution."

Rhetorically the style of Addison is to be characterized as remarkably easy and natural. The sentences are short, but little involved, and direct, with few inversions. It excels in the oral properties, being melodious, rhythmical, and so far as the simple and direct structure of the sentence admits, harmonious. It is a style which is in strong contrast with the sententiousness of Lord Bacon on the one hand, and the full, round, periodical style of Edmund Burke on the other. It is a style which seems to have been the model and the leader to the more perfected style which so captivates in the writings of Macaulay and Irving, by its naturalness, simplicity, clearness, and grace. There is nothing more to be sought in these great qualities of prose writing in English. There can be progress only in combining these properties with expressed richness, exactness, and intensity of thought as these qualities appear in Bolingbroke, Shaftesbury, and Burke.

### 10. ALEXANDER POPE, 1688-1744.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 21, 1688, and died at Twickenham a village on the Thames, a few miles out of London, May 30, 1744. His education was chiefly in private and irregular. His favorite studies were among the poets, of whom Dryden was held in warmest admiration. He commenced writing at an early age, his "Ode on Solitude" having been written at the age of 12. His principal compositions are his "Essay on Criticism," published in 1711; the "Messiah," in 1712; the "Rape of the Lock," in the enlarged form in 1714; his Translation of the Iliad, 1715-1720; the "Epistle of Eloise to Abelard," in 1717; his Translation of the Odyssey, in 1725 and 1726; the "Dunciad," in 1728; "Essay on Man," in 1732-1734.

The selections are from Warburton's edition in 1751, the first complete edition, for which Pope himself just before his death revised and corrected his various compositions.

#### THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

##### AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

*Written in the Year MDCCXII.*

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

*Madam,*

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offer'd to a Bookseller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady ; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book call'd *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Dæmons of Earth delight in mischief ; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best-condition'd creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end : (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones ; and the character of Belinda, as it is now manag'd, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro' the world half so Uncensur'd as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

*Your most obedient, Humble Servant,*

A. POPE.

#### THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos ;  
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. — *Mart.*

#### CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,  
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,  
I sing — This verse to Caryl, Muse ! is due :  
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view :  
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,  
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess ! could compel  
A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle Belle ?  
Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,  
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord ?  
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,  
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage ?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,  
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day :  
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,  
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake :  
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground

And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.  
 Belinda still her downy pillow prest,  
 Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest : 20  
 'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed  
 The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head,  
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,  
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)  
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25  
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.  
 Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care  
 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air !  
 If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,  
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught ; 30  
 Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,  
 The silver token, and the circle green,  
 Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,  
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs ; 35  
 Hear and believe ! thy own importance know,  
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.  
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,  
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd ;  
 What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give :  
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40  
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,  
 The light Militia of the lower sky :  
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,  
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring. 45  
 Think what an equipage thou hast in Air,  
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.  
 As now your own, our beings were of old,  
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould ;  
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair  
 From earthly Vehicles to these of air. 50  
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,  
 That all her vanities at once are dead ;  
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,  
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards. 55  
 Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,  
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.  
 For when the Fair in all their pride expire,  
 To their first Elements their Souls retire :

The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame  
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60  
 Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,  
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.  
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,  
 In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.  
 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65  
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet ; whoever fair and chaste  
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd :  
 For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease  
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70  
 What guards the purity of melting Maids,  
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,  
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,  
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,  
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75  
 When music softens, and when dancing fires ?  
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,  
 Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,  
 For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace. 80  
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,  
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd :  
 Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,  
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,  
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85  
 And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.  
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,  
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,  
 Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,  
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,  
 The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,  
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,  
 And old impertinence expel by new.  
 What tender maid but must a victim fall 95  
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball ?  
 When Florio speaks what virgin could withstand  
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand ?  
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,

They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart ; 100  
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots  
strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.  
This erring mortals Levity may call,  
Oh blind to truth ! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105  
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.  
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,  
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star  
I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,  
Ere to the main this morning sun descend, 110  
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where :  
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware !  
This to disclose is all thy guardian can :  
Beware of all, but most beware of Man !

He said ; when Shock, who thought she slept too 115  
long,

Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.  
'Twas then Belinda, if report say true,  
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux ;  
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read ;  
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,  
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.  
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,  
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.

A heav'nly Image in the glass appears, 125

To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;  
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,  
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride,  
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here

The various off'rings of the world appear ; 130

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.  
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The Tortoise here and Elephant unite, 135

Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,  
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.

Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms ;  
 The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140  
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,  
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;  
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.  
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care, 144  
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,  
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;  
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

## CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in th' eternal plain,  
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,  
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams  
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.  
 Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone, 5  
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.  
 On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,  
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.  
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those : 10  
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;  
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride 15  
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide :  
 If to her share some female errors fall,  
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.  
 This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,  
 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind 20  
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck  
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.  
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,  
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.  
 With hairy springs we the birds betray, 24  
 Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,  
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,  
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.



Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd ;  
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30  
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,  
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;  
 For when success a Lover's toil attends,  
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35  
 Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,  
 But chiefly Love — to Love an Altar built,  
 Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.  
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves ;  
 And all the trophies of his former loves ; 40  
 With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,  
 And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.  
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes  
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize :  
 The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r, 45  
 The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,  
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :  
 While melting music steals upon the sky,  
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die ; 50  
 Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,  
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.  
 All but the Sylph — with careful thoughts oppress'd,  
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.  
 He summons strait his Denizens of air ; 55  
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair ;  
 Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,  
 That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.  
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,  
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ; 60  
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,  
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.  
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,  
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,  
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65  
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,  
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,  
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.  
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,

Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd ; 78  
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,  
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,  
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear ! 75  
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd  
 By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.

Some in the fields of purest Æther play,  
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.  
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,  
 Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky. 80

Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light  
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,  
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,  
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,  
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85  
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er human race preside,  
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :  
 Of these the chief the care of Nations own,  
 And guard with Arms divine the British Throne. 90

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,  
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care ;  
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,  
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale ; 95  
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs ;  
 To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs  
 A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,  
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;  
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,  
 To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair  
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care ;  
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight ;  
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night. 105  
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,  
 Or some frail China jar receive a flaw ;  
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;  
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade ;  
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball ;  
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall. 110

Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:  
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;  
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;  
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;  
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock; 115  
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,  
 We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:  
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,  
 Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale; 120  
 Form a strong line about the silver bound,  
 And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,  
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 125  
 Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;  
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,  
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:  
 Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,  
 While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain;  
 Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r 130  
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivet'd flow'r:  
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel  
 The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,  
 In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135  
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend!  
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;  
 Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;  
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear; 140  
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,  
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

## CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,  
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,  
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
 Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.  
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom  
 Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes Tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court; 10  
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,  
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;  
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,  
And one describes a charming Indian screen; 15  
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;  
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.  
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,  
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that*.

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,  
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20  
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,  
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;  
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,  
And the long labours of the Toilet cease. 25  
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,  
Burns to encounter two adven'trous Knights,  
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;  
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.  
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,  
Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30  
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard  
Descend, and sit on each important card:  
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,  
Then each, according to the rank they bore;  
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35  
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,  
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;  
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,  
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r; 40  
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,  
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;  
And particolour'd troops, a shining train,  
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care: 45  
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,

In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.  
 Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!  
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50  
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,  
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.  
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard  
 Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.  
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55  
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,  
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,  
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.  
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,  
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60  
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew  
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,  
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,  
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!  
 Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65  
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.  
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,  
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.  
 The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,  
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride: 70  
 What boots the regal circle on his head,  
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;  
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,  
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?  
 The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace; 75  
 Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,  
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd  
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.  
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,  
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80  
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,  
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,  
 With like confusion different nations fly,  
 Of various habit, and of various dye,  
 The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall, 85  
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.  
 The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,  
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,  
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ; 80  
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,  
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And now, (as oft in some distemper'd State)  
 On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.

An Ace of Hearts steps forth : The King unseen 95  
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen :  
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,  
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.  
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky ;  
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100

Oh thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,  
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.  
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away  
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd, 105  
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ;  
 On shining Altars of Japan they raise  
 The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :  
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,  
 While China's earth receives the smoaking tyde : 110

At once they gratify their scent and taste,  
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repaste.  
 Strait hover round the Fair her airy band ;  
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,  
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115  
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,  
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)  
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain  
 New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120

Ah cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late,  
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate !  
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,  
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125  
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill ?  
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace  
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case :  
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,



Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130  
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends  
 The little engine on his finger's ends;  
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,  
 As o'er the fragrant steam she bends her head.  
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair, 135  
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;  
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;  
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.  
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought  
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought; 140  
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,  
 He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,  
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,  
 An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.  
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145  
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,  
 T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.  
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,  
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150  
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,  
 (But airy substance soon unites again)  
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever  
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes, 155  
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.  
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,  
 When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last  
 Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,  
 In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,  
 (The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!  
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,  
 Or in a coach and six the British Fair,  
 As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165  
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,  
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,  
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,  
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,  
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170

What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,  
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!  
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,  
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;  
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175  
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.  
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel,  
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

## CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,  
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.  
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,  
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive, 5  
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,  
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,  
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,  
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,  
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,  
 As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair. 10

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,  
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,  
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,  
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light, 15  
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,  
 Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,  
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.  
 No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,  
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20  
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,  
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,  
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,  
 Pain at her side, and Mægrim at the head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place, 25  
 But diff'ring far in figure and in face.  
 Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,  
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;  
 With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,  
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,  
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,  
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,  
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,  
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,  
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.  
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,  
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;  
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;  
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,  
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.  
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,  
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:  
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,  
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,  
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.  
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,  
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:  
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;  
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;  
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,  
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,  
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.  
Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail wayward Queen!  
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:  
Parent of vapours and of female wit,  
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,  
On various tempers act by various ways,  
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;  
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,  
And send the godly in a pet to pray.

A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,  
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.  
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,  
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,  
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,  
Or change complexions at a losing game;  
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,

Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,  
 Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,  
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,  
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75  
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease.  
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,  
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air  
 Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r. 80  
 A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,  
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;  
 There she collects the force of female lungs,  
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues 85  
 A Vial next she fills with fainting fears,  
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.  
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,  
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,  
 Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound. 90  
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,  
 And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.  
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,  
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.  
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd, 95  
 (While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)  
 Was it for this you took such constant care  
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?  
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,  
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around? 100  
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,  
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?  
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,  
 While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!  
 Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine 105  
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.  
 Methinks already I your tears survey,  
 Already hear the horrid things they say,  
 Already see you a degraded toast,  
 And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110  
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?  
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!

And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,  
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,  
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays, 115  
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?  
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,  
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;  
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,  
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all! 120

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,  
 And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:  
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,  
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane) 125  
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,  
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,  
 And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?  
 Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!  
 Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!  
 Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box. 130

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)  
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.  
 But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,  
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;  
 Which never more its honours shall renew, 135  
 Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)  
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,  
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.  
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread  
 The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;  
 He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.  
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,  
 Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;  
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145  
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,  
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!  
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,  
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen! 150  
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,  
 By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.  
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd

In some lone isle, or distant Northern land ;  
 Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 143  
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea !  
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,  
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.  
 What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam ?  
 O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home ! 160  
 'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,  
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;  
 The tott'ring China shook without a wind,  
 Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !  
 A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, 165  
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late !  
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !  
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares :  
 These in two sable ringlets taught to break,  
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ; 170  
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,  
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;  
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,  
 And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious hands.  
 Oh hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize 175  
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !

## CANTO V.

SHE said : the pitying audience melt in tears.  
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.  
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,  
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails ?  
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, 5  
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.  
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan ;  
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.  
 Say why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,  
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast ? 10  
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,  
 Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd ?  
 Why round our coaches the white-glov'd Beaux,  
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows ?  
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15



Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains :  
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,  
 Behold the first in virtue as in face !  
 Oh ! if to dance all night, and dress all day,  
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away ;  
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,  
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ?  
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,  
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.  
 But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay,  
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to gray ;  
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,  
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid ;  
 What then remains but well our pow'r to use,  
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose ?  
 And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,  
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.  
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;  
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd ;  
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.  
 To arms, to arms ! the fierce Virago cries,  
 And 'swift as lightning to the combat flies.  
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack ;  
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ;  
 Heroes and Heroines shouts confus'dly rise,  
 And base, and treble voices strike the skies.  
 No common weapons in their hands are found,  
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,  
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage ;  
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;  
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms :  
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,  
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :  
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'r's, the ground gives  
 way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height  
 Clap'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight :  
 Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey  
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,  
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,  
 A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,  
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.  
 "O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"  
 Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.  
 A mournful glance Sir Foplings upwards cast,  
 "Those eyes are made so killing" — was his last.  
 Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies  
 Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,  
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;  
 She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,  
 But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,  
 Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;  
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;  
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,  
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes:  
 Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,  
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.  
 But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,  
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:  
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,  
 A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;  
 The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atome just,  
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.  
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,  
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,  
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.  
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,  
 Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,  
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,  
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:  
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,  
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;  
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,  
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!

Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.  
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind :  
 All that I dread is leaving you behind ! 100  
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,  
 And burn in Cupid's flames, — but burn alive.

Restore the Lock ! she cries ; and all around  
 Restore the Lock ! the vaulted roofs rebound.  
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105  
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.  
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,  
 And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost !  
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,  
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain : 110  
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,  
 So heav'n decrees ! with heav'n who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,  
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.  
 There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vases, 115  
 And Beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.  
 There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,  
 And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,  
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,  
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120  
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoaak a flea,  
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise,  
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes :  
 (So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew, 125  
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view)  
 A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,  
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.  
 Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright  
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130  
 The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,  
 And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey,  
 And hail with music its propitious ray.  
 This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135  
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.  
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,  
 When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes ;

And hence th' egregious wizzard shall foredoom  
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140  
 Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd  
 hair,  
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!  
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,  
 Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.  
 For, after all the murders of your eye, 145  
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;  
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,  
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,  
 This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,  
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

## NOTES ON THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

We learn from Warburton's notes that this poem was composed by request of a Mr. Caryl, with a view of putting an end by this piece of ridicule to a quarrel between two noble families. A certain Lord Petre had given offense to a Mrs. Fermor, by cutting off a lock of her hair. The poem was presented in its original form in two cantos to the offended lady. It was circulated in manuscript copies by her, and afterwards printed, in 1711, without the name of the author. It was received so well that the next year he added the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended the poem to five cantos. "This insertion," says Warburton, "he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his skill and art as a poet."

The orthography remains but little changed from that which we found in the edition of Addison, which was brought out twenty-one years before. The apostrophe is generally inserted to mark the genitive or possessive case singular, but is omitted in the plural. Thus we have "the *gnomes* embrace," canto i. ver. 80; "*heroes* and *heroines* shouts," *gnomes*, *heroes*, and *heroines*, being in the possessive case.

Peculiarities in proper grammatical expression, further, are the use of the possessive of the pronoun to denote object of the governing noun; as i. 105, "Who *thy* protection claim;" *i. e.* claim the protection of thee. *But* is used after a comparative, a use now discarded; as i. 119, 120: —

"Were no sooner read,  
 But all the vision vanish'd."

Pope perfected the prosody of our poetry so far as respects the construction of single verses. By a most scrupulous conformity to the rule of the verse, he showed precisely wherein the perfection of rhythmical structure consists; and so incurred the criticism of Cowper, who revolted from this predominance given to form over idea, in the familiar distich charging Pope that he —

"Made poetry a mere mechanic art;  
 And every warbler knew his tune by heart."

The leading peculiarities of the versification of Pope as they appear in this poem, are: —

1. The preference given to the heroic or the iambic pentameter verse, with no deviations from the law of its structure except for the sake of avoiding monotony. It would be difficult to find a poor rhythm in the poem. The most prosaic verse is

perhaps ver. 52, in canto v.: "And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day." Catalectics are shunned, as also triple rhymes.

2. A favorite deviation from a pure heroic is the substitution of a trochee or pyrrhic for an iambus in the first or the fifth foot; as c. i. ver. 32: "Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen;" and ver. 34: "Faints into airs, and languishes with pride."

3. The versification is commensurate with the thought. Thus, the poet does not carry closely connected thought over the rhyming distich. In other words, the pronunciation of his poem, so directed as to give most fully the relations of the thought, must pause at the end of each pair of rhymes, as if to give the full effect of the rhyme on the ear. So also each verse is constructed on this same principle, that the ear may take in and weigh the completed rhythm of each. The management of the cæsura of each kind, § 57, is with great skill, and constitutes a marked peculiarity in the versification of Pope. The *ne plus ultra* of his rhythmic structure seems to have been an heroic with a trochee in the first measure, a pyrrhic in the fourth, and a strong cæsura dividing the third, and a weaker one the fourth, as in the familiar jingle: "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;" Ep. i. ver. 276 of his "Essay on Man" and the two verses quoted above.

Closely associated with this rhythmic element in a poetic temperament is the love of antithesis, which is a characteristic quality of Pope's style. The essence of antithesis lies in the balancing of its two factors one against the other, and its leading artistic attribute lies in placing the more emphatic factor last, just as the rhythmic cæsura after the second measure breaks the verse into two portions, and at the same time leaves the last portion the more weighty on the ear. In a humorous poem, like the "Rape of the Lock," the antithesis should be as well a surprise to the reader as also an anticlimax, — a descent from a graver to a more trivial thought. Of this variety of anticlimatic antithesis, we have numerous instances in this poem. Thus, c. iii. ver. 8: —

"Here thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes *counsel* take and sometimes *tea*."

So, ver. 22: —

"And wretches *hang* that jurymen may *dine*."

And ver. 158: —

"When *husbands* or when *lap-dogs* breathe their last."

Also c. iv. ver. 29: —

"With store of *prayers* for mornings, nights, and noons,  
Her hand is filled; her bosom with *lampoons*."

As the poem is in imitation of the epic, which has its character determined from classical models, the poet has frequent references to classical literature. The following are noticed for explanation to those not so familiar with the classic authors.

CANTO III. ver. 122. **Scylla's fate.** The story of Scylla, in "Ovid's Metamorphoses," bk. viii., is referred to. Scylla was the daughter of Nisus, King of Megara, who was fated to live so long as a certain lock of hair on his head remained uncut. When Minos, King of Crete, was besieging Megara, Scylla, having fallen in love with Minos, to win his favor, cut off the fatal lock, and so brought about her father's death and the capture of the city. But the traitress received her reward by being tied to the stern of the conqueror's vessel, and thus dragged through the water till she was drowned. Moreover one legend added that Nisus was transformed into a bird called the sea eagle, and Scylla into another bird named cirrus, and that the father ever pursues the daughter in punishment for her crime.

CANTO IV. Ver. 89. **Thalestris** was a queen of the Amazons. — 183. **By this**

**lock**, in allusion to Achilles' oath in Homer, *Il. i. vv. 309-324* of Pope's translation :—

"Now by this scepter, hear me swear," etc.  
 "Tremendous oath, inviolate to kings,  
 By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again  
 Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain."

**CANTO V** Ver. 65. **Mæander**, a famous river of Asia Minor, remarkable for its winding course, rising in Phrygia, and falling into the Ægean. It is now called the **Minder**. The allusion is immediately to Ovid, "*Heroides*," Ep. vii. : "*Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor*." — Ver. 89-96. In imitation of *Iliad*, ii. 129-136 of Pope's translation, representing the history of Agamemnon's golden scepter.—**Berenice's locks**. Berenice was a daughter of Ptolemy Philadelphus and Arsinoë. Having married Ptolemy Euergetes, on the safe return of her husband from Egypt, she placed her beautiful head of hair in the Temple of Venus, to whom she had vowed it on this condition of her husband's return. The day after, however, the hair was missing. An eminent astronomer, Conon, to comfort the royal pair, who were much disturbed by the loss, declared that the locks had been transformed by the gods into a constellation in the heavens, hence called *Coma Berenices*, Berenice's hair. — The allusion in c. iii. ver. 152, "But airy substance soon unites again," is to the combat in the sixth book of the "*Paradise Lost*," in which the archangel Michael cuts through the right side of Satan :—

"The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Passed through him ; but the ethereal substance closed,  
 Not long divisible." — Vv. 329-331.

**Atalantis**, c. iii. ver. 165, is the name of a famous book full of scandal, written by a woman, about the time of the poem.

**Partridge** is the famous almanac-maker, immortalized by the humor of Swift, who, to ridicule the silly predictions that appeared in the almanac from year to year, published first a paper predicting the death of Partridge at a determinate time, and then issued another narrating the death as realized according to the prediction. So generally was the narrative credited, that it caused Partridge great trouble to secure the sale of subsequent editions of his almanac.

## 11. WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800.

**WILLIAM COWPER** was the son of Rev. John Cowper, rector of Great Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire ; and was born in that place November 15, 1731. He lost his mother just as he was completing his sixth year ; and was then placed under the care of Dr. Pitman, a few miles from his father's residence, where he remained two years. At the age of ten he entered Westminster School, where he remained till the age of eighteen. He was then apprenticed to a Mr. Chapman, a solicitor in London, for the study of the law, for three years, and at the expiration of this term he took chambers in the Inner Temple, where he remained eleven years, giving attention rather to literature than to law. At the age of thirty-one he was offered first the offices of reading-clerk and clerk of the private committees in the House of Lords, and afterwards, on his resigning that situation on account of his extreme diffidence, the clerkship of the journals in the House of Lords. But the thought of the examination to which he was summoned so overwhelmed his diffident spirit that his reason gave way, and he was placed under the care of Dr. Colton, at St. Albans. Here he remained eighteen months. In the summer of 1764 he experienced a great religious change, and for some years was very happy in his religious views and hopes. In 1765, he went to Huntingdon and was soon introduced into the family of the Mervins. On the death of Mr. Mervin, in 1767, he went with the family to Olney, in Bucking-



hamshire, where he enjoyed the friendship of the Rev. John Newton. Here he assisted Mr. Newton in the publication of the "Olney Hymns," to which collection he contributed sixty-eight pieces. In 1780 he commenced some of his larger poems, and by the following March he had completed "The Table Talk," "The Progress of Error," "Truth," and "Expostulation," which with some small pieces were sent to the press in May, 1781. Some delay occurring in the printing, he added during the summer and fall the poems of "Hope," "Charity," "Conversation," and "Retirement." In October, 1782, he wrote "John Gilpin." Having heard the story from the lips of Lady Austin one evening, he versified it in bed, and presented it to her the next morning. The next summer this lady induced him to undertake a poem in blank verse, and gave him for his theme the Sofa. This was the origin of "The Task," which was published in 1785, with the "Tirocinium," and "John Gilpin." The following year he removed to Weston Underwood, in the neighborhood of his cousin, Lady Hesketh, who continued to extend to him the warmest sympathy and most devoted friendship. In 1790 he completed his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, a work which had occupied him through a period of over five years. In 1794, the malady which had before so often overwhelmed him returned with new virulence. With little relaxation it held his mind in darkness and in gloom till his death, which occurred at East Dereham, Nottinghamshire, on the twenty-fifth of April, 1800. Besides the larger poems mentioned he wrote many minor pieces.

THE TASK, BOOK II.

THE TIME-PIECE, vv. 161-544.

Happy the man, who sees a God employed	161
In all the good and ill that checker life !	
Resolving all events, with their effects	
And manifold results, into the will	
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.	165
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend	
The least of our concerns (since from the least	
The greatest oft originate) ; could chance	
Find place in his dominion, or dispose	
One lawless particle to thwart his plan ;	170
Then God might be surprised, and unforeseen	
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb	
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.	
This truth Philosophy, though eagle-eyed	
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks ;	175
And, having found his instrument, forgets,	
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,	
Denies the power that wields it. God proclaims	
His hot displeasure against foolish men,	
That live an atheist life ; involves the heavens	180
In tempests ; quits his grasp upon the winds,	
And gives them all their fury ; bids a plague	

Kindle a fiery bile upon the skin,  
 And putrefy the breath of blooming Health. 185  
 He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend  
 Blows mildew from between his shriveled lips,  
 And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,  
 And desolates a nation at a blast.  
 Forth steps the spruce Philosopher, and tells 190  
 Of homogeneal and discordant springs  
 And principles ; of causes, how they work  
 By necessary laws their sure effects  
 Of action and reaction : he has found  
 The source of the disease that nature feels,  
 And bids the world take heart and banish fear. 195  
 Thou fool ! Will thy discovery of the cause  
 Suspend th' effect, or heal it ? Has not God  
 Still wrought by means since first he made the world ?  
 And did he not of old employ his means 200  
 To drown it ? What is his creation less,  
 Than a capacious reservoir of means,  
 Formed for his use, and ready at his will ?  
 Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salves ; ask of Him,  
 Or ask of whomsoever he has taught ;  
 And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all. 205

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still —  
 My country ! and, while yet a nook is left,  
 Where English minds and manners may be found,  
 Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime 210  
 Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed  
 With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,  
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,  
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France  
 With all her vines : nor for Ausonia's groves 215  
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.  
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime  
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task :  
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart 220  
 As any thunderer there. And I can feel  
 Thy follies too ; and with a just disdain  
 Frown at effeminates, whose very looks

Reflect dishonor on the land I love.  
 How in the name of soldiership and sense, 225  
 Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth  
 And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er  
 With odors, and as profligate as sweet;  
 Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,  
 And love when they should fight: when such as these 230  
 Presume to lay their hand upon the ark  
 Of her magnificent and awful cause?  
 Time was when it was praise and boast enough  
 In every clime, and travel where we might,  
 That we were born her children. Praise enough 235  
 To fill th' ambition of a private man  
 That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue,  
 And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.  
 Farewell those honors, and farewell with them  
 The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen, 240  
 Each in his field of glory; one in arms,  
 And one in council — Wolfe upon the lap  
 Of smiling Victory that moment won,  
 And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame!  
 They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still 245  
 Consulting England's happiness at home,  
 Secured it by an unforgiving frown,  
 If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,  
 Put so much of his heart into his act,  
 That his example had a magnet's force, 250  
 And all were swift to follow whom all loved.  
 Those suns are set. O rise some other such!  
 Or all that we have left is empty talk  
 Of old achievements and despair of new.  
 Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float 255  
 Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck  
 With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,  
 That no rude savor maritime invade  
 The nose of nice nobility! Breathe soft,  
 Ye clarionets; and softer still, ye flutes; 260  
 That winds and waters, lulled by magic sounds,  
 May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore.  
 True, we have lost an empire — let it pass.  
 True, we may thank the perfidy of France,

That picked the jewel out of England's crown,  
 With all the cunning of an envious shrew.  
 And let that pass — 'twas but a trick of state —  
 A brave man knows no malice, but at once  
 Forgets in peace the injuries of war,  
 And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.  
 And slamed as we have been, to th' very beard  
 Braved and defied, and in our own sea proved  
 Too weak for those decisive blows that once  
 Insured us mast'ry there, we yet retain  
 Some small preëminence; we justly boast  
 At least superior jockeyship, and claim  
 The honors of the turf as all our own!  
 Go, then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,  
 And show the shame ye might conceal at home,  
 In foreign eyes! — be grooms and win the plate,  
 Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!  
 'Tis gen'rous to communicate your skill  
 To those that need it. Folly is soon learn'd:  
 And under such preceptors who can fail?

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,  
 Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,  
 Th' expedients and inventions multiform,  
 To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms,  
 Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win —  
 T' arrest the fleeting images, that fill  
 The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,  
 And force them sit, till he has penciled off  
 A faithful likeness of the forms he views;  
 Then to dispose his copies with such art,  
 That each may find its most propitious light,  
 And shine by situation, hardly less  
 Than by the labor and the skill it cost;  
 Are occupations of the poet's mind  
 So pleasing, and that steal away the thought,  
 With such address from themes of sad import,  
 That, lost in his own musings, happy man!  
 He feels the anxieties of life denied  
 Their wonted entertainment; all retire.  
 Such joys has he thât sings. But ah! not such,  
 Or seldom such, the hearers of his song.

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Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps  
 Aware of nothing arduous in a task  
 They never undertook, they little note  
 His dangers or escapes, and haply find  
 Their least amusement where he found the most. 31  
 But is amusement all? Studious of song,  
 And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,  
 I would not trifle merely, though the world  
 Be loudest in their praise who do no more.  
 Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay? 315  
 It may correct a foible, may chastise  
 The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,  
 Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch;  
 But where are its sublimer trophies found?  
 What vice has it subdued? whose heart reclaimed 320  
 By rigor, or whom laughed into reform?  
 Alas! Leviathan is not so tamed:  
 Laughed at, he laughs again; and stricken hard,  
 Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,  
 That fear no discipline of human hands. 325  
 The pulpit, therefore — (and I name it filled  
 With solemn awe, that bids me well beware  
 With what intent I touch that holy thing) —  
 The pulpit — (when the sat'rist has at last,  
 Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school, 330  
 Spent all his force, and made no proselyte) —  
 I say the pulpit (in the sober use  
 Of its legitimate peculiar powers)  
 Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,  
 The most important and effectual guard, 335  
 Support, and ornament, of Virtue's cause.  
 There stands the messenger of truth; there stands  
 The legate of the skies! His theme divine,  
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.  
 By him the violated law speaks out 340  
 Its thunders: and by him, in strains as sweet  
 As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.  
 He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,  
 Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,  
 And, armed himself in panoply complete 345  
 Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms

Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule  
 Of holy discipline, to glorious war  
 The sacramental hosts of God's elect : 323  
 Are all such teachers ? — would to Heaven all were !  
 But hark — the doctor's voice ! — fast wedged between  
 Two empirics he stands, and with swoln cheeks  
 Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far  
 Than all invective is his bold harangue, 325  
 While through that public organ of report  
 He hails the clergy ; and, defying shame,  
 Announces to the world his own and theirs !  
 He teaches those to read whom schools dismissed,  
 And colleges, untaught : sells accent, tone,  
 And emphasis in score, and gives to prayer 330  
 Th' *adagio* and *andante* it demands.  
 He grinds divinity of other days  
 Down into modern use ; transforms old print  
 To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes  
 Of gall'ry critics by a thousand arts. 335  
 Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware ?  
 O, name it not in Gath ! — it cannot be,  
 That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.  
 He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,  
 Assuming thus a rank unknown before — 370  
 Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church !  
 I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,  
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,  
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
 That he is honest in the sacred cause. 375  
 To such I render more than mere respect,  
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.  
 But loose in morals and in manners vain,  
 In conversation frivolous, in dress  
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ; 380  
 Frequent in park with lady at his side,  
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes ;  
 But rare at home, and never at his books,  
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;  
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round 385  
 Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor ;  
 Ambitious of preferment for its gold,



And well prepared, by ignorance and sloth,  
 By infidelity and love of world,  
 To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave  
 To his own pleasures and his patron's pride ;  
 From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,  
 Preserve the church ! and lay not careless hands  
 On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

330

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,  
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,  
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace  
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.  
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;  
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,  
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,  
 And natural in gesture ; much impressed  
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look,  
 And tender in address, as well becomes  
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.  
 Behold the picture ! — Is it like ? — Like whom ?  
 The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,  
 And then skip down again ; pronounce a text ;  
 Cry — hem ; and, reading what they never wrote  
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,  
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene !

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In man or woman, but far most in man,  
 And most of all in man that ministers  
 And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe  
 All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;  
 Object of my implacable disgust.  
 What ! — will a man play tricks — will he indulge  
 A silly fond conceit of his fair form,  
 And just proportion, fashionable mien,  
 And pretty face, in presence of his God ?  
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,  
 As with the diamond on his lily hand,  
 And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,  
 When I am hungry for the bread of life ?  
 He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames  
 His noble office, and, instead of truth,

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Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.  
Therefore avaunt all attitude and stare, 430  
And start theatric, practiced at the glass !  
I seek divine simplicity in him  
Who handles things divine ; and all besides,  
Though learned with labor, and though much admired  
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed, 435  
To me is odious as the nasal twang  
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,  
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes  
Through the pressed nostril, spectacle-bestridden.  
Some, decent in demeanor while they preach, 440  
That task performed, relapse into themselves ;  
And, having spoken wisely, at the close  
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye,  
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not !  
Forth comes the pocket-mirror. First we stroke 445  
An eyebrow ; next compose a straggling lock ;  
Then, with an air most gracefully performed,  
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,  
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,  
With handkerchief in hand depending low ; 450  
The better hand more busy gives the nose  
Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye  
With opera-glass, to watch the moving scene,  
And recognize the slow retiring fair.  
Now this is fulsome ; and offends me more 455  
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect  
And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind  
May be indifferent to her house of clay,  
And slight the hovel as beneath her care ;  
But how a body so fantastic, trim, 460  
And quaint in its deportment and attire,  
Can lodge a heavenly mind — demands a doubt.  
He that negotiates between God and man,  
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns  
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware 465  
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful  
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul :  
To break a jest, when pity would inspire  
Pathetic exhortation ; and t' address

The skittish fancy with facetious tales, 470  
 When sent with God's commission to the heart!  
 So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip  
 Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,  
 And I consent you take it for your text,  
 Your only one, till sides and benches fail. 475  
 No: he was serious in a serious cause,  
 And understood too well the weighty terms,  
 That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop  
 To conquer those by jocular exploits,  
 Whom truth and soberness assailed in vain. 480

O Popular Applause! what heart of man  
 Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?  
 The wisest and the best feel urgent need  
 Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;  
 But swelled into a gust— who, then, alas! 485  
 With all his canvas set, and inexpert,  
 And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power?  
 Praise from the rivelled lips of toothless, bald  
 Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean  
 And craving Poverty, and in the bow 490  
 Respectful of the smutched artificer,  
 Is oft too welcome and may much disturb  
 The bias of the purpose. How much more,  
 Poured forth by beauty splendid and polite,  
 In language soft as Adoration breathes? 495  
 Ah, spare your idol, think him human still.  
 Charms he may have, but he has frailties too!  
 Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

All truth is from the sempiternal source  
 Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome, 500  
 Drew from the stream below. More favored, we  
 Drink when we choose it, at the fountain head.  
 To them it flowed much mingled and defiled  
 With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams  
 Illusive of philosophy, so called, 505  
 But falsely. Sages after sages strove  
 In vain to filter off a crystal draught  
 Pure from the lees, which often more enhanced  
 The thirst than slaked it, and not seldom bred  
 Intoxication and delirium wild. 510

In vain they pushed inquiry to the birth  
 And spring-time of the world ; asked, Whence is man ?  
 Why formed at all ? and wherefore as he is ?  
 Where must he find his Maker ? with what rites  
 Adore him ? Will he hear, accept, and bless ?  
 Or does he sit regardless of his works ?  
 Has man within him an immortal seed ?  
 Or does the tomb take all ? If he survive  
 His ashes, where ? and in what weal or woe ?  
 Knots worthy of solution, which alone  
 A Deity could solve. Their answers, vague  
 And all at random, fabulous and dark,  
 Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life  
 Defective and unsanctioned, proved too weak  
 To bind the roving appetite, and lead  
 Blind nature to a God not yet revealed.  
 'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,  
 Explains all mysteries, except her own,  
 And so illuminates the path of life  
 That fools discover it, and stray no more.  
 Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,  
 My man of morals, nurtured in the shades  
 Of Academus — is this false or true ?  
 Is Christ the abler teacher or the schools ?  
 If Christ, then why resort at ev'ry turn  
 To Athens, or to Rome, for wisdom short  
 Of man's occasions, when in him reside  
 Grace, knowledge, comfort — an unfathomed store ?  
 How oft, when Paul has served us with a text,  
 Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preached !  
 Men that, if now alive, would sit content  
 And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,  
 Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,  
 Their thirst of knowledge, and their candor too.

## BOOK V.

## THE WINTER MORNING WALK, vv. 733-906.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain  
 That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm,  
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off

With as much ease as Samson his green withes.  
 He looks abroad into the varied field  
 Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared  
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight, 740  
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
 And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy  
 With a propriety that none can feel,  
 But who, with filial confidence inspir'd, 745  
 Can lift to heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,  
 And smiling say — "My Father made them all!"  
 Are they not his by a peculiar right,  
 And by an emphasis of int'rest his, 750  
 Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,  
 Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind  
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,  
 That planned, and built, and still upholds a world  
 So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?  
 Yes — ye may fill your garners, ye that reap 755  
 The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good  
 In senseless riot; but ye will not find  
 In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,  
 A liberty like his, who, unimpeached 760  
 Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,  
 Appropriates nature as his Father's work,  
 And has a richer use of yours than you.  
 He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth  
 Of no mean city; planned or e'er the hills 765  
 Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea,  
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.  
 His freedom is the same in ev'ry state;  
 And no condition of this changeful life,  
 So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day 770  
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:  
 For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,  
 Nor penury, can cripple or confine.  
 No nook so narrow, but he spreads them there  
 With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds 775  
 His body bound; but knows not what a range  
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;  
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt,  
 Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste  
 His works. \* Admitted once to his embrace, 796  
 Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before :  
 Thine eye shall be instructed ; and thine heart,  
 Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,  
 Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.  
 Brutes graze the mountain top, with faces prone, 798  
 And eyes intent upon the scanty herb  
 It yields them ; or, recumbent on its brow,  
 Ruminates heedless of the scene outspread  
 Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away  
 From inland regions to the distant main. 799  
 Man views it, and admires ; but rests content  
 With what he views. The landscape has his praise,  
 But not its author. Unconcerned who formed  
 The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,  
 And such well pleased to find it, asks no more. 800  
 Not so the mind that has been touched from Heav'n,  
 And in the school of sacred wisdom taught  
 To read His wonders, in whose thought the world,  
 Fair as it is, existed ere it was.  
 Nor for its own sake merely, but for his 801  
 Much more who fashioned it, he gives it praise ;  
 Praise that from earth resulting, as it ought,  
 To earth's acknowledged sov'reign, finds at once  
 Its only just proprietor in Him.  
 The soul that sees him, or receives sublimed 802  
 New faculties, or learns at least t' employ  
 More worthily the powers she owned before,  
 Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze  
 Of ignorance, till then she overlooked,  
 A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms 803  
 Terrestrial in the vast and the minute ;  
 The unambiguous footsteps of the God,  
 Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,  
 And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.  
 Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds 804  
 With those fair ministers of light to man,  
 That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,  
 Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they  
 With which Heaven rang, when every star, in haste



To gratulate the new-created earth, 832  
 Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God  
 Shouted for joy. "Tell me, ye shining hosts,  
 That navigate a sea that knows no storms,  
 Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,  
 If from your elevation, whence ye view 833  
 Distinctly scenes invisible to man,  
 And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet  
 Have reached this nether world, ye spy a race  
 Favored as ours; transgressors from the womb  
 And hasting to a grave, yet doomed to rise, 830  
 And to possess a brighter Heaven than yours?  
 As one, who, long detained on foreign shores,  
 Pants to return, and when he sees afar  
 His country's weather-bleached and battered rocks,  
 From the green wave emerging, darts an eye 835  
 Radiant with joy toward the happy land;  
 So I with animated hopes behold,  
 And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,  
 That show like beacons in the blue abyss,  
 Ordained to guide th' embodied spirit home 840  
 From toilsome life to never-ending rest.  
 Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires  
 That give assurance of their own success,  
 And that, infused from Heaven, must thither tend."  
 So reads he Nature, whom the lamp of truth 845  
 Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious Word!  
 Which whoso sees, no longer wanders lost,  
 With intellects bemazed in endless doubt,  
 But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built  
 With means that were not, till by thee employed, 850  
 Worlds that had never been, hadst thou in strength  
 Been less, or less benevolent than strong.  
 They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r  
 And goodness infinite, but speak in ears  
 That hear not, or receive not their report. 855  
 In vain thy creatures testify of thee,  
 Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed  
 A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,  
 That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,  
 And with the boon gives talents for its use. 860

Till thou art heard, imaginations vain  
 Possess the heart ; and fables, false as hell,  
 Yet deemed oracular, lure down to death  
 The uninformed and heedless souls of men.  
 We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind, 965  
 The glory of thy work ; which yet appears  
 Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,  
 Challenging human scrutiny, and proved  
 Then skillful most when most severely judged.  
 But chance is not ; or is not where thou reign'st : 970  
 Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r  
 (If pow'r she be, that works but to confound)  
 To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.  
 Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can  
 Instruction, and inventing to ourselves 975  
 Gods such as guilt makes welcome ; gods that sleep,  
 Or disregard our follies, or that sit  
 Amused spectators of this bustling stage.  
 Thee we reject, unable to abide  
 Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure, 980  
 Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause,  
 For which we shunned and hated thee before.  
 Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,  
 Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from heaven  
 Fires all the faculties with glorious joy. 985  
 A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not,  
 Till thou hast touched them ; 'tis the voice of song,  
 A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works ;  
 Which he that hears it, with a shout repeats,  
 And adds his rapture to the general praise ! 990  
 In that blest moment, Nature, throwing wide  
 Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile  
 The author of her beauties, who, retired  
 Behind his own creation, works unseen  
 By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied : 995  
 Thou art the source and centre of all minds,  
 Their only point of rest, eternal Word !  
 From thee departing, they are lost, and rove  
 At random, without honor, hope, or peace.  
 From thee is all that soothes the life of man, 999  
 His high endeavor, and his glad success,

His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.  
 But O thou bounteous Giver of all good,  
 Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown !  
 Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor ;  
 And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

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## BOOK VI.

## THE WINTER WALK AT NOON, vv. 729-817.

The groans of Nature in this nether world,  
 Which Heav'n has heard for ages, have an end.  
 Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,  
 Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,  
 The time of rest, the promised Sabbath, comes.  
 Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh  
 Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course  
 Over a sinful world ; and what remains  
 Of this tempestuous state of human things  
 Is merely as the working of a sea  
 Before a calm that rocks itself to rest ;  
 For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds  
 The dust that waits upon his sultry march,  
 When sin hath moved him, and his wrath is hot,  
 Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend  
 Propitious in his chariot paved with love ;  
 And what his storms have blasted and defaced  
 For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

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Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet  
 Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch ;  
 Nor can the wonders it records be sung  
 To meaner music, and not suffer loss.  
 But when a poet, or when one like me,  
 Happy to rove among poetic flow'rs,  
 Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last  
 On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,  
 Such is the impulse and the spur he feels,  
 To give it praise proportioned to its worth,  
 That not t' attempt it, arduous as he deems  
 The labor, were a task more arduous still.

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O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,  
 Scenes of accomplished bliss ! which who can see,  
 Though but in distant prospect, and not feel

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His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy ?  
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,  
And clothe all climes with beauty ; the reproach  
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field  
Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,  
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,  
Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.  
The various seasons woven into one,  
And that one season an eternal spring ;  
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,  
For there is none to covet, all are full.  
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,  
Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon  
Together, or all gambol in the shade  
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream  
Antipathies are none. No foe to man  
Lurks in the serpent now ; the mother sees,  
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand  
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,  
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive  
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.  
All creatures worship man, and all mankind  
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place ;  
That creeping pestilence is driv'n away ;  
The breath of Heav'n has chased it. In the heart  
No passion touches a discordant string,  
But all is harmony and love. Disease  
Is not : the pure and uncontaminate blood  
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.  
One song employs all nations ; and all cry,  
" Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us ! "  
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks  
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops  
From distant mountains catch the flying joy,  
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,  
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.  
Behold the measure of the promise filled ;  
See Salem built, the labor of a God !  
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ;  
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth  
Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands

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Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy,  
 And endless her increase. Thy rams are there  
 Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there ; 808  
 The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,  
 And Saba's spicy groves pay tribute there.  
 Praise is in all her gates ; upon her walls,  
 And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,  
 Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there 810  
 Kneels with the native of the farthest west ;  
 And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,  
 And worships. Her report has travelled forth  
 Into all lands. From ev'ry clime they come  
 To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy, 815  
 O Sion ! an assembly such as Earth  
 Saw never, such as Heav'n stoops down to see.

## NOTES ON SELECTIONS FROM THE TASK.

The selections from Cowper are designed to exhibit the leading qualities of the first of didactic poets in our literature. The nature of the theme,—the *Sofa*,—as given him by Lady Austin, suggestive of home scenes and experiences, to be presented in the freedom and desultoriness of daily domestic life, naturally led to a seeming immethodical treatment of topics coming up one after another just in the way of every-day experience. It also as naturally led to as great a diversity of sentimental expression, in which occur the freest humor and playfulness, running sometimes into the most biting irony and sarcasm, sometimes into the exuberance of merry fireside hilarity, and also mingled with this same humor and playfulness, the rapt awe and majesty of the sublimest religious hope and anticipation.

In respect to the prosody—the poetic form of Cowper's verse—it is to be chiefly characterized as marking an epoch in our literature. While it is true that the poetic spirit had for some time shown itself restless under the despotism of outward form over idea which Pope had recommended by the grand achievements of his towering genius, the complete disenthralment was consummated by Cowper. In his "Table Talk," among the first of his longer poems, he expresses his admiration for Pope, —

" As harmony itself exact,  
 In verse well disciplined, complete, compact,"

While at the same time he condemns his exaltation of the form side of poetry, as he adds : —

" But he, his musical finesse was such,  
 So nice his ear, so delicate his touch,  
 Made poetry a mere mechanic art."

Cowper's spirit was a free spirit, and it chafed under the fetters of versification which Pope had made fashion and law. His apostrophe in the "Table Talk" gives the clew to his poetic inspiration and to its soaring flight : —

\* O Liberty ! the prisoner's pleasing dream,  
 The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme ;  
 Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse ;  
 Lost without thee the ennobling powers of verse."

The transition from Pope to Cowper is the change from poetic thralldom to poetic freedom. In the former you are held down to the severest rigor of rhythm, while yet you admire the grace, the finish, and the splendor of the chain which binds you. In the latter you find yourself let loose and range in freedom, unrestrained but by the beautiful order that rules in the very nature of things. In reading Pope, one admires the wonderful subjection of the idea, the thought in its divers phases and relations, its qualities and its measures, to the exactions of the rhyme and the rhythm; in Cowper, one admires the more wonderful incorporation of the idea into the perfect harmonies and melodies of words. One must read Pope with his attention fixed on the rhythm; he must read Cowper with his mind filled and prompted by the thought. There can hardly be supposed a wider contrast than the two present.

The ear of Cowper was tuned to the most perfect melody and harmony; while he aimed as a poet only to utter lofty, earnest, important thought, and pure and sweet and reverent emotion. To enjoy the melody and harmony of his verse, his thought and his feeling must be caught, and in the audible reading be expressed in their proper measures and relations, letting the verse take care of itself. For this reason, there is probably no poet in our literature who can be studied so profitably by the student of a pleasing and expressive prose diction.

BOOK II. ver. 162. — **Checker**, a word derived from the principal piece in the old oriental game of chess, which in Persian was called *shah*, *shaeh*, or *sheik* — king. As the end of the play is the capture of the sheik or king, it is the rule in playing to give notice of the king's being exposed to be taken, by calling out *sheik*. Hence the former name of the game *checker*, as in Chaucer's "Dreame":—

"Therewith fortune said, *chacke* here,  
And *mate* in the mid-point of the *checkere*."

*Mate* signified *dead*; *check mate* signifies, therefore, etymologically, *king is dead*. Our form of the word is from the Fr. *échec*, as also *exchequer* from the Old Fr. *eschequier*, a chess-board. Blackstone says the Court of Exchequer in England is so called "from the checked cloth resembling a chess-board which covers the table there, and on which, when certain of the king's accounts are made up, the sums are marked and scored with counters." The use of the word *check* in the sense to *hinder* originated from the same source. When a player called out *sheik* or *check*, his antagonist was hindered from carrying out any plan of movement in the game, and forced to put his sheik or king out of the danger to which he was exposed.

183. **Bile**, A.-S. *bil* and *byl*, a blotch, a sore. This word has probably come to be spelled *boil* to distinguish it from *bile*, a secretion of the liver, from Lat. *bilis*.

237, 238. **Chatham, Wolfe**. William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, died May 11, 1778. James Wolfe was killed in the battle on the Heights of Abraham before Quebec, September 13, 1759. He was selected by Pitt to command the expedition for the overthrow of the French dominion in North America.

BOOK V. ver. 764. — **Or e'er**. *Or* in this peculiar use is regarded as an adverb from the A.-S. *aer*, before. See C. T. 18, 36.

805. **Or receives**, either receives. See n. Mandeville, 13.

BOOK VI. ver. 805. **Nebaioth, Kedar**. These "sons of Ishmael and progenitors of the Arabs in the prophetic Scripture here alluded to, may be reasonably considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large." Note, Eng. ed.



## 12. ALFRED TENNYSON, 1810 ———.

ALFRED TENNYSON was the third child of Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, and was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1810. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1829 he received the Chancellor's medal for an English poem in blank verse, entitled "Timbuctoo." About the same time, with his brother Charles, he published privately "Poems by Two Brothers." In 1830 he published a volume entitled "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," containing his "Claribel," "Lilian," etc. In 1833 he published a second volume, containing, besides some old compositions re-modeled, "The Miller's Daughter," "The May Queen," "The Lotos Eaters," and others. In 1842 he published two volumes, containing, with some of his previous compositions more or less changed, his "Morte d'Arthur," "Godiva," "Sir Galahad," "Ulysses," "The Gardener's Daughter," "Locksley Hall," and others. In 1847 appeared "The Princess, a Medley"; and in 1850 the elegiac "In Memoriam," on the death of his friend Arthur Henry Hallam. On the death of Wordsworth he was appointed Poet Laureate. In 1855, he published "The Idyls of the King," four poems founded on the legends of King Arthur, entitled respectively "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere." In 1864 he published a volume containing "Enoch Arden," with some other poems; and in 1865 a selection from his works, containing old poems retouched with some new compositions.

## ELAINE.

ELAINE the fair, Elaine the lovable,  
 Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,  
 High in a chamber up a tower to the East  
 Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;  
 Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray  
 Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam;  
 Then, fearing rust or soilure, fashioned for it  
 A case of silk, and braided thereupon  
 All the devices blazoned on the shield  
 In their own tinct, and added, of her wit,  
 A border fantasy of branch and flower,  
 And yellow throated nestling in the nest.  
 Nor rested thus content, but day by day,  
 Leaving her household and good father, climbed  
 That eastern tower, and entering barred her door,  
 Stript off the case, and read the naked shield;  
 Now guessed a hidden meaning in his arms,  
 Now made a pretty history to herself  
 Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,  
 And every scratch a lance had made upon it,  
 Conjecturing when and where; this cut is fresh;  
 That ten years back; this dealt him at Caerlyle;

That at Caerleon ; this at Camelot :  
And ah ! God's mercy, what a stroke was there !  
And here a thrust that might have killed, but God  
Broke the strong lance, and rolled his enemy down,  
And saved him : so she lived in fantasy.

25

How came the lily maid by that good shield  
Of Lancelot, she that knew not ev'n his name ?  
He left it with her, when he rode to tilt  
For the great diamond in the diamond jousts,  
Which Arthur had ordained, and by that name  
Had named them, since a diamond was the prize.

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For Arthur, when none knew from whence he came,  
Long ere the people chose him for their king,  
Roving the trackless realms of Lyonesse,  
Had found a glen, gray boulder and black tarn.  
A horror lived about the tarn, and clave  
Like its own mists to all the mountain side :  
For here two brothers, one a king, had met  
And fought together ; but their names were lost.  
And each had slain his brother at a blow,  
And down they fell and made the glen abhorred :  
And there they lay till all their bones were bleached,  
And lichen'd into color with the crags :  
And one of these, the king, had on a crown  
Of diamonds, one in front, and four aside.  
And Arthur came, and laboring up the pass  
All in a misty moonshine, unawares  
Had trodden that crowned skeleton, and the skull  
Brake from the nape, and from the skull the crown  
Rolled into light, and turning on its rims  
Fled like a glittering rivulet to the tarn :  
And down the shingly seaur he plunged, and caught  
And set it on his head, and in his heart  
Heard murmurs, " Lo, thou likewise shalt be king."

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Thereafter, when a king, he had the gems  
Plucked from the crown, and showed them to his knights,  
Saying, " These jewels, whereupon I chanced  
Divinely, are the kingdom's, not the king's —

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For public use : henceforward let there be,  
 Once every year, a joust for one of these :  
 For so by nine years proof we needs must learn  
 Which is our mightiest, and ourselves shall grow  
 In use of arms and manhood, till we drive 65  
 The Heathen, who, some say, shall rule the land  
 Hereafter, which God hinder." Thus he spoke :  
 And eight years past, eight jousts had been, and still  
 Had Lancelot won the diamond of the year,  
 With purpose to present them to the Queen, 70  
 When all were won ; but meaning all at once  
 To snare her royal fancy with a boon  
 Worth half her realm, had never spoken word.  
 Now for the central diamond and the last  
 And largest, Arthur, holding then his court 75  
 Hard on the river nigh the place which now  
 Is this world's hugest, let proclaim a joust  
 At Camelot, and when the time drew nigh  
 Spake (for she had been sick) to Guinevere,  
 " Are you so sick, my Queen, you cannot move 80  
 To these fair jousts ? " " Yea, lord," she said, " you know  
 it."

" Then will you miss," he answered, " the great deeds  
 Of Lancelot, and his prowess in the lists,  
 A sight you love to look on." And the Queen  
 Lifted her eyes, and they dwelt languidly 85  
 On Lancelot, where he stood beside the king.  
 He thinking that he read her meaning there,  
 " Stay with me, I am sick ; my love is more  
 Than many diamonds," yielded, and a heart,  
 Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen 90  
 (However much he yearned to make complete  
 The tale of diamonds for his destined boon),  
 Urged him to speak against the truth, and say,  
 " Sir King, mine ancient wound is hardly whole,  
 And lets me from the saddle : " and the king 95  
 Glanced first at him, then her, and went his way.  
 No sooner gone than suddenly she began.

" To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot, much to blame.  
 Why go you not to these fair jousts ? the knights  
 Are half of them our enemies, and the crowd

Will murmur, Lo the shameless ones, who take  
 Their pastime now the trustful king is gone !”  
 Then Lancelot, vexed at having lied in vain :  
 “ Are you so wise ? you were not once so wise,  
 My Queen, that summer when you loved me first. 105  
 Then of the crowd you took no more account  
 Than of the myriad cricket of the mead,  
 When its own voice clings to each blade of grass,

And every voice is nothing. As to knights,  
 Them surely can I silence with all ease. 110  
 But now my loyal worship is allowed  
 Of all men : many a bard, without offense,  
 Has linked our names together in his lay,  
 Lancelot, the flower of bravery, Guinevere,  
 The pearl of beauty : and our knights at feast 115  
 Have pledged us in this union, while the king  
 Would listen smiling. How then ? is there more ?  
 Has Arthur spoken aught ? or would yourself,  
 Now weary of my service and devoir,  
 Henceforth be truer to your faultless lord ? ” 120

She broke into a little scornful laugh.  
 “ Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the faultless king,  
 That passionate perfection, my good lord —  
 But who can gaze upon the Sun in heaven ?  
 He never spake word of reproach to me, 125  
 He never had a glimpse of mine untruth,  
 He cares not for me : only here to-day  
 There gleamed a vague suspicion in his eyes :  
 Some meddling rogue has tampered with him — else  
 Rapt in this fancy of his Table Round 130  
 And swearing men to vows impossible,  
 To make them like himself ; but, friend, to me  
 He is all fault who hath no fault at all :  
 For who loves me must have a touch of earth :  
 The low sun makes the color : I am yours, 135  
 Not Arthur's, as you know, save by the bond.  
 And therefore hear my words : go to the jousts :  
 The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream  
 When sweetest ; and the vermin voices here  
 May buzz so loud — we scorn them, but they sting. 140

Then answered Lancelot — the chief of knights.  
 “ And with what face, after my pretext made,  
 Shall I appear, O Queen, at Camelot, I  
 Before a king who honors his own word,  
 As if it were his God’s ? ”

“ Yea,” said the Queen, 145  
 A moral child without the craft to rule,  
 Else had he not lost me : but listen to me,  
 If I must find you wit : we hear it said  
 That men go down before your spear at a touch  
 But knowing you are Lancelot ; your great name, 150  
 This conquers : hide it therefore ; go unknown :  
 Win ! by this kiss you will, and our true king  
 Will then allow your pretext, O my knight,  
 As all for glory ; for to speak him true,  
 You know right well, how meek so’er he seem, 155  
 No keener hunter after glory breathes.  
 He loves it in his knights more than himself :  
 They prove to him his work : win and return.”

Then got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse,  
 Wroth at himself : not willing to be known, 160  
 He left the barren-beaten thoroughfare,  
 Chose the green path that showed the rarer foot,  
 And there among the solitary downs,  
 Full often lost in fancy, lost his way,  
 Till as he traced a faintly-shadowed track, 165  
 That all in loops and links among the dales  
 Ran to the Castle of Astolat, he saw  
 Fired from the west, far on a hill, the towers.  
 Thither he made and wound the gateway horn.  
 Then came an old, dumb, myriad-wrinkled man, 170  
 Who let him into lodging and disarmed.  
 And Lancelot marvelled at the wordless man :  
 And issuing found the Lord of Astolat  
 With two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine,  
 Moving to meet him in the castle court : 175  
 And close behind them stept the lily maid  
 Elaine, his daughter : mother of the house  
 There was not : some light jest among them rose  
 With laughter dying down as the great knight  
 Approached them : then the Lord of Astolat, 180

"Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name  
Livest between the lips? for by thy state  
And presence I might guess thee chief of those,  
After the king, who eat in Arthur's halls.  
Him have I seen : the rest, his Table Round,  
Known as they are, to me they are-unknown."

188

Then answered Lancelot, the chief of knights,  
"Known am I, and of Arthur's hall, and known,  
What I by mere mischance have brought, my shield.  
But since I go to joust as one unknown  
At Camelot for the diamond, ask me not ;  
Hereafter you shall know me — and the shield —  
I pray you lend me one, if such you have,  
Blank, or at least with some device not mine."

190

Then said the Lord of Astolat, "Here is Torre's :  
Hurt in his first tilt was my son, Sir Torre.  
And so, God wot, his shield is blank enough.  
His you can have." Then added plain Sir Torre,  
"Yea, since I cannot use it, you may have it."  
Here laughed the father, saying, "Fie, Sir Churl,  
Is that an answer for a noble knight?  
Allow him : but Lavaine, my younger here,  
He is so full of lustihood, he will ride  
Joust for it, and win, and bring it in an hour  
And set it in this damsel's golden hair,  
To make her thrice as willful as before."

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"Nay, father — nay, good father — shame me not  
Before this noble knight," said young Lavaine,  
"For nothing. Surely I but played on Torre :  
He seemed so sullen, vext he could not go :  
A jest, no more : for, knight, the maiden dreamt  
That some one put this diamond in her hand,  
And that it was too slippery to be held,  
And slipt and fell into some pool or stream,  
The castle-well, belike ; and then I said  
That *if* I went and *if* I fought and won it  
(But all was joke and jest among ourselves)  
Then must she keep it safelier. All was jest.  
But father give me leave, an if he will,

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To ride to Camelot with this noble knight;  
 Win shall I not, but do my best to win :  
 Young as I am, yet would I do my best."

"So you will grace me," answered Lancelot,  
 Smiling a moment, "with your fellowship  
 O'er these waste downs whereon I lost myself,  
 Then were I glad of you as guide and friend ;  
 And you shall win this diamond, — as I hear  
 It is a fair large diamond, — if you may,  
 And yield it to this maiden, if you will."

"A fair large diamond," added plain Sir Torre,  
 "Such be for Queens and not for simple maids."

Then she, who held her eyes upon the ground,  
 Elaine, and heard her name so tost about,  
 Flushed slightly at the slight disparagement  
 Before the stranger knight, who, looking at her,  
 Full courtly, yet not falsely, thus returned :  
 "If what is fair be but for what is fair,  
 And only Queens are to be counted so,  
 Rash were my judgment then, who deem this maid  
 Might wear as fair a jewel as is on earth,  
 Not violating the bond of like to like."

He spoke and ceased ; the lily maid Elaine,  
 Won by the mellow voice before she looked,  
 Lifted her eyes, and read his lineaments.  
 The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,  
 In battle with the love he bare his lord,  
 Had marred his face, and marked it ere his time.  
 Another sinning on such heights, with one,  
 The flower of all the West and all the world,  
 Had been the sleeker for it ; but in him  
 His mood was often like a fiend, and rose  
 And drove him into wastes and solitudes  
 For agony, who was yet a living soul.  
 Marred as he was, he seemed the goodliest man  
 That ever among ladies ate in hall,  
 And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.  
 However marred, of more than twice her years,  
 Seamed with an ancient sword-cut on the cheek,

And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes  
And loved him, with that love which was her doom. 261

Then the great knight, the darling of the court,  
Loved of the loveliest, into that rude hall  
Stept with all grace, and not with half disdain  
Hid under grace, as in a smaller time,  
But kindly man moving among his kind : 263  
Whom they with meats and vintage of their best  
And talk and minstrel melody entertained.  
And much they asked of court and Table Round,  
And ever well and readily answered he :  
But Lancelot, when they glanced at Guinevere, 270  
Suddenly speaking of the wordless man,  
Heard from the Baron that, ten years before,  
The heathen caught and reft him of his tongue.  
“ He learnt and warned me of their fierce design  
Against my house, and him they caught and maimed ; 273  
But I, my sons and little daughter, fled  
From bonds or death, and dwelt among the woods  
By the great river in a boatman’s hut.  
Dull days were those, till our good Arthur broke  
The Pagan yet once more on Badon hill.” 280

“ O there, great Lord, doubtless,” Lavaine said, rapt  
By all the sweet and sudden passion of youth  
Toward greatness in its elder, “ you have fought.  
O tell us ; for we live apart — you know  
Of Arthur’s glorious wars.” And Lancelot spoke 285  
And answered him at full, as having been  
With Arthur in the fight which all day long  
Rang by the white mouth of the violent Glem ;  
And in the four wild battles by the shore  
Of Duglas ; that on Bassa ; then the war 290  
That thundered in and out the gloomy skirts  
Of Celidon the forest ; and again  
By castle Gurnion where the glorious king  
Had on his cuirass worn our Lady’s Head,  
Carved of one emerald, centered in a sun 295  
Of silver rays, that lightened as he breathed ;  
And at Caerleon had he helped his lord,

When the strong neighings of the wild white horse  
 Set every gilded parapet shuddering ;  
 And up in Agned Cathregonion too, 300  
 And down the waste sand-shores of Trath Treroit,  
 Where many a heathen fell. And on the mount  
 Of Badon I myself beheld the king  
 Charge at the head of all his Table Round,  
 And all his legions crying Christ and him, 305  
 And break them ; and I saw him, after, stand  
 High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume  
 Red as the rising sun with heathen blood,  
 And seeing me, with a great voice he cried,  
 ' They are broken, they are broken,' for the king, 310  
 However mild he seems at home, nor cares  
 For triumph in our mimic wars, the jousts —  
 For if his own knight cast him down, he laughs,  
 Saying, his knights are better men than he —  
 Yet in this heathen war the fire of God 315  
 Fills him : I never saw his like : there lives  
 No greater leader."

While he uttered this,  
 Low to her own heart said the lily maid,  
 " Save your great self, fair lord ; " and when he fell 320  
 From talk of war to traits of pleasantry —  
 Being mirthful he, but of a stately kind —  
 She still took note that when the living smile  
 Died from his lips, across him came a cloud  
 Of melancholy severe, from which again, 325  
 Whenever in her hovering to and fro  
 The lily maid had striven to make him cheer,  
 There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness  
 Of manners and of nature ; and she thought  
 That all was nature, all, perchance for her.  
 And all night long his face before her lived, 330  
 As when a painter, poring on a face,  
 Divinely through all hindrance finds the man  
 Behind it, and so paints him that his face,  
 The shape and color of a mind and life,  
 Lives for his children, ever at its best 335  
 And fullest ; so the face before her lived,  
 Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full  
 Of noble things, and held her from her sleep.

Till rathe she rose, half cheated in the thought  
 She needs must bid farewell to sweet Lavaine. 340  
 First as in fear, step after step, she stole  
 Down the long tower-stairs, hesitating :  
 Anon, she heard Sir Lancelot cry in the court,  
 " This shield, my friend, where is it ? " and Lavaine  
 Past inward, as she came from out the tower. 345  
 There to his proud horse Lancelot turned, and smoothed  
 The glossy shoulder, humming to himself.  
 Half envious of the flattering hand, she drew  
 Nearer and stood. He looked, and more amazed  
 Than if seven men had set upon him, saw 350  
 The maiden standing in the dewy light.  
 He had not dreamed she was so beautiful.  
 Then came on him a sort of sacred fear,  
 For silent, though he greeted her, she stood  
 Rapt on his face as if it were a god's. 355  
 Suddenly flashed on her a wild desire,  
 That he should wear her favor at the tilt.  
 She braved a riotous heart in asking for it.  
 " Fair lord, whose name I know not, — noble it is,  
 I well believe, the noblest, — will you wear 360  
 My favor at this tourney ? " " Nay," said he,  
 " Fair lady, since I never yet have worn  
 Favor of any lady in the lists.  
 Such is my wont, as those, who know me, know."  
 " Yea, so," she answered, " then in wearing mine 365  
 Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble lord,  
 That those who know should know you." And he turned  
 Her counsel up and down within his mind,  
 And found it true, and answered, " True, my child.  
 Well, I will wear it : fetch it out to me : 370  
 What is it ? " and she told him, " A red sleeve  
 Broidered with pearls," and brought it : then he bound  
 Her token on his helmet, with a smile,  
 Saying, " I never yet have done so much  
 For any maiden living," and the blood 375  
 Sprang to her face and filled her with delight ;  
 But left her all the paler, when Lavaine  
 Returning brought the yet-unblazoned shield,  
 His brother's ; which he gave to Lancelot,  
 Who parted with his own to fair Elaine ;

"Do me this grace, my child, to have my shield  
 In keeping till I come." "A grace to me,"  
 She answered, "twice to-day I am your squire."  
 Whereat Lavaine said laughing, "Lily maid,  
 For fear our people call you lily maid 385  
 In-earnest, let me bring your color back;  
 Once, twice, and thrice: now get you hence to bed."  
 So kissed her, and Sir Lancelot his own hand,  
 And thus they moved away: she stayed a minute,  
 Then made a sudden step to the gate, and there — 390  
 Her bright hair blown about the serious face  
 Yet rosy kindled with her brother's kiss —  
 Paused in the gate-way, standing by the shield  
 In silence, while she watched their arms far-off  
 Sparkle, until they dipt below the downs. 395

Then to her tower she climbed, and took the shield,  
 There kept it, and so lived in fantasy.

Meanwhile the new companions past away  
 Far o'er the long backs of the bushless downs,  
 To where Sir Lancelot knew there lived a knight 400  
 Not far from Camelot, now for forty years  
 A hermit, who had prayed, labored and prayed,  
 And ever laboring had scooped himself  
 In the white rock a chapel and a hall  
 On massive columns, like a shore cliff cave, 405  
 And cells and chambers: all were fair and dry;  
 The green light from the meadows underneath  
 Struck up and lived along the milky roofs;  
 And in the meadows tremulous aspen-trees  
 And poplars made a noise of falling showers. 410  
 And thither wending there that night they bode.

But when the next day broke from underground,  
 And shot red fire and shadows through the cave,  
 They rose, heard mass, broke fast, and rode away:  
 Then Lancelot saying, "Hear, but hold my name 415  
 Hidden, you ride with Lancelot of the Lake,"  
 Abashed Lavaine, whose instant reverence,  
 Dearer to true young hearts than their own praise,  
 But left him leave to stammer, "Is it indeed?"

And after muttering, "the great Lancelot," 430  
At last he got his breath and answered, "One  
One have I seen — that other, our liege lord  
The dread Pendragon, Britain's king of kings,  
Of whom the people talk mysteriously,  
He will be there — then were I stricken blind 435  
That minute, I might say that I had seen."  
So spake Lavaine, and when they reached the lists  
By Camelot in the meadow, let his eyes  
Run through the peopled gallery which half round  
Lay like a rainbow fall'n upon the grass, 440  
Until they found the clear-faced king, who sat  
Robed in red samite, easily to be known,  
Since to his crown the golden dragon clung,  
And down his robe the dragon writhed in gold,  
And from the carven-work behind him crept 445  
Two dragons gilded, sloping down to make  
Arms for his chair, while all the rest of them  
Through knots and loops and folds innumerable  
Fled ever through the woodwork, till they found  
The new design wherein they lost themselves, 440  
Yet with all ease, so tender was the work :  
And, in the costly canopy o'er him set,  
Blazed the last diamond of the nameless king.  
Then Lancelot answered young Lavaine and said,  
"Me you call great : mine is the firmer seat, 445  
The truer lance : but there is many a youth  
Now crescent, who will come to all I am  
And overcome it ; and in me there dwells  
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch  
Of greatness to know well I am not great : 450  
There is the man." And Lavaine gaped upon him  
As on a thing miraculous, and anon  
The trumpets blew ; and then did either side,  
They that assailed, and they that held the lists,  
Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move, 455  
Meet in the midst, and there so furiously  
Shock, that a man far-off might well perceive,  
If any man that day were left afield,  
The hard earth shake, and a low thunder of arms.  
And Lancelot bode little, till he saw 460  
Which were the weaker ; then he hurled into it



Against the stronger : little need to speak  
 Of Lancelot in his glory : king, duke, earl,  
 Count, baron — whom he smote, he overthrew.  
 But in the field were Lancelot's kith and kin, 465  
 Ranged with the Table Round, that held the lists,  
 Strong men, and wrathful that a stranger knight  
 Should do and almost overdo the deeds  
 Of Lancelot ; and one said to the other, " Lo !  
 What is he ? I do not mean the force alone, 470  
 The grace and versatility of the man —  
 Is it not Lancelot ? " " When has Lancelot worn  
 Favor of any lady in the lists ?  
 Not such is wont, as we, that know him, know."  
 " How then ? who then ? " a fury seized on them, 475  
 A fiery family passion for the name  
 Of Lancelot, and a glory one with theirs.  
 They couched their spears and prick'd their steeds and  
 thus,  
 Their plumes driv'n backward by the wind they made  
 In moving, all together down upon him 480  
 Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North Sea,  
 Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all  
 Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,  
 Down on a bark, and overbears the bark,  
 And him that helms it, so they overbore 485  
 Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear  
 Down-glancing lamed the charger, and a spear  
 Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and the head  
 Pierced through his side ; and there snapt, and remained.

Then Sir Lavaine did well and worshipfully ; 490  
 He bore a knight of old repute to the earth,  
 And brought his horse to Lancelot where he lay.  
 He up the side, sweating with agony, got,  
 But thought to do while he might yet endure,  
 And being lustily holpen by the rest, 495  
 His party — though it seemed half miracle  
 To those he fought with — drave his kith and kin,  
 And all the Table Round that held the lists,  
 Back to the barrier ; then the heralds blew  
 Proclaiming his the prize, who wore the sleeve 500  
 Of scarlet and the pearls ; and all the knights,

His party, cried, "Advance ; and take your prize,  
The diamond ;" but he answered, "Diamond me  
No diamonds ! for God's love, a little air !  
Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death !  
Hence will I, and I charge you, follow me not."

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He spoke, and vanished suddenly from the field  
With young Lavaine into the poplar grove.  
There from his charger down he slid, and sat,  
Gasping to Sir Lavaine, "Draw the lance-head :  
"Ah my sweet lord Sir Lancelot," said Lavaine,  
"I dread me, if I draw it, you will die."  
But he, "I die already with it ; draw —  
Draw —" and Lavaine drew : and that other gave  
A marvellous great shriek and ghastly groan,  
And half his blood burst forth, and down he sank  
For the pure pain, and wholly swooned away.  
Then came the hermit out and bare him in,  
There stanchd his wound ; and there, in daily doubt,  
Whether to live or die, for many a week  
Hid from the wide world's rumor by the grove  
Of poplars with their noise of falling showers,  
And ever tremulous aspen-trees, he lay.

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But on that day when Lancelot fled the lists,  
His party, knights of utmost North and West,  
Lords of waste marches, kings of desolate isles,  
Came round their great Pendragon, saying to him,  
"Lo, Sire, our knight through whom we won the day  
Hath gone sore wounded, and hath left his prize  
Untaken, crying that his prize is death."  
"Heaven hinder," said the king, "that such an one,  
So great a knight as we have seen to-day —  
He seemed to me another Lancelot —  
Yea, twenty times I thought him Lancelot —  
He must not pass uncared for. Gawain, rise  
My nephew, and ride forth and find the knight.  
Wounded and wearied needs must he be near.  
I charge you that you get at once to horse.  
And, knights and kings, there breathes not one of you  
Will deem this prize of ours is rashly given ;  
His prowess was too wondrous. We will

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No customary honor : since the knight  
 Came not to us, of us to claim the prize,  
 Ourselves will send it after. Wherefore take  
 This diamond, and deliver it, and return, 545  
 And bring us what he is and how he fares,  
 And cease not from your quest until you find."

So saying, from the carven flower above,  
 To which it made a restless heart, he took,  
 And gave, the diamond ; then from where he sat 550  
 At Arthur's right, with smiling face arose,  
 With smiling face and frowning heart, a Prince  
 In the mid might and flourish of his May,  
 Gawain, surnamed The Courteous, fair and strong,  
 And after Lancelot, Tristram, and Geraint 555  
 And Lamorack, a good knight, but therewithal  
 Sir Modred's brother, of a crafty house,  
 Nor often loyal to his word, and now  
 Wroth that the king's command to sally forth  
 In quest of whom he knew not, made him leave 560  
 The banquet, and concourse of knights and kings.

So all in wrath he got to horse and went ;  
 While Arthur to the banquet, dark in mood,  
 Past, thinking, " Is it Lancelot who has come  
 Despite the wound he spake of, all for gain 565  
 Of glory, and has added wound to wound,  
 And ridd'n away to die ? " So feared the king,  
 And after two days' tarriance there, returned.  
 Then when he saw the Queen, embracing asked,  
 " Love, are you yet so sick ? " " Nay lord," she said. 570  
 " And where is Lancelot ? " then the Queen amazed,  
 " Was he not with you ? won he not your prize ? "  
 " Nay, but one like him." " Why, that like was he."  
 And when the king demanded how she knew,  
 Said, " Lord, no sooner had you parted from us, 575  
 Than Lancelot told me of a common talk  
 That men went down before his spear at a touch,  
 But knowing he was Lancelot ; his great name  
 Conquered ; and therefore would he hide his name  
 From all men, ev'n the king, and to this end 580  
 Had made the pretext of a hindering wound,

That he might joust unknown of all, and learn  
 \* If his old prowess were in aught decayed :  
 And added, ' Our true Arthur, when he learns,  
 Will well allow my pretext, as for gain  
 Of purer glory.' "

Then replied the king :

" Far lovelier in our Lancelot had it been,  
 In lieu of idly dallying with the truth,  
 To have trusted me as he has trusted you.  
 Surely his king and most familiar friend  
 Might well have kept his secret. True, indeed,  
 Albeit I know my knights fantastical,  
 So fine a fear in our large Lancelot  
 Must needs have moved my laughter ; now remains  
 But little cause for laughter ; his own kin —  
 Ill news, my Queen, for all who love him, these !  
 His kith and kin, not knowing, set upon him ;  
 So that he went sore wounded from the field ;  
 Yet good news too : for goodly hopes are mine  
 That Lancelot is no more a lonely heart.  
 He wore, against his wont, upon his helm  
 A sleeve of scarlet, broidered with great pearls :  
 Some gentle maiden's gift."

" Yea, Lord," she said,  
 " Your hopes are mine," and saying that she choked,  
 And sharply turned about to hide her face,  
 Moved to her chamber, and there flung herself  
 Down on the great king's couch, and writhed upon it,  
 And clenched her fingers till they bit the palm,  
 And shrieked out " traitor " to the unhearing wall ;  
 Then flashed into wild tears, and rose again,  
 And moved about her palace, proud and pale.

Gawain the while through all the region round  
 Rode with his diamond, wearied of the quest,  
 Touched at all points, except the poplar grove,  
 And came at last, though late, to Astolat.  
 Whom glittering in enameled arms the maid  
 Glanced at, and cried, " What news from Camelot, lord ?  
 What of the knight with the red sleeve ? " " He won."  
 " I knew it," she said. " But parted from the jousts

Hurt in the side," whereat she caught her breath;  
Through her own side she felt the sharp lance go;  
Thereon she smote her hand: well-nigh she swooned:  
And, while he gazed wonderingly at her, came  
The lord of Astolat out, to whom the Prince  
Reported who he was, and on what quest  
Sent; that he bore the prize and could not find  
The victor, but had ridden wildly round  
To seek him, and was wearied of the search.  
To whom the lord of Astolat, "Bide with us  
And ride no longer wildly, noble Prince!  
Here was the knight, and here he left a shield;  
This will he send or come for: furthermore  
Our son is with him; we shall hear anon,  
Needs must we hear." To this the courteous Prince  
Accorded with his wonted courtesy,  
Courtesy with a touch of traitor in it,  
And stayed; and cast his eyes on fair Elaine —  
Where could be found face daintier? then her shape  
From forehead down to foot perfect — again  
From foot to forehead exquisitely turned:  
"Well — if I bide, lo! this wild flower for me!"  
And oft they met among the garden yews,  
And there he set himself to play upon her,  
With sallying wit, free flashes from a height  
Above her, graces of the court, and songs,  
Sighs, and slow smiles, and golden eloquence  
And amorous adulation, till the maid  
Rebelled against it, saying to him, "Prince,  
O loyal nephew of our noble king,  
Why ask you not to see the shield he left,  
Whence you might learn his name? Why slight your king,  
And lose the quest he sent you on, and prove  
No surer than our falcon yesterday,  
Who lost the hern we slipt him at, and went  
To all the winds?" "Nay, by mine head," said he,  
"I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,  
O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes:  
But an you will it let me see the shield."  
And when the shield was brought, and Gawain saw  
Sir Lancelot's azure lions, crowned with gold,

Ramp in the field, he smote his thigh, and mocked :  
 " Right was the king ! our Lancelot ! that true man ! "

" And right was I," she answered merrily, " I,  
 Who dreamed my knight the greatest knight of all."

" And if I dreamed," said Gawain, " that you love  
 This greatest knight, your pardon ! lo, you know it ;  
 Speak, therefore : shall I waste myself in vain ? "

Full simple was her answer, " What know I ?

My brethren have been all my fellowship,

And I, when often they have talked of love,

Wished it had been my mother, for they talked,  
 Meseemed, of what they knew not ; so myself —

I know not if I know what true love is,

But if I know, then, if I love not him,

Methinks there is none other I can love."

" Yea, by God's death," said he, " you love him well,

But would not, knew you what all others know,

And whom he loves." " So be it," cried Elaine,

And lifted her fair face and moved away :

But he pursued her, calling, " Stay a little !

One golden minute's grace : he wore your sleeve :

Would he break faith with one I may not name ?

Must our true man change like a leaf at last ?

May it be so ? why then, far be it from me

To cross our mighty Lancelot in his loves !

And, damsel, for I deem you know full well

Where your great knight is hidden, let me leave

My quest with you ; the diamond also : here !

For if you love, it will be sweet to give it ;

And if he love, it will be sweet to have it

From your own hand ; and whether he love or not,

A diamond is a diamond. Fare you well

A thousand times ! — a thousand times farewell !

Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we two

May meet at court hereafter : there, I think,

So you will learn the courtesies of the court,

We two shall know each other."

Then he gave,

And slightly kissed the hand to which he gave,

The diamond, and all wearied of the quest,

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Leapt on his horse, and caroling as he went 700  
A true-love ballad, lightly rode away.

Thence to the court he past ; there told the king,  
What the king knew, " Sir Lancelot is the knight."  
And added, " Sire, my liege, so much I learnt ;  
But failed to find him, though I rode all round 705  
The region : but I lighted on the maid,  
Whose sleeve he wore ; she loves him : and to her,  
Deeming our courtesy is the truest law,  
I gave the diamond : she will render it ;  
For by mine head she knows his hiding-place." 710

The seldom-frowning king frowned, and replied,  
" Too courteous truly ! you shall go no more  
On quest of mine, seeing that you forget  
Obedience is the courtesy due to kings."

He spake and parted. Wroth but all in awe, 715  
For twenty strokes of the blood, without a word,  
Lingered that other, staring after him ;  
Then shook his hair, strode off, and buzzed abroad  
About the maid of Astolat, and her love.  
All ears were prick'd at once, all tongues were loosed : 720  
" The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lancelot,  
Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Astolat."  
Some read the king's face, some the Queen's, and all  
Had marvel what the maid might be, but most  
Predoomed her as unworthy. One old dame 725  
Came suddenly on the Queen with the sharp news.  
She, that had heard the noise of it before,  
But sorrowing Lancelot should have stooped so low,  
Marred her friend's point with pale tranquillity.  
So ran the tale like fire about the court, 730  
Fire in dry stubble a nine days' wonder flared :  
Till ev'n the knights at banquet twice or thrice  
Forgot to drink to Lancelot and the Queen.  
And pledging Lancelot and the lily maid  
Smiled at each other, while the Queen who sat 735  
With lips severely placid, felt the knot

Climb in her throat, and with her feet unseen  
Crushed the wild passion out against the floor  
Beneath the banquet, where the meats became  
As wormwood, and she hated all who pledged.

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But far away the maid in Astolat,  
Her guiltless rival, she that ever kept  
The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in her heart,  
Crept to her father, while he mused alone,  
Sat on his knee, stroked his gray face and said,  
“Father, you call me willful, and the fault  
Is yours, who let me have my will, and now,  
Sweet father, will you let me lose my wits?”  
“Nay,” said he, “surely.” “Wherefore let me hence,”  
She answered, “and find out our dear Lavaine.”  
“You will not lose your wits for dear Lavaine :  
Bide,” answered he : “we needs must hear anon  
Of him and of that other.” “Ay,” she said,  
“And of that other, for I needs must hence  
And find that other, wheresoe’er he be,  
And with mine own hand give his diamond to him,  
Lest I be found as faithless in the quest  
As yon proud prince who left the quest to me.  
Sweet father, I behold him in my dreams  
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,  
Death-pale, for lack of gentle maiden’s aid.  
The gentler-born the maiden, the more bound,  
My father, to be sweet and serviceable  
To noble knights in sickness, as you know,  
When these have worn their tokens : let me hence,  
I pray you.” Then her father nodding said,  
“Ay, ay, the diamond : wit you well, my child,  
Right fain were I to learn this knight were whole,  
Being our greatest : yea, and you must give it —  
And sure I think this fruit is hung too high  
For any mouth to gape for save a Queen’s —  
Nay, I mean nothing ; so then, get you gone,  
Being so very willful you must go.”

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Lightly, her suit allowed, she slipped away,  
And while she made her ready for her ride,

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Her father's latest word hummed in her ear,  
 "Being so very willful you must go."  
 And changed itself and echoed in her heart,  
 "Being so very willful you must die."  
 But she was happy enough and shook it off, 780  
 As we shake off the bee that buzzes at us ;  
 And in her heart she answered it and said,  
 "What matter, so I help him back to life ?"  
 Then far away with good Sir Torre for guide  
 Rode o'er the long backs of the bushless downs 785  
 To Camelot, and before the city-gates  
 Came on her brother with a happy face  
 Making a roan horse caper and curvet  
 For pleasure all about a field of flowers :  
 Whom when he saw, "Lavaine," she cried, "Lavaine, 790  
 How fares my lord Sir Lancelot ?" He amazed,  
 "Torre and Elaine ! why here ? Sir Lancelot !  
 How know you my lord's name is Lancelot ?"  
 But when the maid had told him all her tale,  
 Then turned Sir Torre, and being in his moods 795  
 Left them, and under the strange-statued gate,  
 Where Arthur's wars were rendered mystically,  
 Past up the still rich city to his kin,  
 His own far blood, which dwelt at Camelot ;  
 And her Lavaine across the poplar groves 800  
 Led to the caves : there first she saw the casque  
 Of Lancelot on the wall ; her scarlet sleeve,  
 Though carved and cut, and half the pearls away,  
 Streamed from it still ; and in her heart she laugh'd,  
 Because he had not loosed it from his helm, 805  
 But meant once more perchance to tourney in it.  
 And when they gained the cell in which he slept,  
 His battle-writhen arms and mighty hands  
 Lay naked on the wolf-skin, and a dream  
 Of dragging down his enemy made them move. 810  
 Then she that saw him lying unsleek, unshorn,  
 Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,  
 Uttered a little tender dolorous cry.  
 The sound not wonted in a place so still  
 Woke the sick knight, and while he rolled his eyes  
 Yet blank from sleep, she started to him, saying,

"Your prize, the diamond sent you by the king :"  
 His eyes glistened, she fancied. "Is it for me ?"  
 And when the maid had told him all the tale  
 Of king and prince, the diamond sent, the quest 820  
 Assigned to her not worthy of it, she knelt  
 Full lowly by the corners of his bed,  
 And laid the diamond in his open hand.  
 Her face was near, and as we kiss the child  
 That does the task assigned, he kissed her face. 825  
 At once she slipt like water to the floor.  
 "Alas," he said, "your ride has wearied you.  
 Rest must you have." "No rest for me," she said :  
 "Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at rest."  
 What might she mean by that ? his large black eyes, 830  
 Yet larger through his leanness, dwelt upon her,  
 Till all her heart's sad secret blazed itself  
 In the heart's colors on her simple face ;  
 And Lancelot looked and was perplexed in mind,  
 And being weak in body said no more ; 835  
 But did not love the color ; woman's love,  
 Save one, he not regarded, and so turned  
 Sighing, and feigned a sleep until he slept.

Then rose Elaine and glided through the fields,  
 And past beneath the wildly-sculptured gates 840  
 Far up the dim rich city to her kin ;  
 There bode the night : but woke with dawn, and past  
 Down through the dim rich city to the fields,  
 Thence to the cave : so day by day she past  
 In either twilight ghost-like to and fro 845  
 Gliding, and every day she tended him,  
 And likewise many a night : and Lancelot  
 Would, though he called his wound a little hurt  
 Whereof he should be quickly whole, at times  
 Brain-feverous in his heat and agony, seem 850  
 Uncourteous, even he : but the meek maid  
 Sweetly forbore him ever, being to him  
 Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,  
 Milder than any mother to a sick child,  
 And never woman yet, since man's first fall, 855  
 Did kindlier unto man, but her deep love

Upbore her : till the hermit, skilled in all  
 The simples and the science of that time,  
 Told him that her fine care had saved his life 860  
 And the sick man forgot her simple blush,  
 Would call her friend and sister, sweet Elaine,  
 Would listen for her coming, and regret  
 Her parting step, and held her tenderly,  
 And loved her with all love except the love 865  
 Of man and woman when they love their best  
 Closest and sweetest, and had died the death  
 In any knightly fashion for her sake.  
 And peradventure had he seen her first  
 She might have made this and that other world 870  
 Another world for the sick man : but now  
 The shackles of an old love straitened him,  
 His honor rooted in dishonor stood,  
 And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.  
 Yet the great knight in his mid-sickness made 875  
 Full many a holy vow and pure resolve.  
 These, as but born of sickness, could not live :  
 For when the blood ran lustier in him again,  
 Full often the sweet image of one face,  
 Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,  
 Dispersed his resolution like a cloud. 880  
 Then if the maiden, while that ghostly grace  
 Beamed on his fancy, spoke, he answered not,  
 Or short and coldly, and she knew right well  
 What the rough sickness meant, but what this meant 885  
 She knew not, and the sorrow dimmed her sight,  
 And drove her ere her time across the fields  
 Far into the rich city, where alone  
 She murmured, " Vain, in vain : it cannot be.  
 He will not love me : how then ? must I die ? "  
 Then as a little helpless innocent bird 890  
 That has but one plain passage of few notes,  
 Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er  
 For all an April morning, till the ear  
 Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid  
 Went half the night repeating, " Must I die ? " 895  
 And now to right she turned, and now to left,  
 And found no ease in turning or in rest ;

And "him or death," she muttered, "death or him,"  
Again and like a burthen, "him or death."  
But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt was whole, 908  
To Astolat returning rode the three.  
There morn by morn, arraying her sweet self  
In that wherein she deemed she looked her best,  
She came before Sir Lancelot, for she thought,  
"If I be loved, these are my festal robes, 905  
If not, the victim's flowers before he fall."  
And Lancelot ever prest upon the maid  
That she should ask some goodly gift of him  
For her own self or hers : "And do not shun  
To speak the wish most near to your true heart ; 910  
Such service have you done me, that I make  
My will of yours, and Prince and Lord am I  
In mine own land, and what I will I can."  
Then like a ghost she lifted up her face,  
But like a ghost without the power to speak. 915  
And Lancelot saw that she withheld her wish,  
And bode among them yet a little space  
Till he should learn it ; and one morn it chanced  
He found her in among the garden yews,  
And said, "Delay no longer, speak your wish, 920  
Seeing I must go to-day : " then out she brake :  
"Going ? and we shall never see you more,  
And I must die for want of one bold word."  
"Speak : that I live to hear," he said, "is yours."  
Then suddenly and passionately she spoke : 925  
"I have gone mad. I love you : let me die."  
"Ah, sister," answered Lancelot, "what is this ?"  
And innocently extending her white arms,  
"Your love," she said, "your love — to be your wife."  
And Lancelot answered, "Had I chos'n to wed 930  
I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine :  
But now there never will be wife of mine."  
"No, no," she cried, "I care not to be wife,  
But to be with you still, to see your face,  
To serve you, and to follow you through the world." 935  
And Lancelot answered, "Nay, the world, the world,  
All ear and eye, with such a stupid heart  
To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue



To blare its own interpretation — nay,  
 Full ill then should I quit your brother's love,  
 And your good father's kindness." And she said,  
 "Not to be with you, not to see your face —  
 Alas for me then, my good days are done."  
 "Nay, noble maid," he answered, "ten times nay!  
 This is not love: but love's first flash in youth,  
 Most common. Yea, I know it of mine own self:  
 And you yourself will smile at your own self  
 Hereafter, when you yield your flower of life  
 To one more fitly yours, not thrice your age:  
 And then will I, for true you are and sweet  
 Beyond mine old belief in womanhood —  
 More especially should your good knight be poor,  
 Endow you with broad land and territory  
 Even to the half of my realm beyond the seas,  
 So that would make you happy: furthermore,  
 Even to the death, as though you were my blood,  
 In all your quarrels will I be your knight.  
 This will I do, dear damsel, for your sake,  
 And more than this I cannot."

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While he spoke  
 She neither blushed nor shook, but deathly pale  
 Stood grasping what was nearest, then replied:  
 "Of all this will I nothing," and so fell,  
 And thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

960

Then spake, to whom through those black walls of yew  
 Their talk had pierced, her father, "Ay, a flash  
 I fear me, that will strike my blossom dead.  
 Too courteous are you, fair Lord Lancelot,  
 I pray you, use some rough discourtesy  
 To blunt or break her passion."

965

Lancelot said,  
 "That were against me: what I can I will;"  
 And there that day remained, and toward even  
 Sent for his shield: full meekly rose the maid,  
 Stript off the case, and gave the naked shield;  
 Then, when she heard his horse upon the stones,  
 Unclasping flung the casement back, and looked  
 Down on his helm, from which her sleeve had gone.

970

975

And Lancelot knew the little clinking sound ;  
And she by tact of love was well aware  
That Lancelot knew that she was looking at him.  
And yet he glanced not up, nor waved his hand,  
Nor bade farewell, but sadly rode away,  
This was the one discourtesy that he used.

980

So in her tower alone the maiden sat :  
His very shield was gone ; only the case,  
Her own poor work, her empty labor, left.  
But still she heard him, still his picture formed  
And grew between her and the pictured wall.  
Then came her father, saying in low tones,  
“ Have comfort,” whom she greeted quietly ;  
Then came her brethren, saying, “ Peace to thee,  
Sweet sister,” whom she answered with all calm.  
But when they left, her to herself again,  
Death, like a friend’s voice from a distant field  
Approaching through the darkness, called ; the owls’  
Wailing had power upon her, and she mixt  
Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms  
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind.

985

990

995

And in those days she made a little song,  
And called her song, “ The Song of Love and Death,”  
And sang it : sweetly could she make and sing.

1000

“ Sweet is true love though given in vain, in vain ;  
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain :  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

“ Love, art thou sweet ? then bitter death must be :  
Love, thou art bitter : sweet is death to me.  
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

1005

“ Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,  
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

“ I fain would follow love, if that could be ;  
I needs must follow death, who calls for me ;  
Call and I follow, I follow ! — let me die.”

1010

High with the last line scaled her voice, and this,  
 All in a fiery dawning wild with wind  
 That shook her tower, the brothers heard, and thought, 1014  
 With shuddering, "Hark, the Phantom of the house  
 That ever shrieks before a death," and called  
 The father, and all three in hurry and fear  
 Ran to her, and lo! the blood-red light of dawn  
 Flared on her face, she shrilling, "Let me die!" 1020

As when we dwell upon a word we know,  
 Repeating, till the word we know so well  
 Becomes a wonder and we know not why,  
 So dwelt the father on her face and thought,  
 "Is this Elaine?" till back the maiden fell, 1025  
 Then gave a languid hand to each, and lay,  
 Speaking a still good-morrow with her eyes.  
 At last she said, "Sweet brothers, yesternight  
 I seemed a curious little maid again,  
 As happy as when we dwelt among the woods, 1030  
 And when you used to take me with the flood  
 Up the great river in the boatman's boat,  
 Only you would not pass beyond the cape  
 That has the poplar on it: there you fixt  
 Your limit, oft returning with the tide. 1035  
 And yet I cried because you would not pass  
 Beyond it, and far up the shining flood  
 Until we found the palace of the king.  
 And yet you would not; but this night I dreamed  
 That I was all alone upon the flood, 1040  
 And then I said, 'Now shall I have my will:.'  
 And there I woke, but still the wish remained.  
 So let me hence that I may pass at last  
 Beyond the poplar and far up the flood,  
 Until I find the palace of the king. 1045  
 There will I enter in among them all,  
 And no man there will dare to mock at me;  
 But there the fine Gawain will wonder at me,  
 And there the great Sir Lancelot muse at me;  
 Gawain, who bade a thousand farewells to me, 1050  
 Lancelot, who coldly went, nor bade me one.  
 And there the King will know me and my love,

And there the Queen herself will pity me,  
And all the gentle court will welcome me,  
And after my long voyage I shall rest ! ”

1065

“ Peace,” said her father, “ O my child ! you seem  
Light-headed, for what force is yours to go  
So far, being sick ? and wherefore would you look  
On this proud fellow again, who scorns us all ? ”

Then the rough Torre began to heave and move,

1060

And bluster into stormy sobs, and say,

“ I never loved him : an I meet with him,

I care not howsoever great he be,

Then will I strike at him and strike him down,

Give me good fortune, I will strike him dead,

1065

For this discomfort he hath done the house.”

To which the gentle sister made reply,

“ Fret not yourself, dear brother, nor be wroth,

Seeing it is no more Sir Lancelot’s fault

Not to love me, than it is mine to love

1070

Him of all men who seems to me the highest.”

“ Highest ? ” the father answered, echoing “ highest ? ”

(He meant to break the passion in her), “ nay,

Daughter, I know not what you call the highest ;

But this I know, for all the people know it,

1075

He loves the Queen, and in an open shame,

And she returns his love in open shame.

If this be high, what is it to be low ? ”

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat :

“ Sweet father, all too faint and sick am I

1080

For anger : these are slanders : never yet

Was noble man but made ignoble talk.

He makes no friend who never made a foe.

But now it is my glory to have loved

One peerless, without stain : so let me pass,

1085

My father, howsoe’er I seem to you,

Not all unhappy, having loved God’s best

And greatest, though my love had no return :

Yet, seeing you desire your child to live,

Thanks, but you work against your own desire ;  
 For if I could believe the things you say  
 I should but die the sooner ; wherefore cease,  
 Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man  
 Hither, and let me shrive me clean, and die."

1093

So when the ghostly man had come and gone,  
 She with a face, bright as for sin forgiven,  
 Besought Lavaine to write as she devised  
 A letter, word for word : and when he asked,  
 "Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord ?  
 Then will I bear it gladly : " she replied,  
 "For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,  
 But I myself must bear it." Then he wrote  
 The letter she devised ; which being writ  
 And folded, " O sweet father, tender and true,  
 Deny me not," she said — "you never yet  
 Denied my fancies — this, however strange,  
 My latest : lay the letter in my hand  
 A little ere I die, and close the hand  
 Upon it ; I shall guard it even in death.  
 And when the heat is gone from out my heart,  
 Then take the little bed on which I died  
 For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's  
 For richness, and me also like the Queen  
 In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.  
 And let there be prepared a chariot-bier  
 To take me to the river, and a barge  
 Be ready on the river, clothed in black.  
 I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.  
 There surely I shall speak for mine own self,  
 And none of you can speak for me so well.  
 And therefore let one dumb old man alone  
 Go with me, he can steer and row, and he  
 Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

1095

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1120

She ceased : her father promised ; whereupon  
 She grew so cheerful that they deemed her death  
 Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.  
 But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh  
 Her father laid the letter in her hand,

1124

And closed the hand upon it, and she died.  
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

1130

But when the next sun brake from underground,  
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows  
Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier  
Past like a shadow through the field, that shone  
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,  
Palled all its length in blackest samite, lay.  
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,  
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,  
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.  
So those two brethren from the chariot took  
And on the black decks laid her on her bed,  
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung  
The silken case with braided blazonings,  
And kissed her quiet brows, and saying to her,  
"Sister, farewell for ever," and again,  
"Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.  
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead  
Steered by the dumb went upward with the flood --  
In her right hand the lily, in her left  
The letter -- all her bright hair streaming down,  
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold  
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white  
All but her face, and that clear-featured face  
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,  
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled.

1135

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1155

That day Sir Lancelot at the palace craved  
Audience of Guinevere, to give at last  
The price of half a realm, his costly gift,  
Hard-won and hardly won with bruise and blow,  
With deaths of others, and almost his own,  
The nine-years-fought-for diamonds: for he saw  
One of her house, and sent him to the Queen  
Bearing his wish, whereto the Queen agreed  
With such and so unmoved a majesty  
She might have seemed her statue, but that he,  
Low-drooping till he well-nigh kissed her feet  
For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong eye

1160

1165



The shadow of a piece of pointed lace,  
In the Queen's shadow, vibrate, on the walls,  
And parted, laughing in his courtly heart. 1170

All in an oriel on the summer side,  
Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace toward the stream,  
They met, and Lancelot kneeling uttered, "Queen,  
Lady, my liege, in whom I have my joy,  
Take what I had not won except for you, 1175  
These jewels, and make me happy, making them  
An armlet for the roundest arm on earth,  
Or necklace for a neck to which the swan's  
Is tawnier than her cygnets': these are words :  
Your beauty is your beauty, and I sin 1180  
In speaking, yet O grant my worship of it  
Words, as we grant brief tears. Such sin in words,  
Perchance, we both can pardon : but, my Queen,  
I hear of rumors flying through your court.  
Our bond, as not the bond of man and wife, 1185  
Should have in it an absoluter trust  
To make up that defect : let rumors be :  
When did not rumors fly ? these, as I trust  
That you trust me in your own nobleness,  
I may not well believe that you believe." 1190

While thus he spoke, half-turned away, the Queen  
Brake from the vast oriel-embowering vine  
Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off,  
Till all the place whereon she stood was green ;  
Then when he ceased, in one cold passive hand 1195  
Received at once, and laid aside, the gems  
There on a table near her, and replied.

"It may be, I am quicker of belief  
Than you believe me, Lancelot of the Lake.  
Our bond is not the bond of man and wife. 1200  
This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill,  
It can be broken easier. I for you  
This many a year have done despite and wrong  
To one whom ever in my heart of hearts  
I did acknowledge nobler. What are these ? 1205

Diamonds for me ? they had been thrice their worth  
 Being your gift, had you not lost your own.  
 To loyal hearts the value of all gifts  
 Must vary as the giver's. Not for me !  
 For her ! for your new fancy. Only this 1210  
 Grant me, I pray you : have your joys apart.  
 I doubt not that however changed, you keep  
 So much of what is graceful : and myself  
 Would shun to break those bounds of courtesy  
 In which as Arthur's queen I move and rule : 1215  
 So cannot speak my mind. An end to this !  
 A strange one ! yet I take it with Amen.  
 So pray you, add my diamonds to her pearls ;  
 Deck her with these ; tell her, she shines me down.  
 An armlet for an arm to which the Queen's 1220  
 Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck  
 O as much fairer — as a faith once fair  
 Was richer than these diamonds — hers, not mine —  
 Nay, by the mother of our Lord himself,  
 Or hers or mine, mine now to work my will — 1225  
 She shall not have them."

Saying which she seized,  
 And, through the casement standing wide for heat,  
 Flung them, and down they flashed, and smote the stream,  
 Then from the smitten surface flashed, as it were,  
 Diamonds to meet them, and they past away. 1230  
 Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half disgust  
 At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,  
 Close underneath his eyes, and right across  
 Where these had fallen, slowly past the barge  
 Whereon the lily maid of Astolat 1235  
 Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst away  
 To weep and wail in secret ; and the barge,  
 On to the palace-doorway sliding, paused. 1240  
 There two stood armed, and kept the door ; to whom,  
 All up the marble stairs, tier over tier,  
 Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes that asked  
 " What is it ? " but that oarsman's haggard face,  
 As hard and still as is the face that men

Shape to their fancy's eye from broken rocks 1245  
 On some cliff-side, appalled them, and they said,  
 "He is enchanted, cannot speak — and she,  
 Look how she sleeps — the Fairy Queen, so fair!  
 Yea, but how pale! What are they? flesh and blood?  
 Or come to take the king to fairy land? 1250  
 For some do hold our Arthur cannot die,  
 But that he passes into fairy land."

While thus they babbled of the king, the king  
 Came girt with knights : then turned the tongueless man 1255  
 From the half-face to the full eye, then rose  
 And pointed to the damsel, and the doors.  
 So Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale  
 And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid ;  
 And reverently they bore her into hall.  
 Then came the fine Gawain and wondered at her, 1260  
 And Lancelot later came and mused at her,  
 And last the Queen herself and pitied her :  
 But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,  
 Stoopt, took, brake seal, and read it : this was all.

"Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake, 1265  
 I, sometime called the maid of Astolat,  
 Come, for you left me taking no farewell,  
 Hither, to take my last farewell of you.  
 I loved you, and my love had no return,  
 And therefore my true love has been my death. 1270  
 And therefore to our Lady Guinevere,  
 And to all other ladies, I make moan.  
 Pray for my soul, and yield me burial.  
 Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,  
 As thou art a knight peerless."

Thus he read, 1275  
 And ever in the reading, Lords and Dames  
 Wept, looking often from his face who read  
 To hers which lay so silent, and at times,  
 So touched were they, half thinking that her lips,  
 Who had devised the letter, moved again. 1280

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them all :

"My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear,  
 Know that for this most gentle maiden's death  
 Right heavy am I; for good she was and true,  
 But loved me with a love beyond all love 1284  
 In women, whomsoever I have known.  
 Yet to be loved makes not to love again;  
 Not at my years, however it hold in youth.  
 I swear by truth and knighthood that I gave  
 No cause, not willingly, for such a love: 1290  
 To this I call my friends in testimony  
 Her brethren, and her father, who himself  
 Besought me to be plain and blunt, and use  
 To break her passion some discourtesy  
 Against my nature: what I could, I did, 1295  
 I left her and I bade her no farewell.  
 Though, had I dreamt the damsel would have died,  
 I might have put my wits to some rough use,  
 And helped her from herself."

Then said the Queen,  
 (Sea was her wrath, yet working after storm,) 1300  
 "You might at least have done her so much grace,  
 Fair Lord, as would have helped her from her death."  
 He raised his head, their eyes met and hers fell,  
 He adding,

"Queen, she would not be content  
 Save that I wedded her, which could not be. 1305  
 Then might she follow me through the world, she asked.  
 It could not be. I told her that her love  
 Was but the flash of youth, would darken down  
 To rise hereafter in a stiller flame  
 Toward one more worthy of her — then would I, 1310  
 More specially were he she wedded poor,  
 Estate them with large land and territory  
 In mine own realm beyond the narrow seas,  
 To keep them in all joyance: more than this  
 I could not; this she would not, and she died." 1315

He pausing, Arthur answered, "O my knight,  
 It will be to your worship, as my knight,  
 And mine, as head of all our Table Round,  
 To see that she be buried worshipfully."

So toward that shrine which then in all the realm 1320  
 Was richest, Arthur leading, slowly went,  
 The marshalled order of their Table Round,  
 And Lancelot sad beyond his wont, to see  
 The maiden buried, not as one unknown,  
 Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies, 1325  
 And mass, and rolling music, like a Queen.  
 And when the knights had laid her comely head  
 Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings,  
 Then Arthur spake among them, "Let her tomb  
 Be costly, and her image thereupon. 1330  
 And let the shield of Lancelot at her feet  
 Be carven, and her lily in her hand.  
 And let the story of her dolorous voyage  
 For all true hearts be blazoned on her tomb  
 In letters gold and azure!" which was wrought 1335  
 Thereafter; but when now the lords and dames  
 And people, from the high door streaming, brake  
 Disorderly, as homeward each, the Queen,  
 Who marked Sir Lancelot where he moved apart,  
 Drew near, and sighed in passing, "Lancelot, 1340  
 Forgive me; mine was jealousy in love."  
 He answered with his eyes upon the ground,  
 "That is love's curse; pass on, my Queen, forgiven."  
 But Arthur who beheld his cloudy brows  
 Approached him, and with full affection flung 1345  
 One arm about his neck, and spake and said :

"Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou in whom I have  
 Most love and most affiance, for I know  
 What thou hast been in battle by my side, 1350  
 And many a time have watched thee at the tilt  
 Strike down the lusty and long-practiced knight,  
 And let the younger and unskilled go by  
 To win his honor and to make his name,  
 And loved thy courtesies and thee, a man  
 Made to be loved ; — but now I would to God, 1355  
 For the wild people say wild things of thee,  
 Thou couldst have loved this maiden, shaped, it seems,  
 By God for thee alone, and from her face,  
 If one may judge the living by the dead,

Delicately pure and marvelously fair, 1380  
 Who might have brought thee, now a lonely man  
 Wifeless and heirless, noble issue, sons  
 Born to the glory of thy name and fame,  
 My knight, the great Sir Lancelot of the Lake."

Then answered Lancelot, "Fair she was, my king, 1385  
 Pure, as you ever wish your knights to be.  
 To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,  
 To doubt her pureness were to want a heart —  
 Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy love  
 Could bind him, but free love will not be bound." 1370

"Free love, so bound, were freest," said the king.  
 "Let love be free ; free love is for the best ;  
 And, after heaven, on our dull side of death  
 What should be best, if not so pure a love 1375  
 Clothed in so pure a loveliness ? yet thee  
 She failed to bind, though being, as I think,  
 Unbound as yet, and gentle as I know."

And Lancelot answered nothing, but he went  
 And at the inrunning of a little brook  
 Sat by the river in a cove, and watched 1380  
 The high reed wave, and lifted up his eyes  
 And saw the barge that brought her moving down,  
 Far off, a blot upon the stream, and said  
 Low in himself, "Ah simple heart and sweet,  
 You loved me, damsel, surely with a love 1385  
 Far tenderer than my Queen's. Pray for thy soul ?  
 Ay that will I. Farewell too — now at last —  
 Farewell, fair lily. 'Jealousy in love ?'  
 Not rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride ?  
 Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of love, 1390  
 May not your crescent fear for name and fame  
 Speak, as it waxes, of a love that wanes ?  
 Why did the king dwell on my name to me ?  
 Mine own name shames me, seeming a reproach,  
 Lancelot, whom the Lady of the lake 1395  
 Stole from his mother — as the story runs —  
 She chanted snatches of mysterious song



Heard on the winding waters, eve and morn ;  
 She kissed me, saying, ' Thou art fair, my child,  
 As a king's son,' and often in her arms 1406  
 She bare me, pacing on the dusky mere.  
 Would she had drowned me in it, where'er it be !  
 For what am I ? what profits me my name  
 Of greatest knight ? I fought for it, and have ;  
 Pleasure to have it, none ; to lose it, pain ; 1408  
 Now grown a part of me : but what use in it ?  
 To make men worse by making my sin known ?  
 Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great ?  
 Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man  
 Not after Arthur's heart ! I needs must break 1410  
 These bonds that so defame me : not without  
 She wills it : would I, if she willed ? nay,  
 Who knows ? but if I would not, then may God,  
 I pray him, send a sudden Angel down  
 To seize me by the hair and bear me far, 1415  
 And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,  
 Among the tumbled fragments of the hills."

So groaned Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,  
 Not knowing he should die a holy man.

## NOTES ON ELAINE.

2. **Astolat**, Guildford, capital of the county of Surrey, 17 miles southwest of London.

4. **Lancelot** was one of the most famous of the Knights of the Round Table

22. **Caerlyle**, now Carlisle, capital of the county of Cumberland, in the extreme northwest of England. It was originally a Roman station called *Luguwallum*, which the Saxons abbreviated to *Luel*. The Britons prefixed *caer*, castle or city ; and hence the present name.

23. **Caerleon**, Castle of the Legion, the ancient capital of Wales. Near the modern town is what is popularly called "Arthur's Round Table," which some suppose to be an ancient Roman amphitheatre. — **Camelot** is the name of a steep hill in the county of Somerset, where are the remains of a camp, called "King Arthur's Palace."

32. **Arthur**, a son of Uther Pendragon, king of the Britons in 516. Uther having died, Arthur, at the age of 15 or 18, ascended the throne, and in his successful wars with the Saxons, Picts, and Scots, acquired great renown, and thus became the hero of many a legend. At the battle of Mount Badon, the modern Bath (see ver. 280), he is said to have slain 470 Saxons with his good sword Caliburn and his lance Ron. At York he is said to have introduced the Christian worship. Here also he married his queen Guinevere. After pushing his conquests over Ireland and into Norway

and Gaul, he returned and was crowned at Caerleon. Having been mortally wounded in a battle in Cornwall with his nephew Modred, he withdrew to the island or peninsula of Avalon, in Somersetshire, on which is situated the modern town of Glastonbury, and died there in 542.

54. **Scaur**, cliff or precipice; the same word etymologically as *scar*. Cf. A.-S. *sceran*, to shear, to cut off.

95. **Lets**, hinders; A.-S. *lettan*, to hinder. Cf. Isa. xliii. 13: "I will work and who shall let it?" Rom. i. 13: "But was let hitherto."

161. **Barren-beaten**, a participle modified by an adjective used adverbially.

203. **Lustihood**, here a dissyllable Cf. *likelihood*, 366.

280. **Badon hill**. See n. on Arthur, ver. 32.

339. **Rathe**, early, soon; A.-S. *rathe* and *hrathe*. Hence our compar. *rather*

437. **Samite**, a kind of silk fabric; Old Fr. *samit*, from Greek  $\xi\varsigma$ , six, and  $\mu\iota\tau\omicron\varsigma$ , thread.

1004. **Make**, compose; A.-S. *macian*. The Old English for poet was *maker*.

1415. **Mere**; A.-S. *mere*, a pool, a lake.

Tennyson uses the license which grammarians allow to poets, with great freedom. They will hardly pass such expressions as *The one-day-seen*, ver. 748, and *The nine-years-fought-for*, ver. 1170, whatever they may think of such expressions as *barren-beaten*, ver. 161.

He is equally free with his rhythm. There are passages scattered through the poem which if written as prose would not in reading be recognized as a poetic rhythm. Thus, vv. 281-483: "O there, great Lord, doubtless, Lavaine said, rapt by all the sweet and sudden passion of youth toward greatness in its elder." And, vv. 580-586: "Lord, no sooner had you parted from us than Lancelot told me of a common talk that men went down before his spear at a touch, but knowing he was Lancelot; his great name conquered; and therefore would he hide his name from all men, even the king, and to this end had made the pretext of a hindering wound." This is poor prose so far as the rhythm is concerned, and poorer poetry.

### 13. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 1807 ———.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, son of Hon. Stephen Longfellow, was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. At the age of 14 he entered Bowdoin College. During his college course he wrote a number of smaller poems, which were afterwards published. He distinguished himself as a scholar, and was graduated in 1825. He was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in that institution, with the privilege of residing for several years abroad, and in 1826 sailed for Europe. After spending a year in France and Spain, and two years in Italy and Germany, he returned in 1830 and entered on the duties of his professorship. In 1835 he was appointed to a life professorship at Harvard College, and having spent 17 years in its duties there, he resigned in 1854, and has since resided in Cambridge. He published his "Outre Mer" in 1835; "Hyperion" and "Voices of the Night" in 1839; "Ballads and other Poems" in 1841; "Poems on Slavery" in 1842; "The Spanish Student" in 1843; "Poets and Poetry of Europe" in 1845; "The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems" in 1846; "Evangeline" in 1847; "Kavanagh," a novel, in 1849; "Seaside and Fireside" in 1850; "The Golden Legend" in 1851; "The Song of Hiawatha" in 1855; "The Courtship of Miles Standish" in 1858; a translation of Dante in 1867.

The selections for this work are inserted under the expressed permission of the publishers of Professor Longfellow's works, Messrs. Ticknor and Fields of Boston.

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories ?  
Whence these legends and traditions,  
With the odors of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains ?

I should answer, I should tell you,  
"From the forests and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the Northland,  
From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the land of the Dacotahs,  
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,  
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.  
I repeat them as I heard them  
From the lips of Nawadaha,  
The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha  
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,  
Found these legends and traditions,  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
"In the bird's-nests of the forest,  
In the lodges of the beaver,  
In the hoof-prints of the bison,  
In the eyry of the eagle !

"All the wild-fowl sang them to him,  
In the moorlands and the fen-lands,  
In the melancholy marshes ;  
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,  
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose, Wawa,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa ! "

If still further you should ask me,  
Saying, "Who was Nawadaha ?  
Tell us of this Nawadaha,"  
I should answer your inquiries

Straightway in such words as follow.

“ In the Vale of Tawasentha,  
In the green and silent valley,  
By the pleasant water-courses,  
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.  
Round about the Indian village  
Spread the meadows and the cornfields,  
And beyond them stood the forest,  
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,  
Green in Summer, white in Winter,  
Ever sighing, ever singing.

“ And the pleasant water-courses,  
You could trace them through the valley,  
By the rushing in the Spring-time,  
By the alders in the Summer,  
By the white fog in the Autumn,  
By the black line in the Winter ;  
And beside them dwelt the singer,  
In the Vale of Tawasentha,  
In the green and silent valley.

“ There he sang of Hiawatha,  
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,  
Sang his wondrous birth and being,  
How he prayed and how he fasted,  
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,  
That the tribes of men might prosper,  
That he might advance his people ! ”

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,  
Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
Love the shadow of the forest,  
Love the wind among the branches,  
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,  
And the rushing of great rivers,  
Through their palisades of pine-trees,  
And the thunder in the mountains,  
Whose innumerable echoes  
Flap like eagles in their eyries ; —  
Listen to these wild traditions,  
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye who love a nation's legends,  
Love the ballads of a people,

That like voices from afar off  
Call to us to pause and listen,  
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,  
Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
Whether they are sung or spoken ; —  
Listen to this Indian Legend,  
To the Song of Hiawatha !

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
Who have faith in God and Nature,  
Who believe, that in all ages  
Every human heart is human,  
That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings  
For the good they comprehend not,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness  
And are lifted up and strengthened ; —  
Listen to this simple story,  
To the Song of Hiawatha !

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles  
Through the green lanes of the country,  
Where the tangled barberry-bushes  
Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
Over stone walls gray with mosses,  
Pause by some neglected graveyard,  
For a while, to muse and ponder  
On a half-effaced inscription,  
Written with little skill of song-craft,  
Homely phrases, but each letter  
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,  
Full of all the tender pathos  
Of the Here and the Hereafter ; —  
Stay and read this rude inscription,  
Read the Song of Hiawatha !

## III.

## HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

DOWNWARD through the evening twilight,  
In the days that are forgotten,

In the unremembered ages,  
From the full moon fell Nokomis,  
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,  
She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,  
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,  
When her rival, the rejected,  
Full of jealousy and hatred,  
Cut the leafy swing asunder,  
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,  
And Nokomis fell affrighted  
Downward through the evening twilight,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
On the prairie full of blossoms.  
"See! a star falls!" said the people;  
"From the sky a star is falling!"

There among the ferns and mosses,  
There among the prairie lilies,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
In the moonlight and the starlight,  
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.  
And she called her name Wenonah,  
As the first-born of her daughters.  
And the daughter of Nokomis  
Grew up like the prairie lilies,  
Grew a tall and slender maiden,  
With the beauty of the moonlight,  
With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,  
Saying oft, and oft repeating,  
"O, beware of Mudjekeewis,  
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;  
Listen not to what he tells you,  
Lie not down upon the meadow,  
Stoop not down among the lilies,  
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you!"

But she heeded not the warning,  
Heeded not those words of wisdom,  
And the West-Wind came at evening,  
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,  
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,



Bending low the flowers and grasses,  
Found the beautiful Wenonah,  
Lying there among the lilies,  
Wooed her with his words of sweetness,  
Wooed her with his soft caresses,  
Till she bore a son in sorrow,  
Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,  
Thus was born the child of wonder ;  
But the daughter of Nokomis,  
Hiawatha's gentle mother,  
In her anguish died deserted  
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,  
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly  
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis ;  
" O that I were dead ! " she murmured,  
" O that I were dead as thou art !  
No more work, and no more weeping,  
Wahonowin ! Wahonowin ! "

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,  
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.  
Dark behind it rose the forest,  
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,  
Rose the firs with cones upon them ;  
Bright before it beat the water,  
Beat the clear and sunny water,  
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis  
Nursed the little Hiawatha,  
Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,  
Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;  
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
" Hush ! the Naked Bear will hear thee ! "  
Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
" Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !  
Who is this, that lights the wigwam ?  
With his great eyes lights the wigwam ?

Ewa-yea ! my little owlet ! ”

Many things Nokomis taught him  
Of the stars that shine in heaven ;  
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;  
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,  
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,  
Flaring far away to northward,  
In the frosty nights of Winter ;  
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,  
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,  
Running straight across the heavens,  
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings  
Sat the little Hiawatha ;  
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,  
Heard the lapping of the water,  
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;  
“ Minne-wawa ! ” said the pine-trees,  
“ Mudway-aushka ! ” said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Flitting through the dusk of evening,  
With the twinkle of its candle  
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,  
And he sang the song of children,  
Sang the song Nokomis taught him ;  
“ Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,  
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,  
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,  
Light me with your little candle,  
Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids ! ”

Saw the moon rise from the water,  
Rippling, rounding from the water,  
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,  
Whispered, “ What is that, Nokomis ? ”  
And the good Nokomis answered,  
“ Once a warrior, very angry,  
Seized his grandmother, and threw her  
Up into the sky at midnight ;  
Right against the moon he threw her ;

'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,  
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,  
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"  
And the good Nokomis answered:  
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see **there**;  
All the wild-flowers of the forest,  
All the lilies of the prairie,  
When on earth they fade and perish,  
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,  
Hooting, laughing in the forest,  
"What is that?" he cried in terror;  
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"  
And the good Nokomis answered:  
"That is but the owl and owlet,  
Talking in their native language,  
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha  
Learned of every bird its language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How they built their nests in Summer,  
Where they hid themselves in Winter,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How the beavers built their lodges,  
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
Why the rabbit was so timid,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them, "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvelous story-teller,  
He the traveler and the talker,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Made a bow for Hiawatha;  
From a branch of ash he made it,  
From an oak-bough made the arrows,  
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,

And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :

“ Go, my son, into the forest,  
Where the red deer herd together,  
Kill for us a famous roebuck,  
Kill for us a deer with antlers.”

Forth into the forest straightway  
All alone walked Hiawatha  
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;  
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,  
“ Do not shoot us, Hiawatha ! ”  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
Sang the bluebird, Owaissa,  
“ Do not shoot us, Hiawatha ! ”  
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,  
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
In and out among the branches,  
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,  
Laughed, and said between his laughing,  
“ Do not shoot me, Hiawatha ! ”

And the rabbit from his pathway  
Leaped aside, and at a distance  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Half in fear and half in frolic,  
Saying to the little hunter,  
“ Do not shoot me, Hiawatha ! ”

But he heeded not, nor heard them,  
For his thoughts were with the red deer ;  
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,  
Leading downward to the river,  
To the ford across the river,  
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,  
There he waited till the deer came,  
Till he saw two antlers lifted,  
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,  
Saw two nostrils point to windward,  
And a deer came down the pathway,  
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.  
And his heart within him fluttered,  
Trembled like the leaves above him,

Like the birch-leaf palpitated,  
As the deer came down the pathway.  
Then, upon one knee uprising,  
Hiawatha aimed an arrow :  
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,  
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,  
But the wary roebuck started,  
Stamped with all his hoofs together,  
Listened with one foot uplifted,  
Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;  
Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow,  
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him !

Dead he lay there in the forest,  
By the ford across the river ;  
Beat his timid heart no longer,  
But the heart of Hiawatha  
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,  
As he bore the red deer homeward,  
And Iagoo and Nokomis  
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis  
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,  
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis  
Made a banquet in his honor.  
All the village came and feasted,  
All the guests praised Hiawatha.  
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha !  
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee !

## IV.

## HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

OUT of childhood into manhood  
Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,  
Learned in all the lore of old men,  
In all youthful sports and pastimes,  
In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha ;  
He could shoot an arrow from him,  
And run forward with such fleetness,

That the arrow fell behind him !  
Strong of arm was Hiawatha ;  
He could shoot ten arrows upward,  
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,  
That the tenth had left the bow-string  
Ere the first to earth had fallen !

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Magic mittens made of deer-skin ;  
When upon his hands he wore them,  
He could smite the rocks asunder,  
He could grind them into powder.  
He had moccasins enchanted,  
Magic moccasins of deer-skin ;  
When he bound them round his ankles  
When upon his feet he tied them,  
At each stride a mile he measured !

Much he questioned old Nokomis  
Of his father Mudjekeewis ;  
Learned from her the fatal secret  
Of the beauty of his mother,  
Of the falsehood of his father ;  
And his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,  
"I will go to Mudjekeewis,  
See how fares it with my father,  
At the doorways of the West-Wind,  
At the portals of the Sunset !"

From his lodge went Hiawatha,  
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting ;  
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggins,  
Richly wrought with quills and wampum ;  
On his head his eagle-feathers,  
Round his waist his belt of wampum,  
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,  
Strung with sinews of the reindeer ;  
In his quiver oaken arrows,  
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers ;  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,



“Go not forth, O Hiawatha!  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,  
Lest he harm you with his magic,  
Lest he kill you with his cunning.”

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Heeded not her woman's warning;  
Forth he strode into the forest,  
At each stride a mile he measured;  
Lurid seemed the sky above him,  
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,  
Hot and close the air around him,  
Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,  
As of burning woods and prairies,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,  
Left the fleetest deer behind him,  
Left the antelope and bison;  
Crossed the rushing Esconada,  
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,  
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,  
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,  
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,  
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
Where upon the gusty summits  
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,  
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha  
At the aspect of his father.  
On the air about him wildly  
Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,  
Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,  
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis  
When he looked on Hiawatha,  
Saw his youth rise up before him  
In the face of Hiawatha,  
Saw the beauty of Wenonah

From the grave rise up before him.

“Welcome!” said he, “Hiawatha,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!  
Long have I been waiting for you!  
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,  
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;  
You bring back the days departed,  
You bring back my youth of passion,  
And the beautiful Wenonah!”

Many days they talked together,  
Questioned, listened, waited, answered;  
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Boasted of his ancient prowess,  
Of his perilous adventures,  
His indomitable courage,  
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,  
Listening to his father's boasting;  
With a smile he sat and listened,  
Uttered neither threat nor menace,  
Neither word nor look betrayed him,  
But his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, “O Mudjekeewis,  
Is there nothing that can harm you?  
Nothing that you are afraid of?”  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Grand and gracious in his boasting,  
Answered, saying, “There is nothing,  
Nothing but the black rock yonder.  
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek!”

And he looked at Hiawatha,  
With a wise look and benignant,  
With a countenance paternal,  
Looked with pride upon the beauty  
Of his tall and graceful figure,  
Saying, “O my Hiawatha!  
Is there anything can harm you?  
Anything you are afraid of?”

But the wary Hiawatha  
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,

Held his peace, as if resolving,  
And then answered, "There is nothing,  
Nothing but the bulrush yonder,  
Nothing but the great Apukwa!! "

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,  
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,  
Hiawatha cried in terror,  
Cried in well-dissembled terror,  
"Kago! kago! do not touch it!"  
"Ah, kaween!" said Mudjekeewis,  
"No indeed, I will not touch it!"

Then they talked of other matters;  
First of Hiawatha's brothers,  
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,  
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,  
Of the North, Kabibonokka;  
Then of Hiawatha's mother,  
Of the beautiful Wenonah,  
Of her birth upon the meadow,  
Of her death, as old Nokomis  
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,  
It was you who killed Wenonah,  
Took her young life and her beauty,  
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,  
Trampled it beneath your footsteps;  
You confess it! you confess it!"  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Tossed upon the wind his tresses,  
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,  
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,  
And with threatening look and gesture  
Laid his hand upon the black rock,  
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Rent the jutting crag asunder,  
Smote and crushed it into fragments,  
Hurled them madly at his father,  
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,  
For his heart was hot within him,

Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind  
Blew the fragments backward from him  
With the breathing of his nostrils,  
With the tempest of his anger,  
Blew them back at his assailant ;  
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,  
Dragged it with its roots and fibres  
From the margin of the meadow,  
From its ooze, the giant bulrush.  
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha !

Then began the deadly conflict,  
Hand to hand among the mountains ;  
From his eyry screamed the eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle  
Sat upon the crags around them,  
Wheeling flapped his wings above them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest  
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush ;  
And in masses huge and heavy  
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek ;  
Till the earth shook with the tumult  
And confusion of the battle,  
And the air was full of shoutings,  
And the thunder of the mountains,  
Starting, answered, " Baim-wawa ! "

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,  
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,  
Stumbling westward down the mountains,  
Three whole days retreated fighting,  
Still pursued by Hiawatha  
To the doorways of the West-Wind,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the earth's remotest border,  
Where into the empty spaces  
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo  
Drops into her nest at nightfall,  
In the melancholy marshes.

" Hold ! " at length cried Mudjekeewis,  
" Hold, my son, my Hiawatha !  
'Tis impossible to kill me,

For you cannot kill the immortal.  
I have put you to this trial,  
But to know and prove your courage;  
Now receive the prize of valor!

“Go back to your home and people,  
Live among them, toil among them,  
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,  
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,  
Slay all monsters and magicians,  
All the Wendigoes, the giants,  
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,  
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,  
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

“And at last when death draws near you,  
When the awful eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon you in the darkness,  
I will share my kingdom with you,  
Ruler shall you be thenceforward  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,  
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin.”

Thus was fought that famous battle  
In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,  
In the days long since departed,  
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.  
Still the hunter sees its traces  
Scattered far o’er hill and valley;  
Sees the giant bulrush growing  
By the ponds and water-courses,  
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek  
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha;  
Pleasant was the landscape round him,  
Pleasant was the air above him,  
For the bitterness of anger  
Had departed wholly from him,  
From his brain the thought of vengeance,  
From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,  
Only once he paused or halted,  
Paused to purchase heads of arrows  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,

In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Where the falls of Minnehaha  
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,  
Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker  
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,  
Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,  
Wayward as the Minnehaha,  
With her moods of shade and sunshine,  
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,  
Feet as rapid as the river,  
Tresses flowing like the water,  
And as musical a laughter ;  
And he named her from the river,  
From the waterfall he named her,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
That my Hiawatha halted  
In the land of the Dacotahs ?

Was it not to see the maiden,  
See the face of Laughing Water,  
Peeping from behind the curtain,  
Hear the rustling of her garments  
From behind the waving curtain,  
As one sees the Minnehaha  
Gleaming, glancing thro' the branches,  
As one hears the Laughing Water  
From behind its screen of branches ?

Who shall say what thoughts and visions  
Fill the fiery brains of young men ?  
Who shall say what dreams of beauty  
Filled the heart of Hiawatha ?  
All he told to old Nokomis,  
When he reached the lodge at sunset,  
Was the meeting with his father,



Was his fight with Mudjekeewis ;  
Not a word he said of arrows,  
Not a word of Laughing Water !

## VI.

## HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,  
Singled out from all the others,  
Bound to him in closest union,  
And to whom he gave the right hand  
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow ;  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway  
Never grew the grass upon it ;  
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,  
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,  
Found no eager ear to listen,  
Could not breed ill-will between them,  
For they kept each other's counsel,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much contriving  
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers.  
Beautiful and childlike was he,  
Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
Pliant as a wand of willow,  
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened ;  
All the warriors gathered round him,  
All the women came to hear him ;  
Now he stirred their souls to passion,  
Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned  
Flutes so musical and mellow,  
That the brook, the Sebowisha,  
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,

That the wood-birds ceased from singing,  
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,  
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach my waves to flow in music,  
Softly as your words in singing!"

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
Envious, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,  
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,  
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,  
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,  
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as melancholy,  
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;  
All the hearts of men were softened  
By the pathos of his music;  
For he sang of peace and freedom,  
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;  
Sang of death, and life undying  
In the Islands of the Blessed,  
In the kingdom of Ponemah,  
In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers;  
For his gentleness he loved him,  
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha  
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,  
He the strongest of all mortals,  
He the mightiest among many;

For his very strength he loved him,  
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,  
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,  
Never played with other children,  
Never fished and never hunted,  
Nor like other children was he ;  
But they saw that much he fasted,  
Much his Manito entreated,  
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said his mother,  
“In my work you never help me !  
In the Summer you are roaming  
Idly in the fields and forests ;  
In the Winter you are cowering  
O’er the fire-brands in the wigwam !  
In the coldest days of Winter  
I must break the ice for fishing ;  
With my nets you never help me !  
At the door my nets are hanging,  
Dripping, freezing with the water ;  
Go and wring them, Yenadizze !  
Go and dry them in the sunshine !”

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind  
Rose, but made no angry answer ;  
From the lodge went forth in silence,  
Took the nets, that hung together,  
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,  
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,  
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,  
Could not wring them without breaking,  
Such the strength was in his fingers.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said his father,  
“In the hunt you never help me ;  
Every bow you touch is broken,  
Snapped asunder every arrow ;  
Yet come with me to the forest,  
You shall bring the hunting homeward.”

Down a narrow pass they wandered,  
Where a brooklet led them onward,  
Where the trail of deer and bison

Marked the soft mud on the margin,  
Till they found all further passage  
Shut against them, barred securely  
By the trunks of trees uprooted,  
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,  
And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,  
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;  
Not a woodchuck could get through them,  
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"  
And straightway his pipe he lighted,  
And sat down to smoke and ponder.  
But before his pipe was finished,  
Lo! the path was cleared before him;  
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,  
To the right hand, to the left hand,  
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,  
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,  
As they sported in the meadow;  
"Why stand idly looking at us,  
Leaning on the rock behind you?  
Come and wrestle with the others,  
Let us pitch the quoit together!"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,  
To their challenge made no answer,  
Only rose, and, slowly turning,  
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,  
Tore it from its deep foundation,  
Poised it in the air a moment,  
Pitched it sheer into the river,  
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,  
Down the rapids of Pauwating,  
Kwasind sailed with his companions,  
In the stream he saw a beaver,  
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,  
Struggling with the rushing currents,  
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,

Kwasind leaped into the river,  
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,  
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,  
Followed him among the islands,  
Stayed so long beneath the water,  
That his terrified companions  
Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!  
We shall nevermore see Kwasind!"  
But he reappeared triumphant,  
And upon his shining shoulders  
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,  
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,  
Were the friends of Hiawatha,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.  
Long they lived in peace together,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much contriving  
How the tribes of men might prosper.

## X.

## HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

"As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Much perplexed by various feelings,  
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,  
Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"  
Warning said the old Nokomis;  
"Go not eastward, go not westward,  
For a stranger, whom we know not!"

Like a fire upon the hearth-stone  
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,  
Like the starlight or the moonlight  
Is the handsomest of strangers ! ”

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
And my Hiawatha answered  
Only this : “ Dear old Nokomis,  
Very pleasant is the firelight,  
But I like the starlight better,  
Better do I like the moonlight ! ”

Gravely then said old Nokomis :  
“ Bring not here an idle maiden,  
Bring not here a useless woman,  
Hands unskillful, feet unwilling ;  
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
Heart and hand that move together,  
Feet that run on willing errands ! ”

Smiling answered Hiawatha :  
“ In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women.  
I will bring her to your wigwam,  
She shall run upon your errands,  
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,  
Be the sunlight of my people ! ”

Still dissuading said Nokomis :  
“ Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
From the land of the Dacotahs !  
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,  
Often is there war between us,  
There are feuds yet unforgotten,  
Wounds that ache and still may open ! ”

Laughing answered Hiawatha :  
“ For that reason, if no other,  
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,  
That our tribes might be united,  
That old feuds might be forgotten,  
And old wounds be healed forever ! ”

Thus departed Hiawatha  
To the land of the Dacotahs,



To the land of handsome women ;  
Striding over moor and meadow,  
Through interminable forests,  
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,  
At each stride a mile he measured,  
Yet the way seemed long before him,  
And his heart outrun his footsteps ;  
And he journeyed without resting,  
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,  
Heard the falls of Minnehaha,  
Calling to him through the silence.  
"Pleasant is the sound !" he murmured,  
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me !"

On the outskirts of the forest,  
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,  
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,  
But they saw not Hiawatha ;  
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not !"  
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not !"  
Sent it singing on its errand,  
To the red heart of the roebuck ;  
Threw the deer across his shoulder,  
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.  
At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;  
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,  
Of the days when with such arrows  
He had struck the deer and bison,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow ;  
Shot the wild-goose, flying southward,  
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa ;

Thinking of the great war-parties,  
How they came to buy his arrows,  
Could not fight without his arrows.  
Ah, no more such noble warriors  
Could be found on earth as they were !  
Now the men were all like women,  
Only used their tongues for weapons !

She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,  
Young and tall and very handsome,  
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,  
Came to buy her father's arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam,  
Lingered long about the doorway,  
Looking back as he departed.  
She had heard her father praise him,  
Praise his courage and his wisdom ;  
Would he come again for arrows  
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?  
On the mat her hands lay idle.  
And her eyes were very dreamy.  
Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,  
Heard a rustling in the branches,  
And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
With the deer upon his shoulders,  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker  
Looked up gravely from his labor,  
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
Bade him enter at the doorway,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
" Hiawatha, you are welcome ! "

At the feet of Laughing Water,  
Hiawatha laid his burden,  
Threw the red deer from his shoulders ;  
And the maiden looked up at him,  
Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
Said with gentle look and accent,  
" You are welcome, Hiawatha ! "

Very spacious was the wigwam,

Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,  
With the Gods of the Dacotahs  
Drawn and painted on its curtains,  
And so tall the doorway, hardly  
Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers  
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
From the ground fair Minnehaha,  
Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
Brought forth food and sat before them,  
Water brought them from the brooklet,  
Gave them food in earthen vessels,  
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,  
Listened while the guest was speaking,  
Listened while her father answered,  
But not once her lips she opened,  
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
To the words of Hiawatha,  
As he talked of old Nokomis,  
Who had nursed him in his childhood,  
As he told of his companions,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
And of happiness and plenty  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

“After many years of warfare,  
Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
There is peace between the Ojibways  
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.”  
Thus continued Hiawatha,  
And then added, speaking slowly,  
“That this peace may last forever,  
And our hands be clasped more closely,  
And our hearts be more united,  
Give me as my wife this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Loveliest of Dacotah women!”

And the ancient Arrow-maker

Paused a moment ere he answered,  
Smoked a little while in silence,  
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,  
And made answer very gravely :  
“ Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;  
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha ! ”

And the lovely Laughing Water  
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,  
Neither willing nor reluctant,  
As she went to Hiawatha,  
Softly took the seat beside him,  
While she said, and blushed to say it,  
“ I will follow you, my husband ! ”

This was Hiawatha's wooing !  
Thus it was he won the daughter  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs !

From the wigwam he departed,  
Leading with him Laughing Water,  
Hand in hand they went together,  
Through the woodland and the meadow,  
Left the old man standing lonely  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to them from the distance,  
Crying to them from afar off,  
“ Fare thee well, O Minnehaha ! ”

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Turned again unto his labor,  
Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
Murmuring to himself, and saying :  
“ Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love, and those who love us !  
Just when they have learned to help us,  
When we are old and lean upon them,  
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,  
With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
Wanders piping through the village,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden,  
And she follows where he leads her,

Leaving all things for the stranger ! ”

Pleasant was the journey homeward,  
Through interminable forests,  
Over meadow, over mountain,  
Over river, hill, and hollow.  
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
Though they journeyed very slowly,  
Though his pace he checked and slackened  
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers  
In his arms he bore the maiden ;  
Light he thought her as a feather,  
As the plume upon his head-gear ;  
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,  
Bent aside the swaying branches,  
Made at night a lodge of branches,  
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,  
And a fire before the doorway  
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with **them**,  
O'er the meadow, through the forest ;  
All the stars of night looked at them,  
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber  
From his ambush in the oak-tree  
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Watched with eager eyes the lovers ;  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Scampered from the path before them,  
Peering, peeping from his burrow,  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward !  
All the birds sang loud and sweetly  
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease.  
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
“ Happy are you, Hiawatha,  
Having such a wife to love you ! ”  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
“ Happy are you, Laughing Water,  
Having such a noble husband ! ”

From the sky the sun benignant

Looked upon them thro' the branches,  
Saying to them, " O my children,  
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,  
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,  
Rule by love, O Hiawatha ! "

From the sky the moon looked at them,  
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,  
Whispered to them, " O my children,  
Day is restless, night is quiet,  
Man imperious, woman feeble ;  
Half is mine, although I follow ;  
Rule by patience, Laughing Water ! "

Thus it was they journeyed homeward ;  
Thus it was that Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis  
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,  
Brought the sunshine of his people,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
In the land of handsome women.

## XII.

## THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

CAN it be the sun descending  
O'er the level plain of water ?  
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,  
Wounded by the magic arrow,  
Staining all the waves with crimson,  
With the crimson of its life-blood,  
Filling all the air with splendor,  
With the splendor of its plumage ?

Yes ; it is the sun descending,  
Sinking down into the water ;  
All the sky is stained with purple,  
All the water flushed with crimson !  
No ; it is the Red Swan floating,  
Diving down beneath the water ;  
To the sky its wings are lifted,



With its blood the waves are reddened !

Over it the Star of Evening  
Melts and trembles through the purple,  
Hangs suspended in the twilight.  
No ; it is a bead of wampum  
On the robes of the Great Spirit,  
As he passes through the twilight,  
Walks in silence through the heavens.

This with joy beheld Iagoo  
And he said in haste : “ Behold it !  
See the sacred Star of Evening !  
You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
Hear the story of Osseo,  
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo !

“ Once, in days no more remembered,  
Ages nearer the beginning,  
When the heavens were closer to us,  
And the Gods were more familiar,  
In the North-land lived a hunter,  
With ten young and comely daughters,  
Tall and lithe as wands of willow ;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
She the willful and the wayward,  
She the silent, dreamy maiden,  
Was the fairest of the sisters.

“ All these women married warriors,  
Married brave and haughty husbands ;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,  
All her young and handsome suitors,  
And then married old Osseo,  
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,  
Broken with age and weak with coughing,  
Always coughing like a squirrel.

“ Ah, but beautiful within him  
Was the spirit of Osseo,  
From the Evening Star descended,  
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,  
Star of tenderness and passion !  
All its fire was in his bosom,  
All its beauty in his spirit,

All its mystery in his being,  
All its splendor in his language !

“ And her lovers, the rejected,  
Handsome men with belts of wampum,  
Handsome men with paint and feathers,  
Pointed at her in derision,  
Followed her with jest and laughter.  
But she said : ‘ I care not for you,  
Care not for your belts of wampum,  
Care not for your paint and feathers,  
Care not for your jests and laughter ;  
I am happy with Osseo ! ’

“ Once to some great feast invited,  
Through the damp and dusk of evening  
Walked together the ten sisters,  
Walked together with their husbands ;  
Slowly followed old Osseo,  
With fair Oweenee beside him ;  
All the others chatted gayly,  
These two only walked in silence.

“ At the western sky Osseo  
Gazed intent, as if imploring,  
Often stopped and gazed imploring  
At the trembling Star of Evening,  
At the tender Star of Woman ;  
And they heard him murmur softly,  
*‘ Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa ! ’*  
Pity, pity me, my father ! ’

“ ‘ Listen ! ’ said the eldest sister,  
‘ He is praying to his father !  
What a pity that the old man  
Does not stumble in the pathway,  
Does not break his neck by falling ! ’  
And they laughed till all the forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

“ On their pathway through the woodlands  
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,  
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,  
Buried half in leaves and mosses,  
Mouldering, crumbling, huge, and hollow.  
And Osseo, when he saw it,

Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,  
Leaped into its yawning cavern,  
At one end went in an old man,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly ;  
From the other came a young man,  
Tall and straight and strong and handsome.

“ Thus Osseo was transfigured,  
Thus restored to youth and beauty ;  
But, alas for good Osseo,  
And for Oweenee, the faithful !  
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.  
Changed into a weak old woman,  
With a staff she tottered onward,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly !  
And the sisters and their husbands  
Laughed until the echoing forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

“ But Osseo turned not from her,  
Walked with slower step beside her,  
Took her hand, as brown and withered  
As an oak-leaf is in Winter,  
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,  
Soothed her with soft words of kindness  
Till they reached the lodge of feasting,  
Till they sat down in the wigwam,  
Sacred to the Star of Evening,  
To the tender Star of Woman.

“ Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,  
At the banquet sat Osseo ;  
All were merry, all were happy,  
All were joyous but Osseo.  
Neither food nor drink he tasted,  
Neither did he speak nor listen,  
But as one bewildered sat he,  
Looking dreamily and sadly,  
First at Oweenee, then upward  
At the gleaming sky above them.

“ Then a voice was heard, a whisper,  
Coming from the starry distance,  
Coming from the empty vastness,  
Low, and musical, and tender ;

And the voice said : ' O Osseo !  
O my son, my best beloved !  
Broken are the spells that bound you,  
All the charms of the magicians,  
All the magic powers of evil ;  
Come to me ; ascend, Osseo !  
" ' Taste the food that stands before you :  
It is blessed and enchanted,  
It has magic virtues in it,  
It will change you to a spirit.  
All your bowls and all your kettles  
Shall be wood and clay no longer ;  
But the bowls be changed to wampum,  
And the kettles shall be silver ;  
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,  
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

" ' And the women shall no longer  
Bear the dreary doom of labor,  
But be changed to birds, and glisten  
With the beauty of the starlight,  
Painted with the dusky splendors  
Of the skies and clouds of evening ! '

" What Osseo heard as whispers,  
What as words he comprehended,  
Was but music to the others,  
Music as of birds afar off,  
Of the whippoorwill afar off,  
Of the lonely Wawonaissa  
Singing in the darksome forest.

" Then the lodge began to tremble,  
Straight began to shake and tremble,  
And they felt it rising, rising,  
Slowly through the air ascending,  
From the darkness of the tree-tops  
Forth into the dewy starlight,  
Till it passed the topmost branches ;  
And behold ! the wooden dishes  
All were changed to shells of scarlet !  
And behold ! the earthen kettles  
All were changed to bowls of silver !  
And the roof-poles of the wigwam

Were as glittering rods of silver,  
And the roof of bark upon them  
As the shining shards of beetles.

“Then Osseo gazed around him,  
And he saw the nine fair sisters,  
All the sisters and their husbands,  
Changed to birds of various plumage.  
Some were jays and some were magpies,  
Others thrushes, others blackbirds;  
And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,  
Perked and fluttered all their feathers,  
Strutted in their shining plumage,  
And their tails like fans unfolded.

“Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Was not changed, but sat in silence,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,  
Looking sadly at the others;  
Till Osseo, gazing upward,  
Gave another cry of anguish,  
Such a cry as he had uttered  
By the oak-tree in the forest.

“Then returned her youth and beauty,  
And her soiled and tattered garments  
Were transformed to robes of ermine,  
And her staff became a feather,  
Yes, a shining silver feather!

“And again the wigwam trembled,  
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,  
Through transparent cloud and vapor,  
And amid celestial splendors  
On the Evening Star alighted,  
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,  
As a leaf drops on a river,  
As the thistle-down on water.

“Forth with cheerful words of welcome  
Came the father of Osseo,  
He with radiant locks of silver,  
He with eyes serene and tender.  
And he said: ‘My son, Osseo,  
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,  
Hang the cage with rods of silver,

And the birds with glistening feathers,  
At the doorway of my wigwam.'

"At the door he hung the bird-cage,  
And they entered in and gladly  
Listened to Osseo's father,  
Ruler of the Star of Evening,  
As he said: 'O my Osseo!  
I have had compassion on you,  
Given you back your youth and beauty,  
Into birds of various plumage  
Changed your sisters and their husbands;  
Changed them thus because they mocked you  
In the figure of the old man,  
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,  
Could not see your heart of passion,  
Could not see your youth immortal;  
Only Oweenee, the faithful,  
Saw your naked heart and loved you.

" 'In the lodge that glimmers yonder  
In the little star that twinkles  
Through the vapors, on the left hand,  
Lives the envious Evil Spirit,  
The Wabeno, the magician,  
Who transformed you to an old man.  
Take heed lest his beams fall on you,  
For the rays he darts around him  
Are the power of his enchantment,  
Are the arrows that he uses.'

"Many years, in peace and quiet,  
On the peaceful Star of Evening  
Dwelt Osseo with his father;  
Many years, in song and flutter,  
At the doorway of the wigwam,  
Hung the cage with rods of silver,  
And fair Oweence, the faithful,  
Bore a son unto Osseo,  
With the beauty of his mother,  
With the courage of his father.

"And the boy grew up and prospered,  
And Osseo, to delight him,  
Made him little bows and arrows,



Opened the great cage of silver,  
And let loose his aunts and uncles,  
All those birds with glossy feathers,  
For his little son to shoot at.

“Round and round they wheeled and darted,  
Filled the Evening Star with music,  
With their songs of joy and freedom;  
Filled the Evening Star with splendor,  
With the fluttering of their plumage;  
Till the boy, the little hunter,  
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,  
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,  
And a bird, with shining feathers,  
At his feet fell wounded sorely.

“But, O wondrous transformation!  
'Twas no bird he saw before him,  
'Twas a beautiful young woman,  
With the arrow in her bosom!

“When her blood fell on the planet,  
On the sacred Star of Evening,  
Broken was the spell of magic,  
Powerless was the strange enchantment,  
And the youth, the fearless bowman,  
Suddenly felt himself descending,  
Held by unseen hands, but sinking  
Downward through the empty spaces,  
Downward through the clouds and vapors,  
Till he rested on an island,  
On an island, green and grassy,  
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

“After him he saw descending  
All the birds with shining feathers,  
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,  
Like the painted leaves of Autumn;  
And the lodge with poles of silver,  
With its roof like wings of beetles,  
Like the shining shards of beetles,  
By the winds of heaven uplifted,  
Slowly sank upon the island,  
Bringing back the good Osseo,  
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

“Then the birds, again transfigured,  
Reassumed the shape of mortals,  
Took their shape, but not their stature ;  
They remained as Little People,  
Like the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies,  
And on pleasant nights of Summer,  
When the Evening Star was shining,  
Hand in hand they danced together  
On the island’s craggy headlands,  
On the sand-beach low and level.

“Still their glittering lodge is seen there,  
On the tranquil Summer evenings,  
And upon the shore the fisher  
Sometimes hears their happy voices,  
Sees them dancing in the starlight !”

When the story was completed,  
When the wondrous tale was ended,  
Looking round upon his listeners,  
Solemnly Iagoo added :

“There are great men, I have known such,  
Whom their people understand not,  
Whom they even make a jest of,  
Scoff and jeer at in derision.  
From the story of Osseo  
Let us learn the fate of jesters !”

All the wedding guests delighted  
Listened to the marvelous story,  
Listened laughing and applauding,  
And they whispered to each other :  
“Does he mean himself, I wonder ?  
And are we the aunts and uncles ?”

Then again sang Chibiabos,  
Sang a song of love and longing,  
In those accents sweet and tender,  
In those tones of pensive sadness,  
Sang a maiden’s lamentation  
For her lover, her Algonquin.

“When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me ! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ Ah me ! when I parted from him,  
Round my neck he hung the wampum,  
As a pledge, the snow-white wampum,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ I will go with you, he whispered,  
Ah me ! to your native country ;  
Let me go with you, he whispered,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ Far away, away, I answered,  
Very far away, I answered,  
Ah me ! is my native country,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ When I looked back to behold him,  
Where we parted, to behold him,  
After me he still was gazing,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ By the tree he still was standing,  
By the fallen tree was standing,  
That had dropped into the water,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me ! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !”

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,  
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Such the story of Iagoo,  
Such the songs of Chibiabos ;  
Thus the wedding banquet ended,  
And the wedding guests departed,  
Leaving Hiawatha happy  
With the night and Minnehaha.

## XX.

## THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter !  
O the cold and cruel Winter !  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,  
Froze the ice on lake and river,  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper

Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,  
Fell the covering snow, and drifted  
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam  
Could the hunter force a passage;  
With his mittens and his snow-shoes  
Vainly walked he through the forest,  
Sought for bird or beast and found none,  
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,  
In the snow beheld no footprints,  
In the ghastly, gleaming forest  
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,  
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!  
O the wasting of the famine!  
O the blasting of the fever!  
O the wailing of the children!  
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;  
Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam  
Came two other guests, as silent  
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,  
Waited not to be invited,  
Did not parley at the doorway,  
Sat there without word of welcome  
In the seat of Laughing Water;  
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow  
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: "Behold me!  
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"  
And the other said: "Behold me!  
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha  
Shuddered as they looked upon her,  
Shuddered at the words they uttered,  
Lay down on her bed in silence,  
Hid her face, but made no answer;  
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning

At the looks they cast upon her,  
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest  
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;  
In his heart was deadly sorrow,  
In his face a stony firmness;  
On his brow the sweat of anguish  
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,  
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
With his quiver full of arrows,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Into the vast and vacant forest  
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito the Mighty!"  
Cried he with his face uplifted  
In that bitter hour of anguish,  
"Give your children food, O father!  
Give us food, or we must perish!  
Give me food for Minnehaha,  
For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest,  
Through the forest vast and vacant  
Rang that cry of desolation,  
But there came no other answer  
Than the echo of his crying,  
Than the echo of the woodlands,  
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

All day long rove Hiawatha  
In that melancholy forest,  
Through the shadow of whose thickets,  
In the pleasant days of Summer,  
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,  
He had brought his young wife homeward  
From the land of the Dacotahs;  
When the birds sang in the thickets,  
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,  
And the air was full of fragrance,  
And the lovely Laughing Water  
Said with voice that did not tremble,  
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,  
With those gloomy guests, that watched her,  
With the Famine and the Fever,  
She was lying, the Beloved,  
She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,  
Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father  
Standing lonely at his doorway,  
Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
"'Tis the smoke, that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon me in the darkness,  
I can feel his icy fingers  
Clasping mine amid the darkness!  
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
Far away amid the forest,  
Miles away among the mountains,  
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
Heard the voice of Minnehaha,  
Calling to him in the darkness,  
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,  
Under snow-encumbered branches,  
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:  
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!  
Would that I had perished for you,  
Would that I were dead as you are!  
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,  
Saw the old Nokomis slowly  
Rocking to and fro and moaning,



Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
Lying dead and cold before him,  
And his bursting heart within him  
Uttered such a cry of anguish,  
That the forest moaned and shuddered,  
That the very stars in heaven  
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,  
On the bed of Minnehaha,  
At the feet of Laughing Water,  
At those willing feet, that never  
More would lightly run to meet him,  
Nevermore would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,  
Seven long days and nights he sat there,  
As if in a swoon he sat there,  
Speechless, motionless, unconscious  
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;  
In the snow a grave they made her,  
In the forest deep and darksome,  
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;  
Clothed her in her richest garments;  
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,  
Covered her with snow, like ermine;  
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,  
On her grave four times was kindled,  
For her soul upon its journey  
To the Islands of the Blessed.  
From his doorway Hiawatha  
Saw it burning in the forest,  
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;  
From his sleepless bed uprising,  
From the bed of Minnehaha,  
Stood and watched it at the doorway,  
That it might not be extinguished,  
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!  
All my heart is buried with you,

All my thoughts go onward with you !  
Come not back again to labor,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the Famine and the Fever  
Wear the heart and waste the body.  
Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter ! ”

## XXII.

## HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
In the pleasant Summer morning,  
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,  
All the earth was bright and joyous,  
And before him, through the sunshine,  
Westward toward the neighboring forest  
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,  
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,  
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,  
Level spread the lake before him ;  
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,  
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine ;  
On its margin the great forest  
Stood reflected in the water,  
Every tree-top had its shadow,  
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha  
Gone was every trace of sorrow,  
As the fog from off the water,  
As the mist from off the meadow.  
With a smile of joy and triumph,  
With a look of exultation,

As of one who in a vision,  
Sees what is to be, but is not,  
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,  
Both the palms spread out against it,  
And between the parted fingers  
Fell the sunshine on his features,  
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,  
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree  
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,  
Something in the hazy distance,  
Something in the mists of morning,  
Loomed and lifted from the water,  
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,  
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver?  
Or the pelican, the Shada?  
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?  
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,  
With the water dripping, flashing  
From its glossy neck and feathers?

It was neither goose nor diver,  
Neither pelican nor heron,  
O'er the water floating, flying,  
Through the shining mist of morning,  
But a birch-canoe with paddles,  
Rising, sinking on the water,  
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;  
And within it came a people  
From the distant land of Wabun,  
From the farthest realms of morning  
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,  
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,  
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,  
With his hands aloft extended,  
Held aloft in sign of welcome,  
Waited, full of exultation,  
Till the birch-canoe with paddles  
Grated on the shining pebbles,

Stranded on the sandy margin,  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,  
With the cross upon his bosom,  
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha  
Cried aloud and spake in this wise :  
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us !  
All our town in peace awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you ;  
You shall enter all our wigwams,  
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,  
Never shone the sun so brightly,  
As to-day they shine and blossom  
When you come so far to see us !  
Never was our lake so tranquil,  
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars ;  
For your birch-canoe in passing  
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

"Never before had our tobacco  
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,  
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields  
Were so beautiful to look on,  
As they seem to us this morning,  
When you come so far to see us !"

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,  
Stammered in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar :  
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,  
Peace be with you and your people,  
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,  
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary !"

Then the generous Hiawatha  
Led the strangers to his wigwam,  
Seated them on skins of bison,  
Seated them on skins of ermine,  
And the careful old Nokomis  
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,  
Water brought in birchen dippers,  
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,

Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,  
All the warriors of the nation,  
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
The magicians, the Wabénos,  
And the medicine-men, the Medas,  
Came to bid the strangers welcome.  
“It is well,” they said, “O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us!”

In a circle round the doorway,  
With their pipes they sat in silence,  
Waiting to behold the strangers,  
Waiting to receive their message ;  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,  
From the wigwam came to greet them,  
Stammering in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar ;  
“It is well,” they said, “O brother,  
That you come so far to see us !”

Then the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,  
Told his message to the people,  
Told the purport of his mission,  
Told them of the Virgin Mary,  
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,  
How in distant lands and ages  
He had lived on earth as we do ;  
How he fasted, prayed, and labored ;  
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,  
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him ;  
How he rose from where they laid him,  
Walked again with his disciples,  
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying :  
“We have listened to your message,  
We have heard your words of wisdom,  
We will think on what you tell us.  
It is well for us, O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us !”

Then they rose up and departed  
Each one homeward to his wigwam,  
To the young men and the women,

Told the story of the strangers  
Whom the Master of Life had sent them  
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence  
Grew the afternoon of Summer ;  
With a drowsy sound the forest  
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,  
With a sound of sleep the water  
Rippled on the beach below it ;  
From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless  
Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena ;  
And the guests of Hiawatha,  
Weary with the heat of Summer,  
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape  
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,  
And the long and level sunbeams  
Shot their spears into the forest,  
Breaking through its shields of shadow,  
Rushed into each secret ambush,  
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow ;  
Still the guests of Hiawatha  
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,  
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,  
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,  
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered :  
" I am going, O Nokomis,  
On a long and distant journey,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin.  
But these guests I leave behind me,  
In your watch and ward I leave them ;  
See that never harm comes near them,  
See that never fear molests them,  
Never danger nor suspicion,  
Never want of food or shelter,  
In the lodge of Hiawatha ! "

Forth into the village went he,  
Bade farewell to all the warriors,



Bade farewell to all the young men,  
Spake persuading, spake in this wise :  
    "I am going, O my people,  
On a long and distant journey ;  
Many moons and many winters  
Will have come, and will have vanished,  
Ere I come again to see you.

But my guests I leave behind me ;  
Listen to their words of wisdom,  
Listen to the truth they tell you,  
For the Master of Life has sent them  
From the land of light and morning ! "

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at parting ;  
On the clear and luminous water  
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing,  
From the pebbles of the margin  
Shoved it forth into the water ;  
Whispered to it, " Westward ! westward ! "  
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending  
Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splendor,  
Down whose stream, as down a river,  
Westward, westward Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin  
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
Till the birch-canoe seemed lifted  
High into that sea of splendor,  
Till it sank into the vapors  
Like the new moon slowly, slowly  
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, " Farewell forever ! "  
Said, " Farewell, O Hiawatha ! "  
And the forests dark and lonely  
Moved through all their depths of darkness,

Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
 And the waves upon the margin  
 Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
 Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 From her haunts among the fen-lands,  
 Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
 Thus departed Hiawatha,  
 Hiawatha the Beloved,  
 In the glory of the sunset,  
 In the purple mists of evening,  
 To the regions of the home-wind,  
 Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,  
 To the Islands of the Blessed,  
 To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
 To the Land of the Hereafter!

## VOCABULARY.

- Adjidau'mo, *the red squirrel.*  
 Abkose/win, *fever.*  
 Ahmeek', *the beaver.*  
 Algon'quin, *Ojibway.*  
 Apuk'wa, *a bulrush.*  
 Baim-wa'wa, *the sound of the thunder.*  
 Big-Sea-Water, *Lake Superior.*  
 Bukada/win, *famine.*  
 Chibia/bos, *a musician.*  
 Ewa-yea', *lullaby.*  
 Gitche Gu'mee, *The Big-Sea-Water.*  
 Gitche Man'ito, *the Great Spirit.*  
 Hiawa'tha, *the Wise Man.*  
 Ia-goo, *a story-teller.*  
 Ishkoodah', *fire; a comet.*  
 Joss'akeed, *a prophet.*  
 Kabibonok'ka, *the North-Wind.*  
 Ka/go, *do not.*  
 Kahgahgee', *the raven.*  
 Kaween', *no indeed.*  
 Keeway'din, *the North west Wind.*  
 Kena'beek, *a serpent.*  
 Keneu', *the great war-eagle.*  
 Kwa'sind, *the Strong Man.*  
 Mahng, *the loon.*  
 Mahn-go-tay'see, *loon-hearted; brave.*  
 Ma'ma, *the woodpecker.*  
 Man'ito, *spirit.*  
 Minjekah'wun, *Hiawatha's mittens.*  
 Minneha'ha, *Laughing Water.*  
 Minne-wa'wa, *a pleasant sound.*  
 Mishe-Mo'kwa, *the Great Bear.*  
 Mudjee'wis, *the West-Wind.*  
 Mudway-aush'ka, *sound of waves on a shore.*  
 Mushkoda'sa, *the grouse.*  
 Nenemoo'sha, *sweetheart.*  
 Noko'mis, *a grandmother.*  
 Ope'chee, *the robin.*  
 Osse'o, *Son of the Evening Star.*  
 Owais'sa, *the bluebird.*  
 Pah-puk-kee'na, *the grasshopper.*  
 Pau'guk, *death.*  
 Pau-Puk-Kee'wis, *the Storm Fool.*  
 Pauwa'ting, *Saut Sainte Marie.*  
 Pone'mah, *hereafter.*  
 Puk-Wudj'ies, *pigmies.*  
 Sha'da, *the pelican.*  
 Shah-shah, *long ago.*  
 Shawonda'see, *the South-Wind.*  
 Shaw'shaw, *the swallow.*  
 Shin'gebis, *the diver.*  
 Showain' neme'shin, *pity me.*  
 Shuh-shuh'gah, *the blue heron.*  
 Soan-ge-ta'ha, *strong-hearted.*  
 Wabas'so, *the rabbit; the North.*

Wabe'no, *a magician ; a juggler.*

Wa'bun, *the East-Wind.*

Wa'bun An'nung, *the Star of the East ; the Morning Star.*

Wahono'win, *a cry of lamentation.*

Wah-wah-tay'see, *the fire-fly.*

Wa'wa, *the wild goose.*

Waw'beek, *a rock.*

Waw-be-wa'wa, *the white goose.*

Wawonais'sa, *the whippoorwill.*

Wen'digoes, *giants.*

Yenadiz'ze, *an idler and gambler.*

#### NOTES TO HIAWATHA.

The *prosody* of this poem will at once attract attention. The verse is trochaic tetrameter, without rhyme. It is remarkable for its melodious and graceful flow, as well as for the happy adaptation to the general idea and design of the poem. The poem is a fine exemplification of the perfection to which English poetry has now attained in respect of all the elements of high art, — richness of idea, flexibility of outward form with entire subordination to the idea, and graceful rendering of the idea in the form. As elsewhere observed, the farther advance of poetic art lies not in the perfecting of these several constituents of true artistic beauty, but in the richness in the supply of these elements and of their combinations — an advance, it is needless to say, to which no limitations can be placed.

Mr. Longfellow thus presents the origin of the materials of the poem. "This Indian Edda, if I may so call it, is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenyawagon, and Hiawatha." We easily recognize in him the genius of civilization, and delightedly follow his story in introducing first the ruder and then the higher arts, uniting in wise harmony artistic genius with mechanical force, allying himself to the natural conditions of his high labor, and finding at last his highest attainments in a Christian culture.

"The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable."

*The Vale of Tawasentha*, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York

## PART II.

### ELEMENTS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.



#### CHAPTER I.

##### FORMATION AND GROWTH OF LANGUAGE.

§ 1. HUMAN speech is the communication of thought by means of articulate sound.

Speech starts from thought. We speak because we have a thought to communicate. All study of language and of literature must recognize thought as the prompting occasion, the originating, vital principle of all speech.

All speech is social. We speak because we wish to communicate. The formation and growth of language proceed ever under the condition of parties communicating, speaking, and hearing.

The medium of this communication is articulate sound.

§ 2. But the thought to be communicated, in which human speech originates as its vital principle, is ever complex, embracing elements which it is important to distinguish. In the first place, there is the object about which we think — *the matter* of the thought. In the second place, it is the speaker's thought to be communicated, and made the hearer's thought: there is the distinction of speaker and hearer implied in the thought to be communicated; in other words, there is the distinction of *personality*. In the third place, there is the *thinking itself* about the

object which is expressed or implied in all speech. We have thus the three distinct elements of the thought to be communicated; (1) the *matter-element*; (2) the *personal*, otherwise called the *pronominal element*; (3) the proper *thought-element*.

§ 3. The *matter-element* of the thought in speech is any thing of which we may think. It is of two kinds; (1) that of which we think something — *the subject*; (2) that which we think of the subject — *the attribute*.

Language may begin with the thought of a subject, or the thought of an attribute. Adam, we are taught, gave names to the beasts of the field, as they were presented to him one after another, successively. He may have recognized the object first, — the beast of the field, as a single, concrete thing, a whole, before distinguishing any one attribute; or he may have first recognized some one attribute, as size, color, motion, sound, and then referred this attribute to the object. Both ways of thinking are alike natural, alike common; and as words are but the expressions of our thoughts, and are determined and shaped by them, the first words may as naturally be subject-words, since our first thoughts may be subject-thoughts, as attribute-words; and the latter as naturally as the former, since our first thoughts may be attribute-thoughts. The child names its parent evidently as a subject first, and then afterwards thinks of the attribute which characterizes the parent, and extends that attribute to other beings. Nothing in the nature of the case, nothing in the nature of thought or of language, forbids the belief, then, that the beginning, the starting-point in the forming of words, was in either subject or attribute; although it may be supposed that the subject would be rather taken in the infancy of language, and the attribute in the more advanced maturity of thought and speech. Herder, in his prize essay on the "Origin of Speech," supposes a sheep with its divers attributes — white, soft, woolly — to present itself to the sight of the

primitive man, the primitive speech-former ; the sheep at length bleats, and the name is at once suggested, as the primitive speaker exclaims, "Thou art the *bleater*." Speech is originated, so soon as the name is thus given to the object. It is just as natural to suppose that the name should have been determined by any of the possible relationships of the object to the observer, as by one of its inherent attributes ; by the sheep's being in the field, a field-thing, as by the attribute of bleating, a bleating thing, or bleater. A visitor to a Deaf and Dumb Asylum related to a class of pupils a story which was strange and incredible. As soon as it was rendered to the class by the teacher, the whole class simultaneously made the sign "*false*." The visitor was ever afterwards known by that sign ; his name to them was "False." The name of the first object named, still further, it is perfectly supposable, may have been determined by any sound of surprise, of joy, or other feeling prompted by it, without the recognition of any attribute whatever, intrinsic or relative. But we cannot suppose speech to originate without an occasion — to begin out of all conditions ; and nothing but the object of which we think, can be recognized as such an occasion, or as furnishing such condition. Speech, then, begins with some object thought. It may be thought and occasionally named as a concrete whole, without reference to any particular attribute, whether of property or of relation, that is, as a subject ; or with governing reference to an attribute, either intrinsic or relative, that is, as a predicate. The first words in language, and also new words that are not derived from those already in use, but are prompted directly by the objects which they denote, may be either subject-words or attribute-words.

§ 4. The pronominal elements, by which is expressed first, the distinction of person speaking and of person hearing, and then of object spoken of, as discriminated from both speaker and hearer, must have been early originated.



In fact we find to corroborate this *a priori* supposition, a most remarkable agreement in the earliest languages, even in those most widely differing in other respects from one another, as to the articulate sounds to denote them. They are as a class to be characterized also as more stable and persistent elements of language, than those denoting objects of thought, showing far less liability to be wholly lost and abandoned, although subject to abrasions and distortions. They are readily distinguishable from the first class named — the object elements. Language could exist without them. Two persons, knowing nothing either one of the other's language, would not, probably, on beginning to converse with each other, express these personal distinctions at all, at first; they might after a while designate them by gestures; only after continued intercourse would articulate forms be introduced to express them. Those distinguishing the person speaking and the person hearing would come first into requisition; afterwards, those denoting the object spoken, the proper demonstratives, or those of the "third person," so called in grammar.

The pronominal elements, as we should suppose beforehand from their nature, are not traceable to words originally denoting objects of thought. They are properly to be regarded as original elements. They include the personal pronouns, so called; the demonstratives, or pronominal adjectives, as *this*, *that*, etc.; the pronominal adverbs, as *here*, *there*, etc.; and the pronominal interrogatives, as *who*, *which*, *where*, etc. The definite article may not improperly be also reckoned among the pronominal elements. It was primitively a demonstrative.

The following list of English Pronominal Elements is taken mostly from the "Teutonic Etymology" of Prof Gibbs: —

1. First pers. sing. subject. case, *I*, a fragment of A.-S. *ic*. Cf., under Grimm's Law, § 35, Lat. *eg* *o*, and Ger. *ich*.

2. First pers. sing. objective, *M*, as in *me, my, mine*.
3. First pers. plu., *U*, or *OO*, as in *we (ooe), our, ours, us*.
4. Second pers. sing., *TH*, as in *thou, thy, thine, thee*. Cf. Lat. *tu*, Ger. *du*.

5. Second pers. plu., *Y*, as in *ye, you, your, yours*.

6. Demonstratives : *H*, as in *he, his, him. her, hers ; it* (formerly *hit*), *its ; hence, here, hither ;* and *TH*, in *they, their theirs, them ; that, those, this, these ; the ; thence, there, thither, then, thus ;* also *S, SH*, in *so, some, as, she*. The *th* seems to have come from the earlier *h*, as *they, their, them*, are for the older *his, her, him*. Cf. Lat. *hic, iste, sui ;* Ger. *der, sie, seiner*.

7. Interrogative and Relative *WH*, as in *who, what, whose, whom, which, whether, whence, where, whither, when, how, why*. Cf. Lat. *qui*, etc. ; Ger. *wer*, etc.

§ 5. The proper thought element is probably a still later element in the origination and growth of language. The quality of the primitive thought would doubtless be affirmative ; and no special sign of affirmation would be required. In fact, the signs of affirmation in actual speech are expressive only of degree, are intensives, or the contrary. The sign of negation is one of early introduction, and like the pronominal elements, had an independent origin, and cannot be traced to object-words. Like the pronominal elements, also, it appeared in widely differing languages under similar articulate form, the consonant *n* being very generally adopted as its proper sign.

The sign of the proper assertive element, or, as it might be called, the copula element, comes in only at a still later stage in the development of language. Men would first say *sun bright ; sun not bright*, with no copula element, before they would invent a proper sign of this element. And when it appears, it is only in an obscure, slippery form, expressed by a mutable vowel, perhaps, or intimated in some other element, or denoted by a mark borrowed from some other use in language. The simple copula word *is*, has its

origin in an attribute-word expressing existence, or more specifically perhaps, position. Although necessarily implied as an essential element in every sentence, in many languages it is expressed only when the assertion itself is to be emphasized. The other copula words are of still later origin, and are all primitive attribute-words. The modifications of the copula expressed in what are called the *moods* of grammar, appear at first only in modifications of vowel elements, being distinguished by the diverse quantity or the diphthongal character of the vowel. In the remoter stages of language they appear in attribute-words borrowed from the original uses and called *verb-auxiliaries*. Finally the subordinate modifications come to be expressed by words originally attribute-words, but in this case called *modals*, as *certainly*, *perhaps*, etc.

The stages of progress, thus, in the introduction into language of the proper thought-element with its modifications are these : —

First, It is only implied, not expressed. Secondly, The negative thought is distinguished by the sign *n*, with a vowel if needed. Thirdly, The positive thought is denoted by a peculiar word or form of the word taken from an object or attribute element. Fourthly, The modes of the copula or proper thought-element are distinguished by peculiar vowels. Fifthly, Auxiliaries are introduced which are originally principal attribute-words or verbs. Sixthly, Modals are supplied to modify still more precisely the thought as to mode or degree of intensity.

§ 6. The necessities of social intercourse would bring in modifications of all these principal elements of thought in speech. These modifications would naturally be expressed by means of the elements already introduced. The objects of thought would be modified either by other objects of thought, or by pronominal or by copula elements. In the ruder or monosyllabic stage the object modifying would simply be placed before the object modified, as in the

Chinese, and as in English, *mountain scenery*. In the more advanced, the so-called agglutinative stage, the words expressing the object modified and the modifying object would be combined in one word under the accent, as *handbill*, *manhood*. In the most advanced stage, the relations of the parts of the thought to be expressed are indicated by special forms attached to the words to be so modified. We have then affixes and suffixes used as modifying elements. In other words, *inflection* becomes a characteristic of the language.

While object-words are used to denote modifications in respect to properties, the pronominal elements are employed to modify in respect to conditions and relations. Being united to the object-word they give rise to grammatical *case*.

Still further, words originally denoting objects come at length to be used simply to express relations; as *prepositions*, taking the place of inflections, to express relations in the matter of thought, and *conjunctions*, to express relations in the thought itself. Those with others constitute a class of words called *form-words*, to distinguish them from words called *notion-words*, which denote objects of thought — either primitive subjects, or attributes, or forms of the thought itself, and their various modifications.

§ 7. In a fully developed language we find the different kinds of notion-words distinguished more or less perfectly from one another by some peculiarity in the form.

In the first place, original subject-words, called *concretes*, are distinguished in their form from words used as subject-words, but originally denoting attributes, called *abstracts*; *sun* is a concrete; *light* is an abstract.

In the next place, words to be modified, called *principal words*, are distinguished from modifying words, called *modifiers*. Thus we have the *predicate-adjective* distinguished to some extent in some languages from the proper *modifying-adjective*.

Still further, the modifiers of words that can be used as subjects, whether these words are concretes or abstracts, — such modifiers, called *adjectives*, are distinguished from modifiers of proper attribute-words, that is *adverbs*; and both are distinguished from modifiers of proper judgment-words, that is, words expressing thought or assertion. These copula modifiers are called *modals*.

Then, finally, we have words denoting the matter of thought, nouns and their modifiers distinguished from words denoting the thinking itself, called *verbs*, in which, however, we generally find the expression of the attribute and that of the thought or judgment combined in the same word. *Speak*, thus combines in itself both attribute and copula.

To this enumeration of notion-words, namely, nouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, and modals, should be added *the article*. This part of speech rises far on in the progress of language, as it is founded remotely on the pronominal element. Most concrete nouns in language are class-nouns or *common* nouns, which are names of classes of objects that are brought together on the ground of having some attribute in common. It becomes convenient to be able to indicate one of the individuals or of the species that make up a class. This is effected by the article; the one, the *definite article*, *the*, marking definitely which individual or species is meant; the other, the *indefinite article*, *a* or *an*, marking indefinitely some one individual or species of the class. As has been intimated, pronominal words, or a class closely allied to them — numerals — are borrowed to express the articles.

In respect to the form of these various parts of speech, it should be observed also that they may consist of single words, or of a number of words. If two or more words are used to express merely relations in the matter of thought, we have parts of sentences called *phrases*; if they are used to express relations in the thought itself, expressing or implying verbs, and thus containing the assertive or copula element, we have parts of sentences called *clauses*.

§ 8. The formative elements of language are either parts of words or words by themselves. They are used to indicate relations, either in the matter of thought, in the thought itself, or in the form of the expression.

Thus, to indicate relations in the matter of thought or modifications of it, these formative elements are used to indicate sometimes the *quality* or *kind* of object, as in the case of the *gender* of nouns, which is expressed sometimes by a change in the form of the word itself, as *actor*, *actress*, sometimes by compounding, as *he-goat*, *she-goat*, *land-lord*, *land-lady*. Sometimes they express not quality, but *quantity*, as in grammatical *number*. These modifications in the matter of thought are diversely expressed, either by affixes or by changes in the elements of words.

In like manner to indicate special modifications or relations in the thought itself, we have, as already noticed, peculiar forms for subject-words, or concretes, distinguishing them from abstracts, or attributes, and also the forms for expressing the relations of case.

Still further, we find in the most fully developed dialects forms for showing the relations of words to one another in the sentence; as in the inflections of verbs, and adjectives, in respect to number, person, gender, and case, to show to what nouns they refer. These inflections do not mark any modifications in the thought itself or in the object of thought; they only serve to show the construction, the syntax of the sentence — to indicate, in short, what words are to be taken together to express the thought. *Audi o* thus differs from *audi mus* only in referring the same attribute, hearing, to a single speaker, while the latter form refers at once to a plural subject.

Formative elements in the form of distinct words are introduced into language to indicate either various relations in the matter of thought, or in the thought, or the form of expression. These *form-words* may be summarily presented as of the following classes:—



1. *Prepositions*, indicating relations of objects of thought;
2. *Conjunctions*, indicating relations in the thought itself;
3. *Auxiliaries*, used to help out inflections;
4. *Expletives*, indicating some rhetorical relation;
5. *Interjections*, indicating a modification of thought by some feeling.

§ 9. The medium through which thought is communicated, as before stated, is articulate sound. In order that it should serve as such a medium, it is evident, the sound must be accepted, by both speaker and hearer, as symbolizing the thought. In other words, the sound must be identified, in some way, with the thought, so as to be recognized by both as expressing it. This may be in several different ways.

First, certain articulate sounds are natural expressions of certain thoughts, especially such as are generally embodied in feelings. Thus, contempt and scorn find a natural expression in nasal articulations; affection and endearment in labials. Such associations of sentiment with sound might give origin to words, or, in combination with other associations, determine their form, so that speaker and hearer should recognize them as symbolizing the thought. Some theorists go so far as to attribute the origin of speech exclusively to this principle of association, or of natural expression. Theirs is the so-called *Interjectional* theory of language. It is founded only in partial truth.

Secondly, many objects in nature have a sound peculiar to them which may be more or less perfectly imitated in articulation. The wind *whispers*, the crow *croaks*, the horse *neighs*. So, feelings expressed in interjections are imitated in articulated sounds to form words; thus, the feeling of pain expressed in the interjection *ah*, is imitated in the word *ache*. A theory has hence originated which founds language in the imitation of natural sounds — the *Imitative*

or *Onomatopoeitic* theory. It is, like the first named, **only** of partial truth. They both point to an association or identification of the thought with the sound, as the indispensable condition of introducing an articulate sound to symbolize the thought. These two grounds of association are undoubtedly principles of wide application in the forming and transforming of words; but the more correct view is that word-formation may be grounded on any kind of identification of the sound with the thought possible in human experience, not on natural ejaculatory expression alone, or on imitation of sound alone, or on both conjointly to the exclusion of other grounds of association.

The formation of language implies other identifications than those of the articulate sound with the thought to be expressed. After speech has begun with ejaculations, and imitations of natural sounds, the words thus introduced, both through themselves as sounds and also through the objects which they symbolize, can be identified with other thoughts indefinitely, and thus furnish the necessary condition for the indefinite growth of language. Language is too far advanced from its beginnings to justify much reliance on the etymology of primitive words; yet there is nothing improbable in supposing that *ba* being taken to symbolize the imperfect articulations of a child, the word might, with slight changes, adopted perhaps for the very purpose of meeting the change in meaning, be applied to the utterance itself; or to the child that makes it; to any person or thing that makes a similar sound, as *babbler*, *babbling brook*; to the place where imperfect or unintelligible utterances are made, as *Babel*; in short, to any thought that can by any accident of quality, effect, condition of place or time, or relation of any kind, in whole or in part, in respect of sound or meaning, be associated with it or any of its derivatives or modifications. The general fact is, that *words are formed freely on the condition of any identification of the sound with the object of thought, immediate or remote.*

§ 10. The primitive words of language, as has been already observed, would naturally be, for the most part, although not of necessity universally, single utterances — monosyllables. Those languages we have accordingly ranked as being of the first or lowest gradation, the words in which are mainly monosyllables. They are of course characterized as having no accentuations, no inflections, no formative elements. No language is absolutely and strictly of this character; but in some, as the Chinese, this type prevails and gives character to them. We have recognized a great advance in the progress of language when it comes to admit freely combinations of words into one under a single accent. Languages in which this type prevails we have marked as of the second gradation. They are called *agglutinative* languages. We have recognized as the last stage in the development of language, that in which not merely modifications of objects of thought, as in the agglutinative type, but relations in the thought itself through the formative elements, so called, are freely expressed. This type has been denominated the *Inflectional*.

It should be observed, that these stages are only stages of development, and are not necessarily exact chronological stages. It by no means follows that a language is older than another because it is less developed, or has less of an inflectional character. A very highly inflected language has developed itself almost at once out of a monosyllabic or agglutinative type; and highly inflected languages rapidly wear off the merely formative parts of words on the intermixture of tribes speaking different dialects. “Turanian languages,” says Prof. Max Müller,<sup>1</sup> meaning by this designation those generally classed as of the second or agglutinative stage, “are so pliant that they bend themselves to endless combinations and complexities, unless a national literature or a frequent intercourse with other tribes act as safeguards against dialectical schism. Tribes who have no

<sup>1</sup> Report on Turanian Languages in *Bunsen's Outlines*, i. 482, 483.

literature and no sort of intellectual occupation seem occasionally to take a delight in working their language to the utmost limits of grammatical expansion." The English, although a very recent language, has little of the inflectional element ; while some of the oldest languages which have a literature rank among the highest in this respect.

§ 11. Language, as the communication of thought through articulate sound, is ever changing. It changes with the ever varying thought of the community that speak it ; it changes in the kind of thoughts expressed, and the number of thoughts, in the kind and number of words, and of the relations expressed through the various forms ; it changes in the sounds, through all the influences that can affect articulation, either subjectively and immediately through facility of utterance, or objectively and mediately through agreeableness of effect on the ear.

If social thought is active and inventive, the dialect will grow in its vocabulary and in its formative elements with comparative rapidity. If social thought be stagnant, the dialect will be stagnant. Its vocabulary may change from mere mental inertia of retention, as sheer necessity may occasion the introduction of new words ; but its formative elements, if there be any, will tend to die out.

A literature, even if only oral, as in traditions, legends songs, and the like, but especially if written, is the great conservative force in language, preserving words, preserving grammatical forms.

So, likewise, large communities, speaking the same language, if the communication be active, are more conservative than small communities. Small wandering tribes characterized as they are by poverty of thought as of goods if without a literature, must have meagre vocabularies, and few or no grammatical elements. Their dialects may change entirely in a few generations. It has been ascertained that even in England, the entire vocabulary of some of the peasantry contains less than three hundred words ; and in

some heathen tribes, missionaries have found a dictionary to become useless after a period of ten years. In the early state of the race, when families or tribes were wandering from place to place, with no literature, even although they may have proceeded from one stock, and originally have spoken the same dialect, a few years would suffice to obliterate the primitive language among them, and there would be almost as many dialects as separate tribes or families. If, in some cases, the dialect should happen through the mere stagnancy of the thought to become crystallized, so as to be transmitted unchanged from generation to generation, in other cases, where great activity of thought in social directions, especially if characterized by an imaginative and inventive cast, happened to prevail, the language which would naturally embody this social activity of thought would become rich both in vocabulary and in formative elements.

Still further, in a nomadic condition, as small roving tribes, speaking different dialects, met with one another in friendship or in strife, even if these dialects were inflected to a greater or a less degree, the object-words would of necessity come most into use; the formative elements would be dropped, and the resulting dialect, if the tribes continued together, would be a lapse back to the more primitive stages — would be at first, at least, more agglutinative, or more monosyllabic, until from this relatively primitive germ, a new language-forming movement should start. Such is the teaching of all history. Such especially is the teaching of the history of the English tongue.

Language is ever changing. It changes with the social thought of the community that speak it, with the kind, the objects, and the directions of thought, and with the degree of social activity. It begins with the simplest articulate utterances accidentally associated with the object of thought common to those that form it. Words denoting objects come soon to be used to denote relations of thought. Notion-words become form-words. Words at first mono-

syllabic become by composition, by derivation, by inflection, polysyllabic, and receive accent. Words thus change and increase in number as the wants of the community change and increase ; they change in their meanings ; they change in their forms. The literature of a people also changes ; it changes in so far as the language changes ; it changes, moreover, as the great objects which determine the permanent embodiments of its thought change ; it changes especially and preëminently with the progress of the people in intelligence and culture. The regulative principles of the change in English literature, in these two ways, of its permanently embodied thought, drawn out in reference to the great ends of a nation's life and of its language, will be presented in order in the following chapters, as they are applied to the several elements of the language, and to the departments of the literature.



## CHAPTER II.

### DEPARTMENTS OF LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

§ 12. THE literature of a people is the permanent embodiment of its thought in its language. The relation of a literature to a language corresponds exactly to that of the rhetorical discourse to the grammatical sentence. Literature is the collective of the discourse-forms, as language is the collective of the sentence-forms. The former is the subject-matter of Rhetoric, as the latter is the subject-matter of Grammar. The proper distribution of the departments of English literature, including its language, is thus at once indicated. We have the two grand departments (1) of Literature Proper, taking into view the forms which English discourse has in its history assumed, and (2) of Language, taking into view the forms which the English sentence has in its history assumed.

Beginning with language, as the elements of the sentence are its respective alphabetic sounds and their written characters, their combinations into syllables, and the combinations of these into words, and then the construction of these into the sentence, in written as well as in spoken form, in poetry as well as in prose, we have at once given to us the several departments of, 1. ORTHOEPIY; 2. ORTHOGRAPHY; 3. SYLLABICATION; 4. ACCENTUATION; 5. DERIVATION; 6. PUNCTUATION; and 7. PROSODY.

Then, as rhetorical discourse distributes itself into the three general forms of, (1) Oratory; (2) Representative Discourse, comprising the two departments of Historical and Scientific Literature; and (3) Æsthetic Literature or

Belles Letters, comprising Fiction, Dramatic Literature, and Poetry, we have in addition as the departments of Literature Proper, 8. ORATORY; 9. HISTORY, comprising BIOGRAPHY and TRAVELS; 10. SCIENTIFIC DISCOURSE; 11. FICTION; 12. THE DRAMA; and 13. POETRY.

These elements of English literature, in respect to their character or more permanent forms, as embodied in written discourse, will be treated successively in this order.

## CHAPTER III.

### ENGLISH ORTHOEPIY.

§ 13. ORTHOEPIY is the doctrine of the alphabetic sounds of a language.

These sounds are of two kinds, distinguished in respect of the nature of the sound itself, according as it is properly vocal or not. They are, in other words, either (1) *phthongal* or vocalized; or (2) *aphthongal* or unvocalized.

They are also of two kinds in respect of the mode in which the articulating organs act in forming them, according as they occlude or not the sound as it passes from the larynx. They are, in other words, either (1) *vowels*, which do not require any occlusion of the vocal breath, that is, any necessary contact in the organs; or (2) *consonants* which do require such occlusion or contact of organs.

We have thus in language, 1. Vowels, phthongal and aphthongal; and 2. Consonants, phthongal and aphthongal.

When it is said that vowels do not require any occlusion of the breath, it is only meant that they can be formed without such occlusion, although in fact they are often formed with some degree of occlusion. This incidental occlusion, however, does not modify essentially their proper distinctive sound. If this effect of modifying the sound be produced, we have what may be called consonantized vowels; that is, vowels modified by a partial contact of the articulating organs. Thus the short *i* as heard in *pit*, becomes consonantized into the sound heard in *alien* by a partial contact of the organs; and the *oo* in *pool* becomes in a similar way the consonantized *w* in *wain*.

The alphabetic elements are further susceptible of being arranged for important purposes in the study of languages and literatures, in respect of the position of the organs concerned in forming them. In fact some are formed farther back, some farther forward in the mouth; in some the palate, in others the tongue, in others still the lips are more immediately concerned. We have accordingly, *palatal*, *lingual*, and *labial* elements. The vowels even, although independent of such organic occlusion of the breath as the consonants involve, seem at least to have their respective position as anterior or posterior in the mouth. For although the determination of the proper vowel sound is in all probability at the larynx, yet the length of the vocal vibration which is thus determined at the larynx, and probably by the widening or contracting of the opening of the glottis, can be sensibly measured forwards in the mouth. We can distinguish thus the different vowels by the sensible vibration of the breath along the cavity of the mouth. The vibration which gives the sound of the vowel *o* in *bone* is sensibly terminated far back in the mouth, while the vibration giving the vowel *e* in *mete* reaches far on towards the lips.

§ 14. The history of the rise of the vowel sounds can only be given conjecturally. It is altogether reasonable to suppose that the primitive vowel element would be that seemingly formed in the middle of the passage from the larynx to the lips, namely, the *a* as heard in *father*. Forward of this vowel the *e* in *pen* and *i* in *pin*, and back of it the *o* in *pole* and *u* in *pull* would soon come into use. These five vowels form a vowel system, in fact, very generally found in languages.

But each of these elements admits of being more or less protracted in utterance; giving rise to the distinctions of *quantity* as *long* or *short*; as in *papā*, *Cubǎ*; and this distinction may or may not in time come to be accompanied by a slightly different modification of the organs in forming them, as in *pool*, *pull*.

This was the vowel system of the Anglo-Saxon language, as it is mainly that of the languages of Europe, namely, *five vowels* varied in quantity, as *long* or *short* and *open* or *close*. But in addition to these five vowel elements, the Anglo-Saxon seems to have had a modification of the vowel *a* which was represented by *ae*, as in *faer*, fare; also of the *i*, sometimes represented by *y*, as *mýs*, mice.

Out of this system have arisen a number of vowel-modifications which originated doubtless at first with individuals from inaccurate hearing, from careless articulation, or from proper principles of euphony, founded either in agreeable effect on the ear or in easy enunciation. Such modifications beginning thus, and then spreading into families, neighborhoods, and larger communities, finally become the accepted alphabetic sounds of the language. The Anglo-Saxon had, as already observed, a modification of the *a* which came to be represented by *ae*, as *faer*, fare; and of *i* represented by *y* and also by *i* accented, as *mýs*, mice; *líf*, life. Besides this modification of the primitive vowel *a*, there has been developed in English by precession the *a* sound heard in *fate*: and by recession the *a* sound, long in *all* and short and close in *what*. From the primitive *u* or *oo* has been developed the *u* sound in *but*; of which element it may be remarked in passing, that being formed farthest back and consequently having the least sensible modification of all the vowels, it is easily substituted for any one of the other vowels in unaccented syllables. Thus, before *r*, each of the primitive vowels tends to pass into this sound. The long sound of the *i* in *pin* is no longer represented by *i* as formerly, except in some words from the French, as in *caprice*, and in words where it is represented by *ie*, as *fiéld*, *shiéld*, A.-S. *fild*, *scild*; but generally and characteristically by *e*, as in *beetle*, *hear*, A.-S. *bitel*, *híran* and *heran*, while the old sound of the *i* has generally passed into the vowel sound heard in *life*, *time*, A.-S. *líf*, *tíma*. The

primitive vowel *e* in *pen* when long is now rarely represented by this character; we sometimes hear it, however, in some provincialisms, as in *peas*, *beans*, *there*, *neither*, pronounced nearly as if written *paze*, *bains*, *thayer*, *nayther*. It should be borne in mind, however, that the vowel elements are characterized as unstable. Different peoples, the same people in different ages, different provinces, different neighborhoods, different individuals, utter what is generally recognized as the same element with slightly varying modifications. This element, represented by the character *e*, once probably uttered in the same way, has come in the progress of time to be so diversely modified that the character by itself no longer indicates the exact sound intended to be represented by it.

Two of the vowels, the *u* or *oo* and the *i* in *pin*, when preceding other vowels, as already intimated, show a strong tendency to become consonantized, that is, to be modified by a partial contact of the articulating organs — by a partial occlusion. The Anglo-Saxon generally, but not uniformly, represented the consonantized *u* by a doubled *u*, a *w*, as *cwic* and *cuic*, quick; *cwellan* and *cuellan*, to kill, to quell. It also consonantized the *i* in *pin*, as *ierd*, yard; *iung*, young; and even the initial *e* before a vowel as *Eadward*, *eow*, you, were pronounced *Yadward*, *yow*. That the *w* and *y* are more correctly to be treated as vowel elements appears not only from the fact that they have sprung from primitive vowels *u* and *i*, but also that the essential vowel character is not destroyed, but is only slightly modified by the occlusion of the organs. The *w* may be perfectly formed without any coöperation of the lips. These two elements have a rank between the so-called semi-vowels *l* and *r* and the unmodified vowels.

There are two apthongal vowels *h* and *wh* — both being formed without necessary occlusion of the organs and both being without voice. The *wh* is the apthongal cognate of the *oo* or *w*, § 20 (1). It may not be far out of the way



to regard the *h* as the aphthongal cognate of the protean vowel heard in *but*, *fir*, etc.<sup>1</sup>

The vowels are the most uncertain and most unstable of the alphabetic elements. The consonants form the permanent skeleton and frame-work of the word, and give it its character. The vowels are often not written, as in the Semitic languages. They are left to be made out from the consonants and the sense. The Slavonic dialects, likewise, have few vowels, and we find such written forms as *smrt*, and the dissyllable *wjtr*. The vowels accordingly change most easily in the progress of language. This is abundantly exemplified in the transformations from the Anglo-Saxon into English. Thus, the A.-S. *ae* has changed in different words, into every vowel of our system, as in *aecer*, acre; *aelmesse*, alms; *aet*, at; *aell*, all; *aeg*, egg; *aefen*, even; *ueh*, eye; *Aenglisc*, English (pronounced English); *aef*, of; *aec*, oak; *aen*, one. So we find A.-S. *a* changing to different vowels, as *bacan*, bake; *banc*, bank; *aldor* or *ealdor*, elder; *agan*, own; *feallan*, fall; *colian*, cool. Likewise the A.-S. *e*, as *dear*, dare; *death*, death (once also written *deeth*); *bed*, bed; *beor*, beer; *beorth*, birth; *flede*, flood. The A.-S. *i*, also, as *birian*, bury; *blind*, blind; *blis*, bliss; *flis*, fleece; *bietl* and *bytel*, beetle; *bien* and *bean*, bean; *iw*, ewe; *birce*, birch; *iong* and *iung*, young; *iagul*, gargle. The A.-S. *o*, moreover, as *crop*, crop; *cofa*, cove; *boc*, book; *col*, cool; *blod*, blood; *moder*, mother; *mont* and *munt*, mount. And lastly the A.-S. *u*, as *bux*, box; *luf*, love; *duru*, door; *murnan*, mourn; *mul*, mule; *mus*, mouse; *burigan*, bury.

It is remarkable that while the vowel sounds evince this

<sup>1</sup> In 1843 there appeared in the *Biblical Repository*, a quarterly periodical published in New York, a systematic view of English Phonology, embracing substantially the views presented in the text. A number of years after, Dr. Brücke of Vienna published a system of Phonology presenting the same distinction between vowels and consonants, and arranging the vowel elements in the same order. This order, thus independently arrived at, would seem to be sufficiently established to require its adoption in all methodical expositions of the alphabetic elements.

mutability when under the accent and between consonants, they show great constancy at the end of unaccented syllables. Thus the old A.-S. sound is retained in *a-way*, *Nor-na*, *bu-ri-al*, *bet-o-ny*. This peculiarity gives a law of pronunciation to the modern English. The *e*, however, forms an exception. The law is this: The vowels *a*, *i*, and *o* at the end of unaccented syllables have the primitive sounds respectively of *a* in *father*, *i* in *pit*, and *o* in *note*, but short and close. If they stand at the end of accented syllables, the first two take the derived sounds respectively, of *a* in *fate*, and of *i* in *pine*.

§ 15. The consonant system of a language may be conceived of as developed from one of extreme simplicity, in which only such elements appear as require a perfect occlusion of the breath by the three articulating organs, — the palate, the tongue, and the lips. Although it is not probable that language ever began thus, exclusively with these three classes of elements, for other elements as well or better imitate natural sounds, and may therefore reasonably be supposed to have been first used, as indeed the onomatopoeic theory of language seems to imply; still for purposes of study it may be more convenient to ground the classification on the inherent characteristics of the elements than on the chronological order of their introduction, especially as we have no history of this succession of appearance. We may accordingly recognize the perfect palatal, lingual, and labial consonants, in the formation of which the organs perfectly cut off the breath in its passage forward, as constituting the basis of the consonant-system in language.

These perfect consonant-elements are *phthongal* or *aphthongal*.

The perfect phthongal consonants are of two classes: (1.) Those in which the vocalized breath passes forward only to the barrier of the occluding organs and is vibrated on them so as to receive their peculiar quality, as *g*, *d*, *b*,

called *pures*; and (2.) Those in which the vocalized breath vibrated on these organs is allowed to pass backward through the nostrils, as *ng*, *n*, and *m*, called *nasals*.

The perfect apthongal consonants have no vocality, in themselves, but as combined with other elements they affect the continuous sound which is given forth while the utterance passes from them or to them, to or from the elements with which they are combined. Only thus relatively and in combination have they any character as elements of language. They are *k*, *t*, and *p*. They have been called *check-sounds*; also *mutes* in the narrower sense, — this name in its wider use embracing with this also the other two classes of perfect consonants mentioned.

From the nature of the case, these are the only possible perfect consonants, as there are only three sets of articulating organs by which the breath can be properly occluded in its passage forwards.

They are of all the consonants the farthest removed in their nature from the vowels; and hence, from being at the greatest contrast, the combinations of these elements with the vowels are the most agreeable to the ear.

They occur in almost all languages; and are the most fixed and determinate in their character of all the alphabetic elements. If in the progress of language they change, the changes are under the most easily determined principles, and are most regular and uniform.

They form a complete system by themselves; as we have —

- |   |                  |
|---|------------------|
| 1. Palatal, pure, nasal, and apthongal, | <b>g, ng, k;</b> |
| 2. Lingual, “ “ “                       | <b>d, n, t;</b>  |
| 3. Labial, “ “ “                        | <b>b, m, p.</b>  |

On this basis of the nine perfect consonants, we have built up two other systems of *imperfect* consonants, the general characteristic of both of which is that the organs in forming them but partially occlude the breath.

The first of these two systems of imperfect consonants consists of those in which the breath is vibrated upon the occluding organs. They have been not inappropriately called *fricatives*. They are phthongal or apththongal. Here belong —

- |                  |           |                                 |                              |
|------------------|-----------|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Palatals,     | phthongal | <b>gh</b> , and its apththongal | <b>kh</b> ;                  |
| 2. Linguals, (1) | “         | <b>zh</b> ,                     | “ <b>sh</b> ;                |
| (2)              | “         | <b>z</b> ,                      | “ <b>s</b> ;                 |
| (3)              | “         | <b>th</b> in <i>then</i> ,      | “ <b>th</b> in <i>thin</i> ; |
| 3. Labials,      | “         | <b>v</b> ,                      | “ <b>f</b> .                 |

Of these the Anglo-Saxon had neither the *zh* as this element is heard in *azure*, nor its cognate apththongal *sh*, as heard in *sure*. These two elements probably came into the language with the introduction of French words ; as in a rapid utterance of such words as *passion* (pass-yon) and *nation* (nāt-yon) the combination of the *s* and the *t* with the consonantized *i* would easily pass into the single element *sh*, as *diurnal*, Lat. *diurnalis*, had already passed into *journal*, Ital. *giornale* ; and the combination of the phthongal *z* with the *i*, would pass into the single element heard in *azure*. The two palatals of this class belonged to the Anglo-Saxon, and were represented by *g* and *h*, but have disappeared as sounds from the English. We find traces of this disappearance in the silent digraph *gh* in such words as *through*, *borough*.

The other of these two systems of imperfect consonants embraces those elements in the formation of which the breath is not vibrated on the partially occluding organs, but is allowed to pass freely, so far resembling the vowel sounds, and hence not improperly called *semi-vowels*. They also closely resemble the nasal perfect consonants which are sometimes ranked with them as semi-vowels, as in both classes the breath is not vibrated on the obstructing organs. Here belong the *l* and the *r* elements, which were apththongal as well as phthongal in Anglo-Saxon ; as, *hlōt*, lot ; *hlud*, loud ; *hring*, ring ; *hroost*, roost. They also are found as apththongal in other languages, being the merely

unvocalized or aspirated *l* and *r*, as the Greek  $\rho$  (rho,) when at the beginning of a word, and the Welsh *ll* as in *Llewellyn*.

The apththongal *l* and *r* of the Anglo-Saxon has generally been replaced by the cognate phthongal in modern English, as exemplified above; *hlioth*, cloth; *hleow*, cloud; *hraefen*, raven and crow; *hrefen*, crab. The Anglo-Saxon also aspirated the initial *n* as in *hnecca*, neck; *hnut*, nut; *hnol*, knoll.

## § 16. ALPHABETIC SYSTEM.

REMARK.—The elements common to Anglo-Saxon and Modern English are in broad-faced type; those peculiar to Anglo-Saxon are in italics; those peculiar to English are in small capitals.

### 1. VOWEL SYSTEM.

Phthongals, *ŭ*, *oo*, *o*, *â*, *ä*, *ī*, *ĩ*, *ä*, *ā*, *ě*, *ĕ*.

Apththongals, *h*, *wh*.

### 2. CONSONANT SYSTEM.

	PERFECT.			IMPERFECT.						
	Pal- atals.	Lin- guals.	Labi- als.	Pal- atals.	Linguals.			Labi- als.	Semi-Vowels.	
Phthongals.	<b>g</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>b</b>	<i>gh</i>	<b>zh</b>	<b>z</b>	<b>th</b>	<b>v</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>l</b>
Apththongals.	<b>k</b>	<b>t</b>	<b>p</b>	<i>kh</i>	<b>sh</b>	<b>s</b>	<b>th</b>	<b>f</b>	<i>hr</i>	<i>hl</i>
Nasals.	<b>ng</b>	<b>n</b>	<b>m</b>							

It is evident from a cursory inspection of this table that the elementary sounds of the language may in its progress be modified to a limited extent without losing their respective character essentially, and may also be increased.

The vowels admit of modifications very readily. They are in fact, as has been already stated, formed with slight differences in different communities, different families, by different individuals even in the same community or family. The length of the vibrated column of air, which, as

probably determined at the larynx, seems to give to each its peculiar character, may be slightly increased or reduced ; and the utterance may be more open or more close, or be in other ways and degrees modified by partial occlusions of the articulating organs.

The number of vowel elements to be recognized may thus be increased. The slight modifications indicated may appear to some sufficiently great to warrant their enumeration as distinct elements. And more than this, it is supposable that, in the progress of the language, these modifications may become so distinct and characteristic, and be so universally accepted by those who speak the language, that new vowel elements may require to be enumerated in an English vowel system. The only limit in the multiplication of these elements is that of easy discrimination. Our language has certainly come nearer to this limit than any other European tongue. In one direction, however, an increase is open to us ; we may introduce nasal modifications of any or of all our vowels, as in the French. It is not probable that such an increase would be of any advantage to the language ; and, happily, there is at present no tendency in that direction.

The consonants may be modified without losing their essential character by a firmer or looser contact of the organs, and also by a stronger or weaker vibration of the breath on the occluding organs. The perfect consonants might be increased by the introduction of another set of linguals, as in the Sanskrit, since without danger of confusion the tongue might occlude the breath either by being brought against the roof of the mouth or against the teeth, and these elements may be more or less modified by the part of the roof of the mouth to which the tongue is applied.

The imperfect consonants might be increased by the restoration of the Anglo-Saxon palatals *gh* and *kh* ; but the



fact that they have been dropped seems to indicate that they are not desirable elements in our consonant system.

Such elements as the click which appears in some African dialects, and those that are determined by variations in the pitch of the voice, as in the Chinese, are equally undesirable.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

§ 17. ORTHOGRAPHY is the doctrine of the alphabetic elements of a language as written.

Orthography presupposes orthoepy, and is founded upon it, as written language presupposes spoken language. The written elements represent the spoken elements.

A perfect orthographical system in a language would have one written character for each elemental sound. All orthographical systems probably aimed at this ideal. But no language of long duration has such a perfect system. Even if the orthography were originally perfect, the changes that are ever taking place in language would soon bring in anomalies. Such anomalies are, however, for the most part from influences that are general, affecting many words which thus may be gathered into classes, and arranged under principles or laws. The English language is notoriously anomalous in its orthography; but this anomalous character is after all, to a great extent, susceptible of explanation; and its seeming anomalies are for the most part effects of causes that can be indicated, and are hence reducible to law. The leading sources of this anomalous character in English orthography, whether lying in the defects of the system itself, or springing from the progress and history of the language, it is important for a thorough understanding of our literature to indicate and trace distinctly. It should be borne in mind that a perpetual source of irregularity lies in the fact that while the pronunciation, the orthoepy, is ever subject to change, the orthography in

a written literature is more constant. Hence it is, for illustration, that the letter *a* represents so many sounds. But passing with this mere intimation, this general source of irregularity, we may mention in addition the following special causes of anomalies.

§ 18. I. Generally no special character is employed to distinguish the long from the short quantity of an element. In the early Greek language, thus, but one character was in use for the *e*, and one for the *o*. In the Anglo-Saxon, an accent was sometimes used to mark long quantity in a vowel; but the usage was irregular and partial. The English has rejected this use entirely, but has resorted to divers other expedients that have greatly modified the spellings of our words.

1. Long quantity was indicated by inserting another element after the vowel. Sometimes the vowel was repeated, as *deem*, A.-S. *dem an*; *sweet*, A.-S. *swet*; *door*, A.-S. *dor*; *floor*, A.-S. *flor*. Compare in old Latin inscriptions, *paacem*, *moorem*.

Sometimes another vowel was placed after that which was to be indicated as long; as *board*, A.-S. *bord*; *hear*, A.-S. *her an*; *field*, A.-S. *fild*; *vein*, Lat. *ven um*; *people*, Old Eng. *peple*, and *puple*. This expedient was common in the Anglo-Saxon; and in the Early English the orthography was very irregular from this cause. Thus we find *dep*, *deap*, *deop*, *deep*, *depe*; *gret*, *great*, *greet*, *greet*, *grete*.

This is the origin of the *u*, once so common in words in *on* and *or*, from the Latin through the French, as in *honour*, *nacioun* (nation), the *o* being long under the accent; as also in *counsel*, Lat. *consilium*: *counter*, Lat. *contra*, as in *countermand*.

As the adding of an *e* to a consonant in inflection had the effect to make the preceding syllable a pure or open syllable, and so to give the vowel its long sound when this added *e* became silent in consequence of the dying out of inflections, it still served the purpose of showing that the

previous vowel was long, as in *mile*, A.-S. *mil*; *stole*, A.-S. *stol*, a garment.

The consonant letters *h* and *l* were sometimes added, as *oh*, *ah*; *could*, once *coude*, A.-S. *cuthe* for *cunde*, past tense of *cun nan*, to know, to be able.

2. Short quantity was indicated by doubling the following consonant, as *sum mer*, A.-S. *sumer*. The author of the "Ormulum" carefully observed this principle, and accordingly wrote *himm*, *iss*, *thiss*, *Engglissh*, *off*, *otherr*, *afftterr*. This principle was but partially adopted; and hence have arisen many anomalies. Most monosyllables ending in *f*, *l*, or *s*, only a few ending in other consonants, have retained this spelling.

§ 19. II. Generally at first, phthongal and aphthongal elements of the same organic formation are not represented by special characters that distinguish them. The Old Latin thus had *macistratus*, *leciones* for *magistratus*, *legiones*. The Anglo-Saxon accordingly had but one character to represent the *f* and the *v*, and but one to represent the *s* and the *z*; while it had distinct characters for the phthongal and aphthongal *th*, a crossed *d* for the former and a crossed *t* for the latter. The English has introduced the characters *v* and *z* for the two phthongals first named, and dropping the Anglo-Saxon characters has made use of a digraph to represent both of the elements — *th* in *thin* and *th* in *then*. So in modern European languages, the *s* represents both the phthongal and the aphthongal, the *s* in *sire*, and the *z* in *desire*. It is left to euphony or to the meaning to determine which element the character represents in any given word. Generally, the aphthongal element is represented, except between vowels and after phthongal elements in the same syllable. Thus A.-S. *heofon*, heaven, *Afon*, Avon; *bufan*, above; *beofor*, beaver; *ofer*, over; *ofen*, oven; *scafan*, shave; *scufan*, shove; *wefan*, weave; but *faran*, fare; *fefer*, fever; *fiftig*, fifty; *haeft*, haft; *ryf*, rife. So also *bysig*, busy; *cyse*, cheese; *freosan*, freeze; *grasian*,

graze ; *nosu*, nose ; *resian*, reason ; *risan*, to rise ; but *missian*, miss ; *mist*, mist ; *six*, six ; *tusc*, tusk ; *wasean*, wash ; *westan*, waste. But this principle does not apply to all affixes, as *wearisome*, *noisome*.

This principle accounts for the two following anomalies in Modern English :—

1. Inflections of vernacular words ending in the sound of *f* when taking an *s* with a connecting vowel change the *f* into *v*, as *elf*, *elves* ; *self*, *selves* ; *knife*, *knives*, A.-S. *cnif*, *cnifas*.

2. In forming a verb from a noun, the final apthongal element of the noun, if single and following a vowel, is changed into its cognate phthongal, because in A.-S., the verb was formed by adding *an* or *ian* ; as *life*, *live* (A.-S. *lif*, *leofian*) ; *loath*, *loathe* (A.-S. *lath*, *lathian*) ; *loss*, *lose* (A.-S. *los*, *losian*).

This principle also accounts for the seemingly anomalous forms in many paronyms ; as *give*, *gift* ; *thrive*, *thrift* ; *frost*, *frozen*.

It accounts, moreover, for the fact that in such inflected forms as *maid's*, *sums*, *tells*, the *s* is phthongal, as also the *ph* in *Stephen*, and in the provincial English pronunciation of *nephew* (neview).

With proper modifications in reference to the law of compounds and of accentuation, it explains why we have the phthongal element in *desire*, *desist*, *disdain* ; also in *exalt*, *exhort*, *anxiety* ; while we have the apthongal in *insist*, *exaltation*, *anxious*.

§ 20. III. Digraphs consisting of two characters already in use representing other elements, are resorted to for the purpose of helping out a defective orthographic system.

1. Aspirated elements are indicated by an *h* placed before or after the phthongal of the same organic formation. The Anglo-Saxon, like the classical Greek, prefixed the sign of aspiration at the beginning of words, as *hlaf*, loaf ; *hnaegan*, neigh ; *hreoƿ*, rough ; *hwil*, while ; *hweoƿ*, whip

The English, like the Latin and primitive Greek, places it after the other character, as *while*; cf. Lat. *rhetor*. Old Greek also wrote the aspirate after *p* and *k*, before the *φ* (phi) and *χ* (chi) were introduced.

2. A second class of digraphs are composed of the *h* and a letter representing a contiguous element, as the *sh*, and also, if not belonging to the preceding class, the *th*, *ph* (= *f*), and *gh*. The *sh* represents a perfectly simple sound, not one composed of *s* and *h*, as is sometimes absurdly supposed. It however, in modern English, ordinarily takes the place of the A.-S. *sc*, as A.-S. *scip*, ship.

3. A third class of digraphs are composed of *n* with another element which the *n* represents as nasalized. The only digraph of this class in English is *ng*, which represents the nasal palatal. The French employs the *n* to nasalize its vowels, as *an*, *in*, *on*, *un*. These, like *ng*, are simple elements, as the organs do not change their position, however much the sound is prolonged.

§ 21. IV. A letter is inserted to mark which of the several sounds represented by another letter, this letter is to have in the given word.

1. *U* is inserted thus after *g* to show that it is to have its palatal, not its lingual sound, as *guest*, A.-S. *gest*; *guild*, A.-S. *gild*; *guilt*, A.-S. *gylt* and *gilt*. Hence the *h* in *ghost*, *ghastly*, from A. S. *gast*. Here the *h* is unnecessary, and the spelling is a true anomaly.

2. *D* is inserted before *g*, and a final *e* silent placed after it, to show that it has its lingual sound; as *hedge*, A.-S. *hege*; *ridge*, A.-S. *hricg*; *lodge*, A.-S. *log ian*; *drudge*, A.-S. *dreog an*.

3. *K* is added after *c* at the end of a syllable to denote that the *c* represents the palatal element, as *black*, A.-S. *blac*; *thicken*, A.-S. *thic ian*; *quicken*, A.-S. *cwic ian*.

§ 22. V. Single characters representing two sounds have been introduced. Such characters representing vowel diphthongs generally represented a simple element at first, but



while that has changed in the progress of the language, the character has remained. Thus the *i* in *pine* is diphthongal, representing the vowel sounds *a* in *father* and *i* in *pin*; *o* frequently represents the diphthong *o* in *note* and *oo* in *pool*; *a* also represents the *a* in *fate* and *i* in *pit*; *u* the *i* in *pit* and *oo* in *pool*, as *fume* (= *floom*); *true*, A.-S. *treow* and *triwe*; *brew*, A.-S. *breow an* and *briw an*.

We have also the consonant diphthongs *j* and *x*. *J* comes into the language through the French, where it has the sound heard in *azure*, a sound which has taken the place of the consonantized *i* in *pit*. The character itself is only a tailed *i*, or an *i* with a flourish. Thus *joy*, *just*, were spelled *ioy*, *iust*, as late as the time of the version of the Bible under King James in 1611; and numbers were written with a *j* for the last *i*, *ij*, *vij*, as *xij*. in Luke viii. 42, Wycliffe's Version, a custom still retained in apothecaries' prescriptions. In English, this character always represents the consonant diphthong, composed of *d* and *z* in *azure*, which is the cognate phthongal of the *tsh* represented by *tch* in *ditch*, and *ch* in *change*.

The *x* comes to us from the Latin and represents the phthongal *gz* as in *exalt*, and the apthongal *ks* in *tax*, *exaltation*. See § 19.

§ 23. VI. The influence of other languages and literatures has given a seemingly anomalous character to English orthography in several respects.

1. The same elemental sound is represented by different characters. The perfect palatal *k*, thus is represented by *c* before *a*, *o*, and *u*; by *k*; by *q* before the consonantized *u* or *w*; by *ch* in words from the Greek; and by *gh* in *hough*, *lough*. *C* was the single Anglo-Saxon character to represent this element. From the Latin came the *k*, a duplicate representative with *c* of the same element in that language, and the *q*, the inverted koph of the Hebrew, used before an *o* or *u*. The *ch* representing the aspirated palatal was introduced in spelling Greek words. The *gh* was the Anglo-

Saxon phthongal imperfect or fricative palatal, which sound has dropped out of our language, as has also its cognate aphthongal, the *ch* as heard in German *noch*. But while the sound has been lost, the characters which represented it remain. Hence we have such apparent anomalous orthographies as *nigh*, *dough*, *through*, etc.

*I* and *y* were both in the A.-S. alphabet. If they originally denoted different sounds the distinction was lost ; and in the Early English they were interchangeable. In the progress of the language, the *y* was separated for use at the beginning and end of words. If a suffix was taken on after the *y*, the *i* took its place, as *merry*, *merrily*. To this rule there are exceptions. See "American Speller," 222-228.

2. The same character representing different sounds in different languages has been used to represent each of those sounds in words derived respectively from those languages. The digraph *ch* is used to represent both the palatal element in words from the Greek, as *chyle*, *chrome*, *bacchanal*, and also the lingual in words from the French, as *chaise*, *chagrin*, *capuchin*, as well as the element that has taken the place of the initial A.-S. *c* before *e* and *i* in many words, as *child*, A.-S. *cild* ; *cheese*, A.-S. *cyse*.

§ 24. VII. In order to distinguish words that are pronounced alike, different spellings have come into use ; thus, *draft*, *draught* ; *cord*, *chord* ; *but*, *butt*. Different orthographies introduced at first under other principles have been continued for this reason. Such words constitute a considerable part of that class of words called *homonyms* — words pronounced alike but spelled and used differently.

§ 25. VIII. Typography has modified the orthography of the language in two noticeable respects. (1.) From defect of type. The *y* thus was used to represent the element *th* in the abbreviations *y<sup>e</sup>*, *y<sup>t</sup>* ; the Teutonic participial prefix *ge*, as in *yeclept* ; the palatals *g* and *gh*, as *year*, A.-S. *ger*, as well as the element *i* in *pit*. The history of this element is a curious one. Its origin is still in dispute-

whether it is a modification of the Greek upsilon, or of the A.-S. *g*, or a tailed *i*; or whether, as is most probable, its use can be fully explained only by supposing that writers or printers sometimes adopted one theory of its origin, sometimes another, and used the character accordingly. The printer moreover used the character sometimes simply because it was the nearest in form in his font of type to the letter in his copy. A *z* from another font has also been used.

2. Words were sometimes clipped or mutilated to bring the matter within the line. Mr. Marsh notices as instances of this, the printing of *toward* for *towards*; also *shalbe* and *shall bee* in successive lines of the King James' version. In 2 Tim. ii. 11-13 of this version we find *he* and *we* spelled thus differently: "For if wee be dead with him, wee shall also live with him. If we suffer we shall also reigne with him; if wee denie him, hee also will deny us. If we beleeeve not, yet hee abideth faithfull, he cannot deny himselfe."

3. Angular forms were preferred in types, while curved forms are preferred in manuscript; hence the *v* and the *u* were so much interchanged.

§ 26. IX. The change from an inflectional to an uninflectional language has given rise to some orthographic anomalies. These anomalies appear more frequently in the earlier stages of our literature, and hence an acquaintance with their origin is indispensable to the thorough study of ancient English authors. Especially among them is to be noticed the silent *e* at the end of words. This letter seems to have been used as a general sign of inflection. It was thus used in the Anglo-Saxon as the distinctive ending of the first person singular, and also, to a large extent, of the third person singular, in the inflection of verbs; of the genitive case of nouns, also of the dative and accusative cases; and of the plural forms both of nouns and adjectives. In the Semi-Saxon, the *e* is very generally substituted for *a*, *o*, and *u* in older forms of those inflections. The *n* in *en*, as plural ending and also as sign of indefinite

declension, is often dropped, leaving the *e* at the end of the word. As an element foreign to the proper stem, and yet used in so many different ways, it naturally came to be used generally even at the end of words to which it did not by any grammatical principle belong. Having become the connecting vowel in inflectionals formed by a suffixed *s*, *n*, or *th*, when either of those consonants was dropped, it often remained. It gradually disappeared itself as it ceased to be sounded in successive classes of words, unless needed to mark the quantity of the preceding vowel, but yet was retained in many words till so late as the King James version, where we find such spellings as *dumbe*, *faithlesse*, *meane*, *sonne*, *agoe*, *doe*, *helpe*, *teares*, *unbeliefe*, *foule*, *deafe*, *tooke*, all in the course of a few verses in Mark ix. 10–25. The silent *e* at the end of a word is to be accounted for, therefore, on the one or the other of these two principles: (1) its use as an orthographical expedient to denote the long quantity of a preceding vowel; (2) its actual or supposed inflectional use.

§ 27. The table on the following page exhibits the alphabetic elements of the English language in the order in which they are formed in the mouth, with the different characters by which they are represented in written speech.

ENGLISH ALPHABETIC SYSTEM—ORTHOEPIC AND ORTHOGRAPHIC.

VOWELS.		PARTIAL CONSONANTS.		PERFECT CONSONANTS.		
Phthongal.	Aphthongal.	Phthongal.	Aphthongal.	Phthongal.	Aphthongal.	Nasal.
u-p by u, ou, o, oe, oo, e, ea, i, y.	<b>h-at</b>			g-o by g, gh, gu, x (=gz).	k-ey by k, c, ck, ch, gh, kh, cu, q, qu.	si-ng by ng, u.
oo-ze by oo, o, eo, ow, u, w, eu, ew	<b>wh-y</b>					
o-ld by o, oa, oe, oo, ou, ow, au, eau, eo, ew.						
a-ll by a, ao, au, aw, o, oa, ou.						
a-rt by a, ah, au, ea.						
i-re by i, ai, ei, oi, y, ey, ui, uy.		<b>r-an</b>				
i-n by i, ie, ei, oi, e, eau, o, u, y.		<b>l-and</b>				
a-n by a, ai, ea, e, ei.		a-z-ure by z, s, j.	sh-un by sh, sch, ch, s, c, t.			
a-le by a, ai, ao, au, ay, e, ea, ei, ey.		z-one by z, c, s, x.	s-un by s, sc, c, z.			.
e-ll by e, ea, ei, a, ae, ai, ie, oe, u.		th-en by th.	th-in by th.	d-in by d.	t-in by t.	n-or by n.
e-ve by e, ea, ee, ei, eo, ey, i, ie, ae, ay.		v-ile by v, b, ph.	f-in by f, ph, gh.	b-in by b, p.	p-in by p, gh.	m-an by m.

## CHAPTER V.

### SYLLABICATION.

§ 28. A SYLLABLE is a word-element consisting of one or more alphabetic elements uttered in one uninterrupted concrete movement of the voice.

There are several things entering into this definition that deserve particular attention. First, a syllable in distinction from a letter is a proximate, as the latter is an ultimate element of a word. Next, while a single letter may form a syllable, there necessarily enters into a syllable a movement in pitch, a concrete vocal movement, a slide up or down, or both, on the musical scale, which must be ever through a determinate musical interval. In order that this may be, every syllable must contain at least one phthongal element; and if there be more than one, they must not be separated by an aphthongal element. Thus, while either *l* or *n* may form a syllable by itself, as in *oven*, *fickle*, in which the *e* is silent, such a combination as *liked* in one syllable is impossible, for the aphthongal *k* being without voice, interrupts the concrete movement from the *i* to the *d*, and we of necessity pronounce the word, if in one syllable, as if spelled *līkt*. Moreover, in a syllable consisting of more than one alphabetic element, the concrete movement must be maintained from one element to the next; consequently there is a transition-utterance of voice that is not represented by any letter, and is determined in its character by the two elements which it connects, varying ever as they vary. In the syllable *bad*, thus, there is a sound given forth while the articulating organs are passing from the *b* to the *a*, and



also while they are passing from the *a* to the *d*, sounds which are not at all the proper sounds represented by either of those letters, This transition element greatly modifies the sound of the syllable. In some syllables, as in *pit*, it constitutes the great body of sound heard in the pronunciation of the syllable.

We have then, as an essential function of the syllable, a concrete movement of the voice conducted along from one alphabetic articulation to another, through this transition sound that is emitted while the organs are changing their position.

A syllable accordingly is, 1, a proximate word-element; 2, a single uninterrupted utterance; 3, and ever a concrete movement of the voice through a determinate musical interval.

§ 29. Syllabication, or the separation of words into syllables, is of three different kinds as it is made for one or another of three different uses:—

1. *Orthoëpic*, to show the pronunciation of words;
2. *Etymological*, to show the derivation of words; and
3. *Orthographic*, to show the proper writing or printing of words.

These different uses lead to different ways of dividing the same word. Thus the orthoëpic division of *photography* is *pho tog ra phy*; the etymological, *pho to graph y*; the orthographic, *pho tog ra phy*.

§ 30. In the formation of syllables or in orthoëpic syllabication, the following principles govern:—

1. Every syllable must contain at least one phthongal element. In English, this must be a vowel, or one of the semi-vowels, *r*, *l*, *n*, *m*.

2. In polyliteral syllables, euphony requires that the more occluded elements be placed farthest from the vowel or least occluded element, whether they stand before or after the vowel, as *blan t*, *grange*, *twanged*. The nasal elements are, under this principle, relatively to other consonants more unoccluded.

3. No aphthongal element can stand between phthongals in the same syllable. Hence *flushed*, *passed*, *fenced*, if sounded as single syllables, are pronounced *flusht*, *past*, *fenst*.

§ 31. Etymological syllabication separates the word into the original stem and the several affixes and prefixes through inflection, derivation, or composition.

§ 32. Orthographic syllabication is governed by the following principles:—

1. Digraphs should not be separated, as *reck on*, *ge o-graph i cal*, *spath ic*.

2. Consonants preceding *l* and *r* should not be separated from those letters, as *a crid i ty*, except after an accented vowel having its short sound, as *ac rid*.

3. A single consonant between two vowels is joined to the second, as *bro ken*, *fi nal*. But if the first vowel, having its short sound, be accented, it takes the consonant, as *ban ish*, *cor rel a tive*; and *e* and short *u* take *r* even if not accented, as *gen er ous*, *gut tur al*.

4. If two or more consonants come between two vowels, the first consonant is joined with the preceding vowel, the others with the following vowel, as *hos tage*, *tem pest*.

5. In proper English derivations, stems and formative parts stand by themselves, as also do simples in composite words; as *a mus ing*, *de vot ing*, *spell ing*, *lord ly*, *wasp ish*; *plant louse*.

REMARK. — In America, this principle does not extend beyond proper English formations; and accordingly we write *de lud ing*, but *de lu sive*; *de vot ing*, but *vo tive*. In Great Britain, it is extended to words of foreign extraction, especially those of Latin origin, as in *con sist ent*. So also there, the rule given above for words having a single consonant between two vowels is allowed universal prevalence without the exceptions given; as in *cor re la tive*, *gen e rous*

## CHAPTER VI.

### ACCENTUATION.

§ 33. ACCENT is a distinctive stress of voice on a syllable in pronunciation.

As distinctive it properly belongs only to words of more than one syllable; but monosyllabic words may take accent when uttered in connection with other words, as in poetic rhythm.

It serves to gather up into one the syllables that compose a word, and is, accordingly, regarded as the peculiar life-element of a word, distinguishing it from a syllable or succession of syllables.

It varies in intensity in different languages, in different uses in the same language, in different pronunciations of the same word. In the French language, accent is generally weak, that is, the distinctive stress on the different syllables is very slight; in English, as in the Teutonic languages generally, it is comparatively strong. There are also provincial variations in the English language. And particularly is it true that often the same word by different speakers and in different communities has a different intensity of accentual stress. Thus *brimstone* is by some speakers pronounced with but slight distinction of stress on the two syllables; while by others it is pronounced as if written *brim' stun* with as strong accentual distinction as is given to *brim mer*.

Words of more than two syllables often take a *secondary* accent, as *ac cen' tu a' tion*.

The accent often serves to distinguish words otherwise pronounced alike ; as *au' gust*, *au gust'* ; *in' val id*, *in val' id* ; *re' pent* (creeping), *re pent'* ; *prec' e dent*, *pre ce' dent*.

§ 34. English accentuation is anomalous chiefly from the diverse origin of our vocabulary. The following are its governing principles :—

1. Monosyllables take accent only when used in connection with other words ; and articles, personal and relative pronouns, adverbs of time and place, conjunctions, prepositions, and auxiliary words, if monosyllables, remain unaccented in connection with other words, unless under emphasis.

2. Dissyllables take the accent, except some prepositions, as *open*, *into*, etc. ; also *therefore*, *ever*, and some other dissyllabic particles. Some dissyllables seem to take a double accent ; as *convoy*, *amen*, *farewell*, etc.

3. Words of more than two syllables may take one or more secondary accents ; as *su' per a bun' l dant* ; *trans' substan ti a' tion*.

4. Words of Anglo-Saxon origin take the accent on the root-syllable ; as *seed' ling*, *oat' en*.

5. Words of foreign origin when first introduced generally follow the analogy of the language from which they come ; as they become anglicized, they tend to conform to the general principle of English accentuation, which is to accent the root-syllable. So far as the root of a word can be distinguished by the merely English mind, it generally takes the accent. When this is not the case, the first syllable, even although a prefix, takes the accent, as the root-syllable generally precedes in English words ; as *su<sup>f</sup> fix*, *syll' la ble*.

In illustration of this principle, words from the French, like *color*, *nature*, etc., were originally accented on the last syllable, as are still *finance'*, *detaill'*, *coquette'*, *coupee'*, etc. Some of these words are fluctuating, being diversely accented by good speakers ; as *sa' line* and *sa line'* ; *pro' lix*, *pro lix'* ; *cui' rass* and *cui rass'* ; *de' pot* and *de pot'*.

6. Many words, spelled alike, are accented on a prior syllable if used as nouns or adjectives, and on the last syllable if used as verbs ; as *ac' cent*, but to *ac cent'* ; *ab' stract*, but to *ab stract'* ; *in' ter dict*, but to *in ter dict'*. So *convoy*, *converse*, *impress*, *discount*, *alternate*, *conjugate*, *overstock*, *countermand*, and a hundred others.

## CHAPTER VII.

### DERIVATION.

§ 35. UNDER derivation is to be comprehended every mode of word-formation out of existing stems. Proper stem-words, which cannot now be traced back to their origin, are comparatively few in any language; they number but a few hundred in the English vocabulary. Many other words in our language are recognized as derivatives, but their derivation linguistic science is as yet unable to explain satisfactorily. Still farther, in many cases, it is difficult to tell which of several paronyms is the primitive. Of the great mass of English words, however, it is now possible to distinguish the stem-element, and the particular formative elements which are incorporated with it in the word. Readiness to distinguish these elements and their respective effect in modifying the significance of the stem is indispensable to the highest and truest satisfaction in the study of our literature, as it is to the freest and most skillful use of the language in the construction of discourse.

The regulative principle which underlies and governs all word-formation, it should ever be borne in mind, is the essential principle of all thought, — the principle of identity, or, as it may be more fully and significantly denominated, the principle of *the same and different*. The stem is given as that from which the formation starts, and the proper significance of which, to a greater or less extent, remains the same in the derivative; and the formative element applied to it simply expresses the different, the modified significance, imparted to the primitive. It may be that in remote deri-



uations, the stem-element may come to lose all its original significance; or on the other hand, the alphabetic characters which composed the stem at the start may have been, in the progress of the successive transformations, replaced by other elements. *Shire*, a county, and *skirt*, a garment, have little resemblance, little identity in form or meaning; yet they are easily traceable to the same origin. *Through* and *door* have but little in common, although etymologically the same; and *brandy* retains little of its primitives. When the identity is one of relation, it may be that only the known history of the derivation can explain the origin; as, for instance, in the case of *grog*, from Admiral Vernon, familiarly named by his sailors, to whom he distributed rations in liquor, from the *grogam* dress which he customarily wore. While many derivations may thus be obscure and uncertain, the greater part of derivative words have been introduced under general laws or principles. These may be scientifically expounded with interest and profit to the student of our literature. It will be convenient to notice in order the several specific modes of word-derivation, namely: I. By composition; II. By affixes; III. By internal change; IV. By change of use. The first three modes mentioned are by change in the form of the word itself, in the orthography; the last is by change in the grammatical use of the word.

In tracing back the history of words the student is at once prompted to inquire after their form and use in kindred dialects. Although neither the proper design of this work nor the present stage of linguistic investigation will allow the most thorough and scientific treatment of these etymological affinities, yet there is one class of these affinities embraced under what is known as *Grimm's Law*, which should not be overlooked. This Law, named from its author, embraces a large number of most remarkable correspondences between the English, the High German, and the classical dialects, so large as to warrant the expectation that a

word of this class being given in one of these dialects, the corresponding word, if found in either of the others, will in the stem-portion differ from it in a certain definite way. Thus, for illustration, if the English word have a *b*, a *d*, or a *g*, the German will have respectively a *p*, a *t*, or a *k*, and the Greek and Latin an *f*, a *th*, or a *ch* or *h*. If the English have a *p*, a *t*, or a *k*, the German will have an *f*, a *th*, or a *ch* or *h*, and the Greek and Latin a *b*, a *d*, or a *g*. And if the English have an *f*, a *th*, or a *ch* or *h*, the German will have a *b*, a *d*, or a *g*, and the Greek and Latin a *p*, a *t*, or a *k*. This remarkable law of dialectic substitution extends to the whole Indo-European family. The Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Slavonic, and Celtic agreeing in having the same letter in these words constitute one class; the High German dialects constitute a second class; and the Gothic and Low German, including the Anglo-Saxon, Frisian, etc., the third class. The law of substitution has many exceptions. It is less observed in medial and final consonants than in initial. It applies only to the perfect palatal and lingual consonants, and the cognate imperfect consonants or fricatives. Moreover, of the imperfect consonants or fricatives, sometimes the phthongal, sometimes the aphthongal is taken, and *z* and *s* sometimes take the place of *zh* and *sh*; and simple *h* appears sometimes, where, by the law, we should expect a palatal aphthongal. The law, as applied to the English, the Greek and Latin, and the German dialects, may be thus tabulated:—

GRIMM'S LAW TABULATED.

ENGLISH . . .	<b>p</b>	<b>t</b>	<b>k</b>	<b>b</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>g</b>	<b>f</b>	<b>th</b>	<b>h</b>
CLASSICAL . .	<b>b</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>g</b>	<b>f</b>	<b>ch</b>	<b>th</b>	<b>p</b>	<b>t</b>	<b>k</b>
GERMAN . . .	<b>f</b>	<b>th, z</b>	<b>ch</b>	<b>p</b>	<b>t</b>	<b>k</b>	<b>b</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>g</b>

To illustrate the application of the law and the use of the table, if we have the English word *heart*, for the cor-

responding stem in Latin we look for a *k* (*c*) instead of the *h*, and for a *d* instead of the *t*, and find accordingly the Latin stem *cord is*; in German we find *hertz*. So for the Latin stem *ped-*, Greek  $\pi\omicron\delta-$ , we have in English *foot*, in German, *fuss*.

§ 36. I. The most ready and natural way to communicate a modified thought through a new word is by *composition*; by compounding or combining together two words already in use, as *steam-boat*. Here we have the principal stem-word *boat* modified in its import by the word *steam* united with it. At first, both the simple words would retain their accent; then the accent would be dropped from one, and the words, before two separate words, become one (§ 33); and finally, one or the other or both of the primitive elements become, in the progress of speech, shortened or otherwise changed, and in this change fall under laws of euphony or other principles, and so finally appear in forms that can hardly be identified with the primitive words. *Hussy*-and *sheriff* are scarcely recognizable, from the mere forms of the words, as compounds respectively of *house* and *wife*, and *shire* and *reeve*.

§ 37. II. Word-formation by affixes to stems enters very largely into the vocabulary of every cultivated dialect. When affixes are placed before their stems they are called *prefixes*; when after, *suffixes*. They are moreover often placed in the middle of stems, in which case they might be called *infixes*.

Affixes in the English language have come from divers sources. Besides those that are properly vernacular and chiefly from the Anglo-Saxon, we have a considerably larger number from the Latin directly or indirectly through the French, and also a large number from the Greek.

As words originally Latin have come freely into our vocabulary, both immediately from the Latin and also mediately through the French, we have a prolific source of doubtful orthographies. Thus, the Latin preposition *in* or

*im* is in the French form *en* or *em*. Compounds with this prefix from the Latin are spelled in both ways, as *enclose* and *inclose*, *ensure* and *insure*, *empale* and *impale*. If the word be recognized as rather of French descent, it takes *en* or *em*; if rather of immediate Latin origin, *in* or *im*. Thus, words earlier introduced take *en* or *em*; also those that have more or less changed their stems and conformed them to French analogies; and still farther those that have departed from the Latin sense. This principle is applicable to other words. It is, however, not invariably observed, and we have many anomalies in consequence. It is reasonably to be expected that these will gradually be diminished in the progress of the language.

To the one or the other of these three classes belong all proper formative affixes. The Greek, and also the Latin and French affixes have become naturalized, and are freely applied to vernacular stems. Those from other languages have come into the English already combined with their stems in words actually formed, and are not therefore to be recognized as having a living formative force in our language. We have thus a number of words from the Arabic with the definite article prefix *al* or *el*, as *al cove*, *al gebra*, *a pricot*, *ad miral*, *elixir*. We have in like manner many words directly or indirectly from the Italian, with augmentative and diminutive suffixes, as *buffoon*, *trombone*; *sonnet*, *stiletto*, *violin*.

Further, in respect of their proper function, affixes are either (1) *significant*, modifying the meaning of the word; or (2) *orthoepic* or *euphonic*, modifying its sound; or (3) *orthographic*, pertaining simply to its written form. Of significant affixes, however, it is often true that they come to lose their original modifying form, and thus the derivative has only the meaning of the primitive stem word. Cf. *alight* and *light*; *bedim* and *dim*; *helmet*, *helm*; *mountain*, *mount*; *unloose* (for *on loose*), *loose*; *unto* (*on to*), *to*. In many cases the derivative has taken the place of the prim-

itive, which has thus become obsolete, as *not* (*naught*, A.-S. *ne aught*), *begin* (*be gin*), *abide*, *endure*, *mountain*, *yonder*.

§ 38. *Orthoepic* or *euphonic* affixes occur at the beginning, at the end, and in the middle of words. Thus in *esquire*, Lat. *scutiger*; *escutcheon*, Lat. *scutum*, the initial *e* is simply euphonic.

In *number*, Lat. *numerus*, and *slumber*, A.-S. *slumerian*, the *b* is euphonic; as *d* in *androus*, (cf. Gr. ἀνδρός), *yon der*, *tind er*. The insertion of the pure phthongal *b*, *d*, is invited by the more flowing utterance.

In *limb*, A.-S. *lim*, *crump* (cf. Ger. *krumm*), the final *b* and *v* are euphonic, although in *limb* the *b* has become silent in the progress of the language. Inasmuch as by the addition of the letter the word is strengthened, the affix may in such cases properly be regarded as significant and intensive. In the adverbs *against*, *amongst*, *betwixt*, *midst*, *whilst*, and the obsolete *oncet*, all of which were Anglo-Saxon genitives in *-es*, the final *t* is properly euphonic, serving to cut off the sibilant that precedes.

To these euphonic affixes should be added the vowels inserted in the derivation of words by addition of consonants, in this use called *connectives*. Thus when the proper sign of the plural *s* was affixed to the stem in Anglo-Saxon, it took, if euphony required, a connecting vowel, as *smith*, plu. *smithas*; *staef*, plu. *stafas*. So generally in inflection of nouns and of verbs, and comparison of adjectives, this connecting vowel is inserted. Generally *e* is now taken; but in the early stages of the language it seemed almost a matter of the merest caprice. Thus in Wycliffe we find *thingis*, *wordis*, *eris* (ears), and *sones*, *dayes*, and in close connection both *iewis* and *iewes*; *prechid*, *fillid*, and *turned*; *resceyved*, *nighed*, *makith*, and *bihoveth*; *takun*, *chosun*; *fadir*, *modir*; *crier*, *watir*. In different writers and in different parts of the country we find still greater diversity, the connecting vowel of the plural being either *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, or *y*, and a similar diversity in the other inflectional affixes.

Before *r* the selection of the connecting vowel was especially capricious, as we find *-er*, *-ir*, *-ur*, and *-yr* affixed to the same stem.

§ 39. The orthographic affixes are those already spoken of in the chapter on English orthography. They include the vowel and consonant digraphs, and the final *e* silent. See Chapter VI., §§ 18, 20.

§ 40. The significant affixes either modify *the thought itself* expressed or implied in the stem, or *the matter of thought*.

The proper thought affixes are the *negatives* and the *repetitives* or *frequentatives*. The *negatives* change the affirmation of the stem into its coördinate and complement negation. They are expressed by the consonant *n* variously combined, as euphony or intensity or some comparison may require. The *repetitives* or *frequentatives* imply a repetition of the thought; they express the thought of the stem repeated. The proper vocal expression of these affixes is by the consonant *t* variously combined and assimilated into its cognates.

§ 41. Affixes modifying the matter of thought modify the stem either *concretely* or *abstractly*.

1. Concrete affixes are in the form of suffixes. They either signify (1) an agent or doer, an individual subject of a predication; or (2) a class or kind; or (3) a mass or group. They are further subdivided as they are used to distinguish sex or as diminutives.

2. Abstract affixes modify the stem either in respect of quantity, of property, or of relation.

(a.) The quantity affixes include the privatives and the intensives, which respect more the object expressed by the stem as a thought object — the subjective side of the stem; and the diminutives and augmentatives, which respect more the objective side of the stem — the object in itself, and not as thought.

The quantity affixes and the proper thought affixes are



interchangeable, so that the same affix may be used as a negative, a privative, or a diminutive on the one hand, or as a repetitive, an intensive, or an augmentative on the other. In the enumeration given below, they will be presented in the two classes of 1, *Privatives*; and 2, *Intensives*.

Some of the proper intensive affixes are used to form verbs from adjectives or nouns, which signify *to impart the attribute* denoted by the adjective, noun, or verb; as *be dim*, to *black en*, to impart the quality of dimness or blackness; so *be cloud*, *strength en*, *be spatter*, *burn ish*. The insertion of a vowel element or lengthening it subserves the same purpose.

(b.) The property affixes in the form of prefixes may be regarded in the light of simples compounded with stems, as *mis-* in *misfortune*; *mal-* in *maltreat*; *dys-* in *dyspepsy*; *eu-*, *ev-*, in *eulogy*, *evangelist*. Here belong *allo-*, as in *allopathy*; *hetero-*, as in *heterodoxy*; *bi-*, *bis-*, as in *bisect*, *biscuit*; *demi-*, *semi-*, *hemi-*, as in *demigod*, *semi-weekly*, *hemisphere*; *holo-*, *solo-* (*sol-*), *mono-*, *uni-*, as in *holocaust*, *solitude*, *monogram*, *universe*; *multi-*, *poly-*, as in *multiform*, *polyglot*; *omni-*, *pas-* (*pan-*), as in *omnivorous*, *panorama*; *equi-* in *equidistant*; *primo-* (*prim-*), *proto*, as in *primordial*, *protogenitor*. These affixes, which are mostly of classical origin, it is obvious, may be multiplied indefinitely.

Property suffixes are very numerous. The English language has not only those of its own — its vernacular suffixes, but has naturalized freely from the Latin and French, and also from the Greek.

(c.) The relation affixes appear either in the form of prefixes which are originally prepositions, or of suffixes.

There belongs to the last two classes of affixes, those of property and those of relation, partly to the one, partly to the other, a very peculiar kind of affixes used in inflections and other forms of derivation, called in a stricter

sense, *formatives*. They have a significance, but it is a significance purely conventional, or at least at this stage of progress in language inexplicable. They are either *grammatical* or merely *discriminative*.

§ 42. Grammatical affixes, which are for the most part suffixes, express a modification of the stem in respect to some grammatical property or relation, as of number, of tense, or the like. They consist of single letters, or of several letters, and are joined to stems with or without connecting vowels. Most of them are linguals, as *d*, *t*, *th*, *s*, *st*, *n*, *nd*, *nt*. Besides these are the labial *m*, the guttural *ng*, and the semi-vowel *r*.

*D* and *t* are formative of the past participle, as in *loved*, *past*. Hence are derived nouns denoting results of action, effects, products, as *deed*, that which is done; *sound*, Lat. *sonat um*, the result of the act expressed by the verb *son are*, to sound; *head*, A.-S. *heaf od*, that which is heaved or placed on high; *deceit*, Lat. *deceptum*, the result of deceiving; *weight*, the result of *weighing*.

*T* is also formative of neuters; as *it*, *that*, *what*. Cf. Lat. *id*, *illud*, *quod*.

*Th* was once the usual formative of the 3 pers. sing. pres. indicative of verbs; but has now, except in solemn archaic diction, passed into its cognate *s*. It was once also formative of the plural, but this use was early abandoned. It is also formative of abstract nouns signifying the property, which, in the stem, is expressed as a verb or an adjective; as *growth*, from *grow*; *truth*, from *trow*; *death*, from *die*; *breadth*, from *broad*; *width*, from *wide*. When the stem ends in a guttural, it generally takes *t* instead of *th*, the proper difference in the significance of these affixes being this: that the *t* or *d* expresses the completed act, *th* the continuing action. Thus we have *draught*, a drawing, instead of *draughth*; *flight*, a flying; *drought* from *dry*, A.-S. *drih* and *dri*; *height* or *hight*, from *high*, A.-S. *heah* and *hih*.

*S* is formative of the third person singular of verbs in Modern English ; also of the plural and the genitive singular of nouns. It also formed the genitive singular of adjectives when they were inflected. Hence we have many prepositions, adverbs, and conjunctions, which were originally genitives of nouns or adjectives ; as *inwards*, *towards* ; *besides* ; *sometimes* ; *whiles*, *whilst* ; *anights*, obsolete ; *hereabouts* ; *always* ; *else* (elles) ; *once* (ones), *twice*, *thrice*, *hence*, *thence*, *whence* ; *since* (A.-S. *sithens*).

*St* is formative of superlatives, as *great est*, *most*, *first*, *next*.

*N* is formative of old plurals in nouns, as *ox en*, *children*, *kine*, A.-S. *cyn*, dat. plu. of *cu*, a cow ; and verbs usually by Wycliffe ; also of the A.-S. infinitive, which remains in a few words, as *dawn*, A.-S. *dagian* ; *own*, A.-S. *agan* ; *listen*, A.-S. *litan* ; also of past participle, as *taken*, *torn*, *done*, *been* ; hence of nouns, as *heav en*, that which is *heaved*, or placed on high ; *leaven*, A.-S. *lefan*, to raise ; *corn*, *grain*, from stem *cr-* or *gr-*.

*Nd*, like Lat. *nt*, was formative of present participle and hence of nouns, as *fiend*, *friend*. It early passed into *ng*.

*M* is formative of object case, as *him*, *them* ; also, as in Gr. and Lat., of nouns signifying result of action, as *bloom* the result of *blowing* or *blossoming* ; *sham*, *seam*.

*Ng* is formative of present participle, taking the place of the earlier *nd*, and hence of nouns, denoting action, as *hearing*, *swing*.

*R* is formative of the genitive or possessive case, as *our*, *your*, *her*, *their* ; of pronominal adverbs, as *hither*, *thither*, *whither* ; of the comparative, as *greater*, *more*, *after* ; of nouns signifying agents, as *reap er*.

§ 43. Discriminative affixes simply serve to distinguish one modification of a given thought from another. They have no traceable significance in themselves. We have thus the three words *click*, *clack*, *cluck*, as also *clap*, *clat*, *clatter*, *clang*, and others, distinguishable modifications of the thought expressed by the stem *cl*, *call*, Greek *καλέω* ; A.-S.

*clep an*, *cleopian*, *clypian*; Danish, *kal de*, to call. Why any one of these modifications should be designated as it is to distinguish it from the others, it is impossible to determine with any certainty. So we have *band* and *bond* from a verb, perhaps directly from *to bind*; but, perhaps, like that, from a more simple primitive stem. They have distinguishable meanings; why one meaning should be indicated in one way, and the other in another way, no satisfactory explanation can be given. We can in many cases only fall back on the governing principle in all word-formation, in all construction of language,—the principle which is the essential principle of all thought, of which language is but the embodiment,—the principle of *the same and different*. The *same* in the thought is expressed in the common stem elements; the *different* in the thought is expressed by some different element in the new word-forms.

§ 44. The prefixes in English are:—

1. PRIVATIVES. (a.) Vernacular, **n**, **no**, **not**; **un**; as *n ever*, *n ody*.

(b.) Latin or French, **in**, **i**, **il**, **im**, **ir**, as *in correct*, *i gnorant*, *il literate*, *im modest*, *ir resolute*; **n**, *ne*, *non*, as *n ullity*, *ne uter*, *non plus*.

(c.) Greek, **a**, **an**, as *a theist*, *an odyne*.

2. INTENSIVES, **a**, **e**, **y**, for **ge**, as *a like*, *e nough*, obs. *y wiss*; **a** for A. S. *prep.* **an**, as *a light*; **be**, as *be dim*; **en**, as *en dear*, *en lighten*; **for**, as *forlorn*.

Almost any consonant affixed, whether at the beginning, at the end, or in the middle of verbs, as also almost any relative prefix, any preposition, may be used simply as an intensive.

The participial prefix *ge*, afterwards written *y*, has become obsolete.

3. RELATIVES. (a.) Vernacular, **a** for **an**, as *a sleep* (on sleep); **be**, *by*, as *be sides*, *by stander*; **em**, **en**, as *em mew*, *en girdle*; **for**, **fore**, as *for give*, *fore go*; *fore tell*, *for ward*; **gain**, *against*, as *gain say*; **off**, as *off shoot*; **on**, as *on set*:

**out**, as *out burst*, *out bid*; **to**, as *to morrow*; **un** for **an** or **on**, as *un loose*, *un to*; **under**, as *under lie*; **up**, as *up root* **with**, as *with draw*, *with in*.

(b.) Latin or French, **ad**, **a**, **ac**, **af**, **ag**, **al**, **am**, **an**, **ap**, **ar**, **as**, **at**, *to*, as *ad verse*, *a sperse*, *ac cede*; **ab**, **abs**, **a**, *from*, as *ab hor*, *abs tain*, *a vert*; **ambi**, **amb**, *about*, as *ambi ent*; **ante**, **ant**, *before*, as *ante diluvian*; **circum**, **circu**, *around*, as *circum ference*, *circu it*; **cis**, *on this side of*, as *cis montane*; **con**, **co**, **cog**, **col**, **com**, **cor**, **coun**, *with*, as *con fer*, *co temporary*, *cog nate*, *col late*, *com press*, *cor respond*, *coun tenance*; **contra**, **contro**, **counter**, *against*, as *contra dict*, *contro vert*, *counter mand*; **de**, *down*, *from*, as *de pose*, *de flect*; **dis**, **di**, **dif**, **de**, *apart*, as *dis join*, *di vide*, *dif fuse*, *de lay* (Lat. *di latum*); **en**, see **in**; **ex**, **e**, **ec**, **ef**, *out*, *from*, as *ex tract*, *e lude*, *ec centric*, *ef face*; **extra**, *beyond*, as *extra vagant*; **in**, **il**, **im**, **ir**; **en**, **em**, **indi**, **ind**, *in*, *within*, *on*, *into*, as *in fer*, *illu sion*, *im merse*, *ir radiate*, *en force*, *em ploy*, *indi genous*, *indi gent*; **infra**, *beneath*, as *infra orbital*; **inter**, **intra**, **intro**, **enter**, *between*, *within*, as *inter pose*, *intra tropical*, *intro vert*, *enter prise*; **juxta**, *near*, as *juxta position*; **ob**, **obs**, **oc**, **of**, **op**, **os**, *against*, as *ob vious*, *oc casion*, *of fer*, *op press*, *os tensive*; **per**, *through*, as *per forate*; **post**, *after*, as *post pone*; **pre**, **præ**, *before*, as *pre cede*, *præ nomen*, **præter**, *past*, *beyond*, as *præternatural*; **pro**, **pur**, *be fore*, *for*, as *pro ceed*, *pro noun*, *pur pose*; **re**, **red**, *back*, *again*, *down*, as *re cede*, *re peut*, *re duce*, *red ound*; **retro**, *backwards*, as *retro spect*; **se**, *apart*, as *se cede*; **sine**, **sans**, *without*, as *sine cure*, *sans culotte*; **suc**, **suf**, **sug**, **sum**, **sup**, **sub**, *under*, as *sub marine*, *suc ceed*, *suf fix*, *sug gest*, *sum mon*, *sup press*; **subter**, *under*, as *subterfuge*; **super**, **supra**, **sur**, *over*, as *super sede*, *supra costal*, *sur vive*; **trans**, **tran**, **tra**, *beyond*, *over*, as *trans fer*, *tran scend*, *tra duce*, **ultra**, **ult**, **ulter**, **outr**, *beyond*, as *ultra ist*, *ulter ior*, *outr age*.

(c.) Greek. **apo**, **aph**, *from*, as *apo gee*, *aphe lion*; **amphi**,

*about*, as *amphi theatre* ; **ana, an**, *back, up, again*, as *an alysis* ; **anti, ant, anth**, *against*, as *anti dote, ant acid, anth elmintic* ; **cata, cat, cath**, *down*, as *cata logue, cat optric, cath edral* ; **dia, dea, de**, *through*, as *dia meter, dea con* (διάκονος), *devil* (διάβολος) ; **en, em, in**, as *en grave, emblem* ; **endo, ento**, *within*, *endo carp, ento zoa* ; **epi, ep, eph, on**, as *epi taph, ep enthesi, eph emeral* ; **ex, ec**, *from*, as *ex orcise, ec logue* ; **hyper**, *beyond*, as *hyper borean* ; **hypo**, *under*, as *hypo thesis* ; **is, into**, as *is agogic* ; **meta, meth, with**, *beyond*, as *meta phor, meth od* ; **para, par, pa**, *beside*, as *para phrase, par ody, p alsy* (paralysis) ; **peri**, *around*, as *peri phery* ; **pros, to**, as *pros ody* ; **syn, sy, syl, sym, with**, as *syn cope, sy stem, syl lable, sym metry*.

§ 45. The suffixes in English are :—

I. CONCRETES. 1. *Agent*. (a.) Vernacular, **r, ar, er, or, ster**, as *boo r, li ar, build er, sail or, pun ster*.

(b.) Latin or French, **an, ean, ian, ine**, as *public an, guard ian, jacob ine* ; **ant, ent**, as *rumin ant, resid ent* ; **or, er, eer**, as *orat or, chant er, volunt eer* ; **ary**, as *adversary* ; **at, ate**, as *laure at, advoc ate* ; **ee**, object of an action, as *refer ee*.

(c.) Greek, **ic, iac, ician**, as *crit ic, man iac, logic ian*.

2. *Of Sex*. (a.) Vernacular, **en**, as *vix en* ; **ess**, as *host ess*.

(b.) Latin and French, **ine**, as *hero ine* ; **ix**, as *testatr ix*.

3. *Diminutives*. (a.) Vernacular, **et, let**, as *cask et* ; *eye let* ; **kin**, as *lamb kin* ; **ling**, as *gos ling* ; **ock**, as *hill ock*.

(b.) Latin and French, **cle, cule, ule**, as *canti cle, vermi cule, glob ule*.

4. *Of Mass and Group*, Lat. **age**, as *foli age* ; **ry**, as *caval ry*.

II. ABSTRACTS. 1. *Of Action* (a.) Vernacular, **th, t**, as *grow th, gift* ; **ing**, as *deal ing*.

(b.) Latin and French, **sion, tion**, as *mis sion, ora tion* ; **ure, ture**, as *tons ure, cap ture*.



(c.) Greek, **is**, as *synthe sis*.

2. Of *Quality*. (a.) Vernacular, **head**, **hood**, as *God head*, *false hood*; **ness**, as *feeble ness*.

(b.) Latin and French, **cy**, **ty**, as *clemen cy*, *hones ty*.

(c.) Greek, **ism**, as *patriot ism*; **cy**, **sy**, **ty**, as *idio cy*, *fanta sy*, *poli ty*.

3. Of *Condition*. (a.) Vernacular, **dom**, as *thral dom*; **ship**, as *son ship*.

(b.) Latin and French, **age**, as *vicin age*; **ance**, **ence**, properly, condition of acting, as *govern ance*, *refulg ence*; **ancy**, **ency**, as *arrog ancy*, *transluc ency*; **ment**, the effect of action, the condition of what is effected, as *orna ment*, *amend ment*; **escence**, condition of becoming, as *adolesc ence*.

4. Of *Relation*. (a.) Vernacular, **ing**, **son**, **burn**, as *Brown ing*, son of Brown; *John son*; *Black burn*.

(b.) French and Latin, **ary**, **ory**, place for, as *avi ary*, *darmit ory*.

III. ADJECTIVES. (a.) Vernacular, **en**, as *gold en*; **ch**, like (A.-S. *ylc*), as *such*; **er**, **or**, comparatives; **ern**, as *east ern*; **ese**, as *Chin ese*; **esque**, *pictur esque*; **est**, **st**, superlatives; **ful**, as *mirth ful*; **ing**, as *charm ing*; **y**, as *glass y*; **ish**, as *whit ish*; **less**, as *care less*; **ly**, like, from A.-S. *ylc*, as *friend ly*; **some**, as *frolic some*; **ward**, as *home ward*.

(b.) Latin and French, **ble**, **able**, **ible**, as *a ble*, *service able*, *sens ible*; **ic**, as *public*; **fic**, as *paci fic*; **ceous**, **cious**, **tious**, as *creta ceous*, *capa cious*, *propiti ous*; **id**, as *ar id*; **al**, **il**, **ite**, **le**, **eel**, as *liber al*, *civ il*, *doc ile*, *gent le*, *gent eel*; **nal**, as *ver nal*; **an**, **ain**, **ean**, **ian**, **ane**, **ene**, **ine**, as *urb an*, *plain*, *tartar ean*, *barbar ian*, *mund ane*, *terr ene*, *aquil ine*; **end**, as *rever end*; **cund**, as *fa cund*; **ant**, **ent**, as *rumin ant*, *cog ent*; **ar**, **ary**, **ory**, as *sol ar*, *salut ary*, *transit ory*; **t**, **ate**, **ete**, **ite**, as *stric t*, *orn ate*, *compl ete*, *requis ite*; **ive**, as *active*; **lent**, as *corpulent*; **ose**, **ous**, as *verbose*, *lumin ous*, *ardu ous*; **ple**, **plex**, as *multi ple*, *com plex*; **se**, as *reclu se*.

(c.) Greek, **ac**, **ic**, as *cardi ac*, *ton ic*; **id**, **oid**, as *par-otid*, *conch oid*; **gen**, as *oxy gen*.

IV. VERBS. (a.) Vernacular, **en**, as *wid en*; **er**, as *wav er*.

(b.) Latin and French, **ate**, as *agit ate*; **esce**, as *ef-flor esce*; **fy**, as *magni fy*; **ise**, as *vapor ise*; **ish**, as *pun ish*.

(c.) Greek, **ize**, as *method ize*.

V. ADVERBS. (a.) Vernacular, **ly**, *hearti ly*; **n**, *whē n*; **s**, **ce**, **st**, **xt**, *need s*, *on ce*, *whil st*, *betwi xt*; **ways**, **wise**, as *al ways*, *like wise*.

(b.) Latin or French, **a**, as *extr a*; **tim**, as *verba tim*.

§ 46. III. Word-formation by internal change in the stem, occurs often in the progress of our language, both in connection with affixes or the insertion of new elements, and also by simple change of elements.

1. It takes place by mere transposition of elements, as from A.-S. *wiht*, a creature or thing, we have not only *wight*, a living creature, but by transposition, *whit*, a thing. In this case, there is change of meaning; in other cases, the transposition is without such change; as *bird*, *dirt*, *ask*, etc., were formerly spelled *brid*, *drit*, *axe*, etc.

2. More frequently the elements are more or less changed, giving rise to additional words, or simply displacing existing words. We have thus a great many pairs or groups of words which were originally the same, but assuming different orthographies for some reason or another, have been appropriated to different uses or meanings. For instance, we have *bank*, *bench*; *brat*, *brood*, *breed*; *drill*, *thrill*, *trill*; *lurk*, *lurch*; *tongs*, *tongues*; *deal*, *dole*; *evil*, *ill*; *other*, *or*; *of*, *off*; *outer*, *utter*; *also*, *as*; *thorough*, *through*; *naught*, *not*; *wagon*, *wain*; *screw*, *shrew*; *shipper*, *skipper*; *guise*, *wise*; *gage*, *wage*. So of Latin and French origin, in some cases the spelling of one of the pair following the Latin, that of the other, the French; *balm*, *balsam*; *costume*, *custom*; *coffin*, *coffer*; *cadence*, *chance*; *captive*, *caitiff*; *corps*, *corpse*; *quiet*, *coy*; *imply*, *employ*; *genius*, *engine*;

*fact, feat ; faction, fashion ; gentle, genteel ; history, story ; legal, loyal ; pass, pace ; penitence, penance ; secure, sure ; singular, single.*

§ 47. IV. Word-formation by change of use is a prominent feature in the history of the English language. Words have changed their meaning. 1. Many of these changes have taken place under the necessary influence of an advance of intelligence and science. As more objects are observed, classes are enlarged in their extension, and embrace more individuals or species. It becomes necessary to use words denoting parts of these enlarged classes, and the word originally applied to the whole class is restricted to a part. Thus *heart* was once used to include the principle of intelligence and of choice as well as of proper affection. So on the other hand, attribute-words, abstracts, are enlarged in their comprehension as new characters are observed included in the attributes to which they were first applied ; and the necessity arises here also of restricting the meaning. Shakespeare thus uses *success* to include bad as well as good result ; *honesty* with him means honorable quality generally, not merely uprightness ; *prevent* he employs in the sense of anticipating generally, not in the narrower sense of so anticipating as to hinder. So everywhere, words are ever becoming, in the progress of intelligence, restricted in their meaning, and thus is necessitated the introduction of new words. The vocabulary of every people that is advancing in civilization must ever be increasing.

It must be admitted further that while most of the changes that occur in language come to be under general laws, as truly so as the manifold diversities in the form and color of the leaves of the same species of tree, there is yet seemingly an element of caprice, of wild imagination, or it may be of blundering stolidity often at work in the formation of speech. Mrs. Partington is a true type of this capricious force in forming words or in changing their form and use. Some resemblance in sound, in written

form, or in signification is assumed, and on that is built up a new form or a new use, which often is accepted by the community, and a new word in form or meaning is established in the language. We have thus *bride groom*, for *bride gum* (A.-S. *guma*, a man); *shame faced*, for *shamefast*; *sparrow grass*, for *asparagus*; *free mason*, for *frère maçon*, (*brother mason*). We can only in such cases fall back on the fundamental principle of all thought, of all language, — the principle of *partial identity*, — of *the same* and *the different*; and bear in mind also, in applying this principle, that in some cases only a wild fancy or a blundering simplicity would alight on the resemblance on which the word-change is started.

2. But, again, words have changed their grammatical use. Thus primitive concretes and also attribute-words — original nouns and adjectives — are in English freely used as verbs without change of form. Thus in the following extract we have exemplifications of three verbs from nouns without change of form, except by inflection: “The boulder masses which *hillock* its peaks and *stream* down its *fissured* sides,” etc. The tendency to use nouns thus as verbs has been in recent times very strong, till it has well nigh become a law of the language legitimating such use in the case of any noun. Formerly the same freedom seems to have been allowed in using adjectives as verbs. Thus Wycliffe, Matt. xviii. 4: “Therefore who ever *mekith* him,” etc.; and xxvi. 45: “Lo, the our hath *nyghede*,” and Luke xiv. 11: “For eche that enhauncith hym shall be *lowid*; and he that *mekith* hym shall be *highid*.” So Chaucer, in Tale of Melibeus: “Wole ye that I go and *meke* me.” In like manner, adjectives were used for adverbs; but this practice seems to have reached its limit. If we may use *first* as an adverb, we are forbidden by the best authority from using *second*, *third*, etc., as adverbs. Most form-words, likewise, as prepositions, conjunctions, and auxiliaries, have arisen from notion-words in this change of grammatical use.

§ 48. In this connection it will be proper to advert to the principles under which word-changes take place, or entirely new words are admitted into the English vocabulary, both in respect to the occasions or necessities which prompt the change or the admission, and the rules that preside over the change.

The changes in the vocabulary of our language may, for the most part at least, be referred, in respect to the prompting occasion, to one or the other of the following principles :

1. The principle of *new needs*. The changes in the people speaking a given language, in their condition and relations, in their advancement or decline ; their change of government, of pursuits, of customs, of associations generally, necessitate corresponding changes in their language. Old words become useless, and are dropped out ; new words come in. Mr. Marsh, in his Seventh Lecture on the English Language,<sup>1</sup> says : “ I think it safe to say that the substitution of cotton for linen and the supply of tissues by large manufacturing establishments instead of by domestic labor, have alone driven out of use seven or eight per cent. of the words which formed the staple of household conversation in the agricultural districts of the Northern States. Similar changes have taken place, though not so recently, in the domestic dialect of England, and indeed of the principal Continental countries.” Such an influence of but one of the causes of change in words forcibly exemplifies the general fact of the ever-changing character of a vocabulary as occasioned by the change in the character and condition of the people that use it.

2. The principle of *euphemism*. It is characteristic of a refined society, that words used in offensive significations or associations are avoided, and others are used instead, less objectionable in this respect. In this way old vulgar words became obsolete ; and the replacing words, at first unexceptionable, gradually became vulgarized and them

<sup>1</sup> Marsh's *Lectures on the English Language*, p. 270.

selves finally disappear in the same way. This seeming degeneracy in words proves the advancing refinement of the people. The English vocabulary shows a great change in this respect. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope, used words that if understood would now shock a sensibility not over-nice, although used in the most refined society in their times. The King James version of the Bible has many expressions, once not offensive, that have become thus vulgarized. *Lewd*, thus meant only *uneducated*, *lay*, in opposition to *clerical*; *wanton*, meant *sportive*; *damn*, *condemn*. Generation after generation of the grosser words have passed away in the history of our vocabulary; and the changing process goes on still.

It is to be remarked in this connection that words of Latin origin are less plain, and for this reason often less offensive, than proper vernacular words. This principle of euphemism has accordingly replaced old Saxon words with words of Latin stock. The principle reaches also all foreign words, as well as Latin.

3. The principle of *emphasis*. There is a universal, a natural propensity to use the strongest expressions which a language furnishes—to intensify as far as is allowed. Hence tamer words drop from use, giving way to intenser expressions. *Not*, the compound of *ne* and *aught*, anything, has, as before mentioned, displaced the simple negative. So affixed words are often substituted for their simples, as *begin* for *gin*, *unloose* for *loose*. Certain elements of a word are sometimes doubled for stronger expression. Of these reduplicate forms, Professor Gibbs<sup>1</sup> gives the following instances: *bibble-babble*, *chit-chat*, *click-clack*, *crincum-crancum*, *dilly-dally*, *ding-dong*, *dingle-dangle*, *fiddle-faddle*, *flim-flam*, *gew-gaw*, *gibble-gabble*, *giffe-gaffe*, *knick-knack*, *mingle-mangle*, *mist-mast*, *pintle-pantle*, *pit-a-pat*, *prittle-prattle*, *riff-raff*, *see-saw*, *shilly-shally*, *shim-sham*, *sing-song*, *skimble-skamble*, *slip-slop*, *snip-snap*, *tick-tack*, *tittle-tattle*, *twittle-twattle*, *whim-wham*, *zig-zag*.

<sup>1</sup> *Teutonic Etymologies*, pp. 57-62.



4. The principle of *parsimony*. The propensity to abbreviate expression, to omit letters, syllables, modifying words, so far as possible, was more active in the early stages of the English language than now, yet still exists. Many compounds with abbreviated simples have become obsolete. Thus in "Piers Ploughman" we find *artow*, art thou; *sestow*, seest thou; *slepestow*, sleepest thou; *woltow*, wilt thou; in Wycliffe, *noot*, know not; *upsodown*, upside down, also used by Piers Ploughman and Chaucer. Instances of the operation of this principle are *furlong* (furrow long), *grant* (guaranty), *palsy* (paralysis), *cab* (cabriolet), *phiz* (physiognomy), *tick* (etiquette). Modifying words also are dropped. Thus Latimer says correctly *old-aged*; we use *aged* in the same sense. *Century* is used without the modifying words once used, and, according to its etymology, necessary for exact expression. *Corpse* meant simply *body*. Chaucer, accordingly, "Legende of Goode Women," ver. 677, wrote: "this dede corps," in order to limit its meaning to his use — *this dead body*.

5. The principle of *euphony*. Under this principle, words difficult of enunciation, or unpleasant to the ear, have been dropped, and changes have been wrought in the forms of other words. Milton used *schismless*, *strippd'st*. Shakespeare has *distraught*, and *bestraught*, *skinker*, *slubber*; Spenser has *ewghen*, *counterfesaunce*; Chaucer, *altherlevest*, *ferforthely*, *swound*, *quoke*, *exorcisations*, etc.

6. The principle of *discrimination*. Under this principle, words originally synonymous have become appropriated to different uses, as already noticed. The diverse origin of the English people and the English vocabulary gives the language a great advantage in the application of this principle. Thus, after the Norman conquest, words of Anglo-Saxon origin were applied to those uses with which the Anglo-Saxon people were more conversant while Latin or French words, meaning the same thing, were appropriated to the uses with which the Norman

French invaders were familiar. The A.-S. *sheep* and *Fr. mouton* denoted the same object; but the Saxon rustic was more familiar with the living animal in the field; the French lord knew it best in the larder or on the table. So *ox, beef; stool, chair; wagon, carriage*, etc. This principle has a very wide application. Under its operation, our vocabulary has become so enriched as to enable us to discriminate shades of meaning to an extent unequaled by any other language. Even words from the Greek are discriminated from corresponding words from the Latin; as *fancy, fantasy*, from the Greek is discriminated from *imagination* from the Latin. A few pairs of words taken at random will serve to illustrate the extent of the operation of this principle; as *bough, branch; limb, member; wish, desire; dread, terror; only, unique; luck, fortune; work, labor; feeling, sentiment; sweat, perspiration; robbery, depredation; murder, homicide; wonderful, admirable; lying, mendacious; daily, diurnal, journal*. We find, in fact, that while for the uses of common life, for denoting sensible and individual objects, the things of daily experience and closest familiarity, the near connections of kindred, the specific acts of life, and the form-words of speech as well as for strong and pithy expression, words of Anglo-Saxon origin are generally used, those of French or classic origin are employed for the generic, the scientific, and technical, and for colder, tamer expression.

§ 49. As to the rules that preside over the introduction of new words into the English vocabulary, while words from any foreign source come with little difficulty into the language, the way is entirely open and clear for words from the Latin and the Greek. Scarcely the slightest hindrance is presented to the admission of any word from these sources which any real or imagined need in speaking can require. Moreover, the English language, like the English-speaking people, is characterized by its readiness to admit on the easiest terms of naturalization. At first,

the foreign word is received in its native sound, as near as English organs can utter it, in its native spelling, and in its native meaning. When received, the new word becomes subject to the wear of English analogies. It allows its accent to move back to a preceding syllable ; it gradually conforms the sounds of vowels and consonants to English habit ; it assumes a more English orthography ; it submits to such service in expressing thought as the new associations may impose. While this process is going on, we have the common experience in English speech of variant and unsettled use in respect of pronunciation, of spelling, and also of meaning ; we have, too, a truly hybrid pronunciation and spelling, partly English and partly foreign. The word *depot*, thus, is pronounced and spelled neither wholly according to English nor according to French analogy, and has a meaning greatly restricted from its native sense.

Under this easy naturalization, it is not strange that the English vocabulary is composite, and also copious beyond any other tongue. As hybridism between vernacular and classical stems and affixes is allowed with little restriction, the exact distribution of our words in respect of their lineage is rendered well nigh impracticable, as also to a less degree by the fact that often the foreign primitive has become so worn and transformed in English use that it is doubtful whether the emigrant has not lost its identity. The revised edition of the "American Dictionary," published in 1864, contains upwards of 114,000 words. Probably not one half of these are to be found in use in general literature ; the others are scientific, technical, or provincial. There are not more than fifteen thousand different words in Shakespeare ; not more than eight thousand in Milton's poems ; less than six thousand in the King James version of the Bible. The numerical proportion of words from the sciences is, of course, ever varying. It differs not less in different authors than in the whole vocabulary at different periods. Approximate estimates have been made of this

proportion. Dean Trench estimated that of the whole English vocabulary, about sixty per cent. of the words are properly Anglo-Saxon; about thirty per cent. Latin and French; five per cent. Greek; and five per cent. from miscellaneous sources. Mr. Marsh<sup>1</sup> estimates that the whole vocabulary of the English Bible and of Shakespeare contains about sixty per cent. of Anglo-Saxon, while that of Milton contains less than thirty-three per cent. But in the actual use of words the percentage of Anglo-Saxon words rises much higher. Thus from passages examined, it appears that the New Testament has over ninety per cent. of Anglo-Saxon; Shakespeare nearly the same proportion; Milton over eighty per cent.

<sup>1</sup> Lecture VI.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### PUNCTUATION.

§ 50. POINTS in literature are marks or characters other than letters or numeral figures, introduced in the progress of literature to help the expression of the thought in writing or printing. - The present system of literary punctuation was chiefly determined by three celebrated printers in Venice of the name of Manutius; Aldus the father, Paulus the son, and Aldus (the younger) the grandson, who successively conducted the printing business in Venice from 1490 to 1584. Additions, however, to the points in use and changes in the mode of using them have been made from time to time, till now it has become convenient to classify them more exactly in reference to the different purposes for which they are used. Four distinct classes may now be distinguished: *Etymological*, *Grammatical*, *Rhetorical*, and *Typographical*.

1. ETYMOLOGICAL POINTS are used to indicate something in regard to the formation, use, or omission of words or parts of words. They are the Apostrophe ('); the Caret (^); the Diæresis (¨); Marks of Quantity (˘ ˘); Marks of Accent (˘ ˘ ^); the Hyphen (-); and the Period (.).

2. GRAMMATICAL POINTS are used to show the degree of separation between sentences or parts of sentences. They are the Paragraph (¶); the Period (.); the Colon (:); the Semi-Colon (;); and the Comma (,).

3. PROPER RHETORICAL POINTS are used to indicate something in the character of the thought expressed. They are the Exclamation Point (!); the Interrogation Point (?).

the Dash (—); the Quotation Marks, which are either Double (“ ”) or Single (‘ ’); Marks of Parenthesis ( ); and Brackets [ ].

4. The **TYPOGRAPHICAL POINTS**, also called **Points of Reference**, are used to refer the reader to some other place in the page or the book. They are the Asterisk (\*); the Obelisk or Dagger (†); the Double Obelisk (‡); the Section (§); Parallels (||); and the Paragraph (§§). Letters and figures are used for the same purpose.

See “Art of Composition,” Appendix No. I., §§ 512-551, for the Rules of Punctuation.



## CHAPTER IX.

### PROSODY.

§ 51. PROSODY is the doctrine of the form of discourse as form. As poetry differs from prose in this, that the form rules in it, prosody is correctly defined as the doctrine of poetical form. See "Art of Discourse," §§ 24–27.

Poetic form may respect the thought or the verbal body of the thought. We have accordingly such a poetic form as the Hebrew *Parallelism* where the recurring form of the thought is the proper poetic element; as well as also those more familiar kinds in which the poetic form lies in the verbal element of discourse.

The verbal form of poetry may lie in the quality of the sound, in mere *assonance*, or in the time and force of the sound, that is, in the *accentuation*.

Of assonance we have two leading varieties: 1. *Alliteration*, or recurrence of the same alphabetic element at the beginning of a syllable or word — initial assonance; 2. *Rhyme*, or recurrence of the same sound at the end of a syllable or word — terminal assonance.

The poetic form lying in accentuation is *Rhythm*.

But poetic form may lie in the poem considered as a whole, as well as in the two elements of discourse — the idea and the verbal body. The poem may be viewed as a single whole, and may have a certain form as such, or as consisting of parts having a like form. We recognize, accordingly, such poetic forms as the *sonnet* and the like, — kinds of poems which have a law presiding over the form of the construction; and, also, parts of poems of a like form called *stanzas*, *strophes*, and *antistrophes*, etc.

Such is the relationship between the different generic kinds of poetic forms, giving the logical ground of classification and enumeration. These generic forms, so far as occurring prominently in English poetic literature, are presented in order in the following sections with their respective subdivisions.

§ 52. *ALLITERATION* is the poetic form of initial assonance. It was a prominent characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry and gave law to the verse; it abounds in Spenser and in all our poets, so far as they excel in the oral properties of style.

§ 53. *RHyme* is the poetic form of terminal assonance. It generally appears only at the end of a verse, or of a leading part of a verse.

Rhyme is called *perfect* when like vowel sounds in the last accented syllables are followed by like alphabetic sounds, and preceded by unlike consonant sounds.

It is said to be *imperfect* when the vowel sounds in the last accented syllables are unlike, or are followed by unlike alphabetic sounds, or are preceded by like consonant sounds.

Rhymes, further, are *successive*, when they occur on successive verses; *alternate*, when they occur on alternate verses; or *interrupted*, when more than one verse intervenes between the rhyming verses.

Rhymes, moreover, are *single*, *double*, or *triple*, according as the assonance is confined to one syllable, or is extended to two or to three syllables.

In the following stanza from Coleridge's "Ode on Dejection," the first and second verses exemplify a *perfect* and also *successive* rhyme; the third and fifth are *imperfect* and also *alternate* rhyme; the ninth taken with the last two, *perfect* and *interrupted* rhyme:—

"'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:  
Full seldom may my friends such vigils keep!  
Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,

And may this storm be but a mountain-birth ;  
 May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,  
 Silent as though they watched the sleeping earth !  
 With light heart may she rise,  
 Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,  
 Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice :  
 To her may all things live, from Pole to Pole,  
 Their life the eddying of her living soul !  
 O simple spirit guided from above,  
 Dear Lady ! friend devoutest of my choice,  
 Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice."

§ 54. RHYTHM is the poetic form lying in accentuation. It consists essentially in the regular recurrence of accented syllables.

An accented syllable, with the unaccented syllables either preceding or following that are associated with it, make up a poetic *measure*. The regular recurrence of a certain number of poetic measures forms a poetic *verse*. Verses are distinguished accordingly from one another by the number of measures of which they are constituted. Verses of one measure each are called *monometers* ; of two measures, *dimeters* ; of three, *trimeters* ; of four, *tetrameters* ; of five, *pentameters* ; of six, *hexameters*, etc.

Moreover, a verse that drops off the unaccented syllable or syllables at the end is said to be *Catalectic* — incomplete ; while one that adds on an unaccented syllable or syllables is called *Hypercatalectic*. A verse regularly constituted in this respect is called *Acatalectic*.

A poetic measure may have an indeterminate number of unaccented syllables associated with the accented syllable. Anglo-Saxon verse thus was composed of measures of varying number of unaccented syllables. A poetic measure of a determinate number of unaccented syllables is a poetic *foot*.

There are various kinds of poetic feet distinguished from one another : 1, in respect of the number of unaccented syllables joined with the accented syllable ; and 2, in respect of the position of the unaccented syllables, whether

before or after the accented syllable. The following are the leading varieties occurring in English poetry.

1. The *Iambus*, consisting of one unaccented and one accented syllable ; as *contain, repose*.

2. The *Trochee*, consisting of one accented and one unaccented syllable ; as *gentle, taper*.

3. The *Dactyl*, consisting of one accented and two unaccented syllables ; as *mariner, wandering*.

4. The *Anapest*, consisting of two unaccented and one accented syllable ; as *overlook, disregard*.

5. The *Amphibrach*, consisting of one unaccented, one accented, and one unaccented syllable ; as *remember, immortal*.

6. The *Pæon*, consisting of four syllables, one of which is accented. It is of course of four forms, according as the accented syllable is the first, second, third, or fourth ; as *consequently, embarrassing, comprehension, overabound*.

There are other kinds of poetic feet to be found, chiefly imitations of classical feet, the constituent syllables in which differed in quantity as long and short, not as English poetical feet, the constituent syllables in which differ in accentuation.

The various combinations of these poetical feet constitute so many varieties of verse. We have, accordingly, verses that are iambic monometers, iambic dimeters, etc., as also trochaic monometers, dimeters, etc., and so of the other feet.

The iambic pentameter, that is, the verse made up of five iambic feet, has been the chosen verse in our great poems, and has been known under the name of the *Heroic* verse. The iambic hexameter verse is called *Alexandrine*.

§ 55. A STANZA is a part of a poem consisting of a like number of like verses.

As the possible combinations of feet and verses are well nigh unlimited, there can be no enumeration of the different kinds of stanzas. Our literature is growing ever richer

in these varieties. Several forms of the stanza, however, have gained special denominations.

*Rhymes Royal*, is the name of the stanza of the "Clerkes Tale" in Chaucer. It is composed of seven heroics, the first and third, the second, fourth, and fifth, and the last two verses rhyming.

*Ottava Rima* is a stanza of eight heroic verses, with alternate rhymes, except the last two verses, which are successive.

The *Spenserian Stanza* consists of eight heroics and one Alexandrine verse. The first and third verses rhyme; the second, fourth, fifth, and seventh; and the sixth, eighth, and ninth.

*Gay's Stanza* is composed of four iambic trimeters, with alternate rhymes, the odd ones being in double rhymes.

The *Elegiac Stanza* consists of four heroics in alternate rhymes.

The *Ballad Stanza* consists of four iambic verses in alternate rhymes, the odd verses being tetrameters, the even verses trimeters. It is the Common Meter of sacred lyrics.

§ 56. The *Sonnet* is the only regular form of a poem as a whole, which requires notice. It consists of fourteen heroics with interrupted rhymes.

Sonnets appeared early in Provençal literature. They were much cultivated in Italy, Petrarch having left over three hundred, and Tasso over one thousand. They were also found in the earlier literature of Spain and Germany, as well as of England. In France the *bouts rimés* seem to have hindered the introduction of them.

The Italian sonnet consisted of two quatrains and two tercets, or two parts of four verses each, and two of three verses each. The earlier English sonnet consisted of three quatrains and one couplet. The later English sonnet varies greatly in the law of the rhyme, which is the element that connects the parts. Sometimes the law of the rhyme extends through the sonnet, except the last two

verses, making the sonnet very compact. Sometimes the sonnet is made up of distichs of alternate rhymes. In the Italian sonnet, which Milton adopts as his model, the two quatrains are bound together by the rhyme extending through them, and the two tercets are similarly connected.

§ 57. A very important element affecting poetic form is the *cæsura*, which consists in a division of a poetic foot or verse by the interruption of the sense. It is of the two kinds: —

1. The *cæsura* of the Foot, in which parts of the same foot are separated by a suspension of the voice in a reading that properly renders the sense.

2. The *cæsura* of the Verse, in which such a pause divides the verse.

It varies in strength according as the interruption of the thought is greater or less.

As the principle of poetic harmony requires that the verbal form should coincide with the thought, the violations of this law are faulty, except when introduced for some urgent reason, as for the sake of variety, or of energy. Where, however, partial suspensions of the sense are introduced in coincidence with the regular divisions of the voice, the poetic harmony is not disturbed and the effect of the *cæsura* is very pleasing. Thus the *cæsura* of the verse at the end of the second foot, and the *cæsura* of the foot on the fifth syllable of an heroic verse generally make the poetic form more perfect. But it is more or less faulty when the divisions of the feet, or of the verses, or of the couplets, or of the stanzas, do not correspond with the divisions of the thought. To carry the sentence over incomplete, thus, from one stanza to another is a serious fault; as it is to separate the closely connected parts of the sentence by the verse. At all events, some higher object, as the better presentation of the thought, must be recognized to justify such disagreement between the idea and the outer poetic form.



## CHAPTER X.

### ORATORY.

§ 58. ORATORY is discourse addressed to a present audience. It implies at once a speaker and a hearer in immediate communication. It has two grand departments, according as its ultimate and governing end or object is to be accomplished *in* the mind addressed or only *through* it. The leading branches in these two grand departments are sacred or pulpit oratory in the first; and in the second, forensic oratory, including the two kinds of judicial and deliberative or parliamentary. See "Art of Discourse," Introduction, Chapter IV. English oratory has a grand history in each of these departments.

§ 59. In pulpit eloquence, which took the lead, Hugh Latimer, 1475–1555, is the earliest of distinction whose discourses have been preserved. He was a learned, earnest, droll but powerful preacher. Richard Hooker, 1534–1600, is better known as the author of "Ecclesiastical Polity," from which an extract has been given in the First Part, profound and yet clear in thought, and forcible as well as pure and rhythmical in diction. In the following century, appear the great names of Joseph Hall, warm in his piety, rich in his conceits, and silvery in style; William Chillingworth, remarkable for perspicuity and severest logic in reasoning; Thomas Fuller, sententious and quaint; Jeremy Taylor, of great learning, luxuriant imagination, and flowing, even redundant diction; Isaac Barrow, whose masterly discourses are characterized by their exactness of method, accuracy of discrimination, richness of invention, and preg

nant brevity of style; Robert Leighton, a divine of heavenly spirit and admirable simplicity and sweetness of expression; John Tillotson, clear, forcible, but wanting in all the oral properties of discourse, in melody, in rhythm, and in harmony; Edward Stillingfleet, sound in judgment and energetic in utterance; Robert South, reputed to be the wittiest of divines; and Richard Baxter, earnest, instructive, practical. The eighteenth century is less prolific in pulpit oratory. It presents, however, the eminent names of Joseph Butler, Isaac Watts, Philip Doddridge, Thomas Sherlock, Robert Lowth, and Robert Hall, besides the eloquent Whitefield and Wesley, and the illustrious American theologian and preacher, Jonathan Edwards. The nineteenth century abounds in sacred oratory, and affords master-pieces in all the several departments of eloquence, so that the student of sacred eloquence may find models of excellence in any desired attribute of discourse. The further progress in this branch of our literature will hardly be in advancing any one characteristic of pulpit eloquence beyond existing exemplars, but in the fuller and richer combination of excellences already exemplified.

§ 60. Forensic has entered far less than sacred oratory into the permanent literature of our tongue. Eloquence is essentially a matter of the time, the occasion. Its divinest strains pass away on the fleeting air, and its traces are at best but faint and dim. Of the early periods of English literature we have preserved no remains of high oratory.

In judicial eloquence, we read of those legal luminaries in the reign of James I., Sir Edward Coke, Francis Bacon, and Thomas Fleming, who were contemporaries. Among them the last named stood highest as an orator by general consent at the time, yet his name is hardly known to his own profession at the present day. Successors to this high renown as advocates are the rare names of Sir Matthew Hale, 1609–1676, Lord Mansfield, 1705–1792, and Thomas Erskine, 1750–1823, preëminently the greatest of British advo-

cates. To this brief list add the names of Lord Ellenborough, Lord Brougham, Sir Samuel Romilly, and the Irish Curran and Plunkett, and the record seems complete of the very eminent judicial orators of Great Britain. The American Bar has a much more recent but hardly less brilliant history, and the judicial speeches of William Wirt, 1772-1834, Daniel Webster, 1782-1852, Rufus Choate, 1799-1859, and Seargent S. Prentiss, 1808-1850, have become incorporated into the permanent forms of our literature.

§ 61. In deliberative, that is to say here, in parliamentary eloquence, the first of British orators whose oratory has been sufficiently preserved for study and, perhaps, the first in oratorical power, is the elder Pitt, Lord Chatham, 1708-1778, whose eloquence was not that of argument and elaborated thought, but of vehemence and of action. A diligent student of Spenser and of Barrow, his diction was pure and expressive, as well as easy and fluent. His thought was rapid and abrupt, flashing rather than radiant, impetuous and imperious. His outward manner, his voice, his attitude and gesticulation, his action, was a gifted nature improved and perfected by most assiduous culture. His son, William Pitt, the younger, 1759-1806, succeeding by a short interval, rivaled his father's eminence in the House of Commons. Inheriting a mind of rare vigor and capacity, he was placed under a most careful training and discipline. His first speech in parliament at the early age of twenty-one, two years after his father's death, was a triumph, prompting Burke to say he was "not a chip of the old block, but the old block itself." His oratory was in strong contrast with that of his father, not fervid and electric, but on the contrary cold, studied, dignified. Lucid, argumentative, polished, he was ever self-possessed and temperate. His contemporary and rival, Charles James Fox, 1749-1806, less logical than Pitt, surpassed him in the warmth, the earnestness, the passionate outflow of his eloquence.

He has been regarded as the British Demosthenes. If less effective as a speaker before a listening assembly, much higher as a literary orator must be ranked another star in this brilliant constellation of parliamentary eloquence, Edmund Burke, 1730-1797. More learned, more philosophical, more imaginative, he was too much of a scholar, too much of a philosopher, too much of a poet, to be successful in the highest degree, in the arena of eloquence. His speeches, listened to with little enthusiasm, will be read with delighted interest and profit by every student of English oratory. In this bright group stands also uneclipsed by the great lights around him, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 1751-1816, the dramatist as well as orator, whose speech before the House of Lords in the great trial of Warren Hastings, Burke pronounced "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition." To this illustrious list must still be added the names of Grattan, Canning, and Brougham whose speeches have worthily enriched the parliamentary literature of Great Britain. In the American legislative halls, the more conspicuous names in our oratorical literature are Patrick Henry, 1736-1797, Fisher Ames, 1758-1808, John Randolph, 1773-1833, John C. Calhoun, 1782-1850, Henry Clay, 1777-1852, Daniel Webster 1782-1852, Edward Everett, 1794-1865, each a model in his own peculiar style of oratory.

## CHAPTER XI.

### HISTORY.

§ 62. HISTORY proper, as distinguished from mere annals on the one hand and philosophical history on the other, finds a large and an honorable place in English literature. In its several departments of history in the stricter sense, or the narrative of national progress and of biography and travels, this kind of discourse has been diligently and successfully elaborated. In philosophical history, English Literature has a well nigh unoccupied field before it.

Proper History had its beginning nobly signalized by the great work of Sir Walter Raleigh, 1552–1618, the “History of the World,” from the creation to the conquest of Asia and Macedonia by the Romans, — a monument of industry, as of literary taste and ability. A half century afterwards appeared the “History of the Rebellion,” by Lord Clarendon; and soon after, 1679, the first volume of Bishop Burnet’s “History of the Reformation,” the third volume of which was published in 1714. After another half century appeared in quick chronological succession, the three great historians of the eighteenth century, David Hume, who wrote a voluminous “History of England,” 1754–1761; William Robertson, who published his “History of Scotland” in 1759; his “History of Charles V.” in 1769, and his “History of America” in 1777; and Edward Gibbon, who, as he tells us in his admirable Autobiography, “wrote the last lines of the last page” of his great “History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,” “on the day, or rather night of the 27th of June, 1787.” The nineteenth

century has been prolific in proper historical discourse of the highest rank and merit. It has introduced into our permanent classical literature Grote's "History of Greece;" Arnold's "History of Rome;" Hallam's "View of the State of Europe in the Middle Ages," "Constitutional History of England," and "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries;" and the brilliant histories of the age following the discovery of America by the three American historians, Irving, Prescott, and Motley. Washington Irving, 1783-1859, who first of the three entered this field of historic research, published his "History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," in 1828, which was followed by his "Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus." William H. Prescott, 1796-1859, published his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" in 1837; his "History of the Conquest of Mexico" in 1843; his "Conquest of Peru" in 1847; and his "History of the Reign of Philip II." in 1855-1858. John Lothrop Motley, b. 1814, published his "Rise of the Dutch Republic" in 1856, and his "United Netherlands" in 1860-1867.

§ 63. In Biographical Literature, all along down from its beginnings with the classic Lives of Donne, Richard Hooker, and George Herbert, by Izaak Walton, to the most recent times, works are found of eminent worth and of lasting fame. The leading poets and writers in other departments of prose have entered this field, and left proud monuments of their genius. Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, and Robert Southey, Samuel Johnson, Macaulay, and Irving are but the few among the many. But in grand distinction from all other English biographies stands the "Life of Samuel Johnson" by James Boswell, of which it is sufficient to quote the opinion of Macaulay: "Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is



the first of biographers. He has no second. He has distanced all his competitors so decidedly, that it is not worth while to place them."

In the coördinate field of travels and voyages there is the same luxuriant product. With much diversity of literary excellence there is little of classical preëminence, and the point of attraction and ground of selection are to be found chiefly in the character of the subject.

## CHAPTER XII.

### SCIENTIFIC DISCOURSE.

§ 64. THE two familiar departments of Scientific Discourse, as given by the nature of the subject of which they treat, are (1) Physical, treating of matter in its attributes, its forms, relations, and laws — the sensible world; and (2) Metaphysical, treating of the rational spirit, its attributes, its conditions, and functions. But the material world can be subject of knowledge, of science, only as it is shaped and moved by mind, and as the human spirit acts out its own proper life only through physical organs, the history of our scientific literature cannot well be given, without needless repetition and confusion, in strictly following this line of discrimination between physical and metaphysical discourse. Much less can the lines of subordinate demarcation between the branches and remoter ramifications of these several departments be closely followed. The succession of authors who have made permanent contributions to our scientific literature, only as generally and rather vaguely distinguished in these several departments, will be presented.

§ 65. The highest of all the departments of science — the science of theology — has been most fully and perhaps most successfully cultivated. In this field, going no farther back than the seventeenth century, taking in, however, the illustrious Hooker already noticed, who died in the first year of this century, we find first Bishop Joseph Hall, before mentioned; William Chillingworth, the author of "The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation,"

of which Locke said, "the constant reading of Chillingworth will both teach perspicuity and the way of right reasoning better than any work I know;" Jeremy Taylor; Ralph Cudworth, whose principal work is "The Intellectual System of the Universe;" Isaac Barrow; Robert Leighton; Philip Doddridge; Joseph Butler, whose immortal work, "The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature," is for all times; William Paley, the ever popular writer of "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," "Horæ Paulinæ," "Evidences of Christianity," and "Natural Theology;" and Jonathan Edwards the elder, who stands paired in intellectual strength and acumen with the author of the "Analogy."

§ 66. In the science of the human spirit, our literature may be regarded as beginning with Lord Bacon, who, although his great philosophical work, the "Organon," was composed in Latin, wrote in English his treatise, which he regarded as the first part in relation to the "Organon" as the second part of one comprehensive plan, entitled, "Of the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human." This, with his famous "Essays," is a foundation stone in our literature. Contemporary with Bacon was Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, 1588-1679, whose leading work was entitled, "Leviathan: or, the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical, and Civil." He wrote also a small treatise on Human Nature, and a letter on Liberty and Necessity. The next great name in metaphysical authorship is John Locke, 1632-1704. His most celebrated work is the "Essay concerning Human Understanding." Besides his publications on political and theological subjects, he left a tract "On the Conduct of the Understanding." Contemporary with Locke was Robert Boyle, 1627-1671, a voluminous writer on metaphysical, theological, and political subjects. In the next age appeared Lord Shaftesbury, 1671-1713, and Bishop Berkeley, 1684-1753, both leaving ineffaceable impressions on British

metaphysical science. After this period the Scotch mind leads the way in this department of science. After Francis Hutcheson, born in Ireland but educated in Glasgow, came David Hume, Adam Smith, Henry Home (Lord Kames), James Beattie, Archibald Alison, and that illustrious succession of Edinburgh metaphysicians, Thomas Reid, Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown, and Sir William Hamilton, the most eminent of all. In England appeared also men who labored successfully in this field, as David Hartley, Richard Price, Abraham Tucker, Joseph Priestley, and the more recent writers, Sir James Mackintosh, a Scotch man by birth and education, James Mill, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

§ 67. The literature of Physical Science, with which may be associated that of mathematical science both pure and applied, is valued more in respect of its content, its subject-matter, than of its literary character. It would hardly be just, if practicable, to enumerate the labors in this field and grade them according to their proper literary merit. Their works will be sought and appreciated rather for what they present that is new or excellent than for the form in which this is done, or for the influence they have had on the progress or present character of our literature. It must suffice to say that while the physical sciences have had for the most part but a recent origin, the British and Anglo-American mind has been most prolific in this species of intellectual products, and exhibited genius of the highest order. It is enough to mention the names of Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Benjamin Franklin, Sir John Herschel, Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir David Brewster, Rev. William Whewell, Hugh Miller, omitting a host of hardly less illustrious contributors to science.

§ 68. The literature of science has for a century past been embodied to a large extent in temporary forms. Periodical literature, indeed, has been, since the beginning of the last century, a most remarkable growth. Starting

with the "Tatler," by Sir Richard Steele, a small paper published three times a week, the first issue of which was on the 12th of April, 1709, that grand succession of Essays followed in papers bearing different names, as the "Spectator," the "Guardian," the "Rambler," the "Adventurer," the "Idler" etc., which has given their chief celebrity to Addison, Johnson, Hawkesworth, Mackenzie, and others. In 1731, commenced the higher class of monthly periodicals called magazines, with the "Gentleman's Magazine," by Mr. Cave, and in October, 1802, appeared the first number of the "Edinburgh Review," a type of the more grave and elaborate Quarterlies. A new order of essayists arose, in which are ranked as the more brilliant lights, Francis Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, Thomas B. Macaulay, Sir James Mackintosh, Thomas Carlyle, and Professor John Wilson.

Not a little of our most valuable scientific and critical literature is incorporated in the encyclopædias of the last century and a half. The first of these was the Cyclopædia of Ephraim Chambers, first published in 1728 in London, of which a number of editions were issued. In 1770 was published the "Encyclopædia Britannica," by William Smellie, and in 1802 the first volume of "Rees's Cyclopædia," in forty-five large quarto volumes. This was followed by the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia" in 1808-1830, under the superintendence of Sir David Brewster; the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" begun in 1815; the "London Cyclopædia," "Lardner's Cyclopædia," the "Penny Cyclopædia," the "American Cyclopædia," and others, both comprehensive and devoted to special departments of knowledge.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### FICTION.

§ 69. FICTION, like the representation of the actual and the real, first appears clothed in song or verse. The first romancer, as the first historian, is the bard. Before the age of Chaucer, metrical romances were numerous, and continued long afterwards to give a prominent character to our literature. Indeed, some of our best poets, from Shakespeare on to Tennyson, have drawn inspiration and material from these old romances. As other species of discourse so this laid aside the shackles of poetry and flourished in the freedom of prose.

Fiction, in its diversified forms and under as diverse names — as Apologue, Parable, Fable, Allegory, Romance, Novel, Tale, has found a place in almost every body of literature. Its objects and uses have been as various. It has been employed in illustrating truth, and in enforcing practical piety and morality; in explaining and commending sound doctrine, and exposing and ridiculing error; in exalting virtue, and satirizing vice; in pleasing the taste and fostering the contemplation and exhibition of the beautiful and lovely in art and in manners; and as well also in lashing whatever is rude or uncouth or ugly in works of invention or in social life and habits.

The earliest considerable prose romance in our literature, at least after the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More, 1480–1535, is the "Arcadia," by Sir Philip Sidney, 1554–1586, a work very popular in the age of its appearance, but now attractive only to the student and the antiquarian. In the



following century appeared the immortal allegory of John Bunyan, 1628-1688, the "Pilgrim's Progress." Of this remarkable work, the great critic of these last times, Macaulay, says: "The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. . . . There is no book in our literature on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpoluted English language; no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed. . . . Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced the 'Paradise Lost,' the other the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" Early in the next century, in 1717, was published another work of fiction almost equally popular and enduring, the "Robinson Crusoe" of Daniel De Foe, 1661-1731, of which Johnson said: "Nobody ever laid it down without wishing it were longer;" and Walter Scott long after added: "There scarce exists a work so popular as 'Robinson Crusoe.'" The charm of De Foe is his perfect naturalness, appearing in the simplicity and purity of his diction and the truthfulness of his characters and his scenes. No child, while ravished by the narrative, ever dreamed that Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday were other than real characters. Eminent among the subsequent writers of fiction should be enumerated Jonathan Swift, 1667-1745, whose "Gulliver's Travels" has received something of "Crusoe's" favor. A new species of fictitious writing was introduced in the novels of Samuel Richardson, 1689-1761, Henry Fielding, 1707-1754, and Tobias George Smollett, 1721-1771. They are to be regarded as the originators of the modern novel. The "Tristram Shandy" of Laurence Sterne, the "Rasselas" of Samuel Johnson, and the "Vicar of Wakefield" of Oliver Goldsmith, of this same period,

are classics in our literature. The age was indeed prolific in fictitious composition. It was especially remarkable for female authorship. As distinguished writers of fiction we find the names of Frances Burney, Sophia and Harriet Lee, Mrs. Inchbald, Charlotte Smith, Ann Radcliffe, Mrs. Amelia Opie, Anna Maria and Jane Porter, Miss Edgeworth, Hannah More, and others. The new age of novel writing was ushered in by Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1832, already eminent as a poet, by the publication of "Waverley" in 1814, followed by that long and wonderful series of fictitious works, the "Waverley Novels," ending only with the decay of the author's life in 1831. This series, characterized by its truthful and able rendering of human experience in its various phases, worked with a magical power on the minds of readers and authors. He was succeeded by an innumerable host of novel-writers; and the prominent characteristic of the following literary period was the prolific production of novels. Every year has continued to present hundreds of new novels to the insatiate appetite for fiction, from an authorship as uncontrollable in its propensity towards this kind of literary creation. The latter half of the nineteenth century is the age of fiction. Only an infinitesimal portion of this immeasurable accumulation can enter into the permanent body of our literature. The feeble falls and decays like the foliage of autumn. Of that which is truly able, that which like Scott's, like Cooper's, has apprehended the healthy, the normal, the abiding in human life and manners, will survive; that which batters on the morbid, the carrion in corrupt humanity, must die. So, too, that which otherwise deserving illustrates and exalts, must outlive that which delights preëminently in exaggeration, in distortion, in caricature. It were wise and well, if readers in selecting, as selection is a necessity in this immensity of matter, would take the natural, the normal, and the truthful, with which real genius deals, rejecting the monstrous, the pustulous, and the illusive.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE DRAMA.

§ 70. THE English Drama has both a history and a character remarkable and peculiar. Originating in the sacred plays founded on Scriptural or religious legends called variously Miracles and Mysteries, and the moral plays called Moralities, so common over Western Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it rose almost at a single bound in Shakespeare, at the end of the sixteenth, to the loftiest heights yet reached by dramatic art, in ancient or in modern times. At first, no line of definite demarcation was recognized between Comedy and Tragedy. That was reckoned as tragic which ended unfortunately. Since the time of Shakespeare it is characteristic of the English Drama that it has chosen prose for comedy and blank verse for tragedy. The essential difference between the two in object or aim has been somewhat more fully recognized; the comic, and more especially the subordinate species of it, the proper farce, aiming to represent more definitely the eccentric, the *unreason*, the playful and diverting of common life; the tragic, representing the phases of human experience in the higher forms of serious rational life. It has been observed that the first English dramatists were all scholars.

The earliest comedies appeared about the middle of the sixteenth century, preceded a little by the Interludes of John Heywood, in single acts and representing real characters. "Ralph Roister Doister," by Nicholas Udall, is regarded as the first English comedy. It appeared probably a little before 1550. "Gammer Gurton's Needle," attributed to John Still, appeared about the same time; also

"Misogonus," by Thomas Rychardes. The earliest tragedy in English was that of "Gorboduc," otherwise named "Ferrex and Porrex," composed by Thomas Sackville, assisted perhaps by Thomas Norton, and represented before the Queen, January 18, 1562. Two particulars in regard to this play are noticeable. First, it was written in blank verse, and may be regarded as having fixed for the English tragedy, if not for the English epic, this poetic form. In the next place, it disregarded the unities of time and place which characterized the proper classic drama, and so drew upon it the criticism of Sir Philip Sidney, as by this defect, in his opinion, prevented from being "an exact model of all tragedies." Sidney's prediction happily has been directly reversed.

Immediate precursors of Shakespeare were, besides some of less note, Christopher Marlowe, 1562-1593, and Robert Greene, 1560-1592. Eminent among the numerous dramatists who were contemporaries of Shakespeare were Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Philip Massinger, and John Ford. In the seventeenth century appeared also that great name in English literature, as poet, critic, and dramatist, John Dryden, 1631-1700, who wrote both tragedies and comedies; Thomas Otway, 1651-1685, who has left the two fine tragedies of "The Orphan," and "Venice Preserved;" and William Wycherley, 1640-1715, the greatest of the comic dramatists of the times. Just at the close of the century, William Congreve, 1672-1729, Sir John Vanbrugh, 1666-1727, and George Farquhar, 1678-1707, entered each upon a successful career in comedy, surpassed by none since except Oliver Goldsmith, whose comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," sustains the high reputation of this distinguished poet and essayist, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 1751-1816, eminent alike in comedy and in oratory. In tragedy, the "Douglas" of John Home, 1722-1808, the tragedies of Joanna Baillie, 1762-1851, and of James Sheridan Knowles, 1784-1862, are the most noticeable since the "Venice Preserved" of Otway.

## CHAPTER XV.

### POETRY.

§ 71. POETICAL composition is distributed in respect of its subject matter or idea into three general departments, according as that idea is one predominantly in the form of truth, or of sentiment, or of action. These departments are those of *Didactic*, *Elegiac* or *Lyric*, and *Epic*.

Of these the epic ranks highest, and generally appears first in a literature. As a department, it includes all narrative poetry; and ranges from the tale, which is but a narration in poetic form, to the proper epic, in which not so much the mere event or sequence of incident and achievement, as the display of character, is designed by the poet.

The poetry of action is distributed into the epic and the dramatic; the distinction being this, that in the epic, the poet speaks; in the dramatic, the actor himself.

As the dramatic, § 70, distributes itself into the two grand departments of tragedy and comedy, so in the epic, we find the two forms of the true heroic and the mock-heroic; the proper epic, which represents the truly great, and noble, and worthy in life, and the burlesque, which represents the pretentious, the ridiculous, and unworthy.

The earliest forms of English poetry were narrative, and, as adapted to music or not, are known as minstrelsy and metrical romance, the minstrelsy preceding. The famous "Canterbury Tales" followed the metrical romance; and down through the entire progress of our literature the lower epic, that is, the proper narrative, presenting the sequence of historic events as governing, rather than the heroic

character, has been a favorite and much cultivated form of poetic composition. It is worthy of notice that poetic genius has in recent times returned with very marked preference to this kind of composition. Eminent in this department of our literature, after Chaucer, are George Crabbe, 1754–1832; Samuel Rogers, 1762–1855; the Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg, 1772–1835. Here are also to be found contributions from many of our best poets, especially of the later age, as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, Scott, Byron, Tennyson, and Longfellow.

Of the higher epic, the “*Paradise Lost*” is the one poem in our literature which challenges rivalry with the greatest epics of the world’s history.

In the mock-heroic or burlesque, the “*Hudibras*” of Samuel Butler, 1612–1680, stands by itself like the “*Paradise Lost*,” without a rival.

§ 72. The English elegiac or lyric, the poetry in which feeling rules as the governing form of the idea, has, like the lower epic, its two forms, as adapted to music or not, — the lyric and the proper elegiac. Of the lyric, there are the varieties of the ode and the song, and the sacred lyric, embracing the psalm and the hymn. To the proper elegiac, or that in which the musical element is not made controlling, belongs, as a variety, the sonnet, which is determined by the form, not by the governing idea. See § 56.

In elegiac poetry, the English muse has ever delighted; to enumerate her choice creations here would be to catalogue our poets. The sonnet received a prominent culture in the earlier stage of our literature; and Shakespeare, Milton, Coleridge, have left the traces of their genius in this humbler form of poem. The “*Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*,” by Thomas Gray, 1716–1771, is one of the most finished poems in our literature. Among the odes — a name, however, here misapplied if implying musical adaptation, — are “*Alexander’s Feast*,” by John Dryden, and the “*Ode on the Passions*,” by William Collins, 1720–1756



particularly to be noticed. In sacred lyric the name of Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, stands preëminent. Beautiful compositions we have in this department from Cowper, John Newton, Doddridge, Wesley, Montgomery, Heber, and many others of scarcely inferior merit.

§ 73. The poetry in which the governing form of idea is truth, has a wide range in English literature. It embraces the varieties more familiarly but vaguely designated descriptive, pastoral, and satirical, as well as that more strictly denominated didactic. As in the poetry of sentiment, the boundaries here are ill-defined; and the same poem may with a certain correctness be indifferently styled either descriptive or pastoral, satirical or didactic. Alexander Pope, 1688–1744, stands among the highest and among the earliest also of English didactic poets. He wrote his famous “Essay on Man” and his “Moral Essays” in verse and in rhyme for one reason, as he tells us, because he could express himself “more shortly in verse than in prose.” His “Essay on Criticism” also belongs to this class. Contemporary with Pope, was Edward Young, 1681–1765, author of the “Night Thoughts,” a poem which more properly belongs here perhaps than elsewhere. Here belongs also “The Seasons” of James Thomson, 1700–1748, imperishable as our literature. Mark Akenside, 1721–1770, at the age of twenty-three, wrote a fine didactic poem entitled “The Pleasures of the Imagination,” which he robbed of somewhat of its warmth and inspiration by a revision in after-life. To this period belongs “The Traveler” and “The Deserted Village” of Oliver Goldsmith, 1728–1774, distinguished alike as essayist, novelist, dramatist, and poet. Later on, the favorite domestic poet, William Cowper, 1731–1800, appears a genius unsurpassed in this poetic field, as author of the “Task.” His “John Gilpin” ranks him equally among the best in humorous poetry and his poem “On the Receipt of his Mother’s Picture,” in elegiac verse. Of our more recent poetry no small part

of the most deserving is in this department, exhibiting, in common with the other departments, a poetry at last furnished with the most fully perfected models and exemplars, to which, perhaps, the limited genius of man can aspire, in all the elements of a perfect literature; in beauty, grandeur, and richness of idea, of poetic form, and of adaptation of form to idea. The further growth and progress of our poetry must be rather in the richness of these several æsthetic elements and in the skill and variety of their combinations, than in any advance upon what has already been attained in any particular element of poetic excellence, whether it be idea, form, or rendering.

## CHRONOLOGY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

- B. C.** 55. Invasion of Britain by Cæsar.
- A. D.** 449. Anglo-Saxon occupation of England begins.
832. Danish invasion.
849. Birth of Alfred, who died 901.
1017. Canute, the Dane, King of England.
1066. Battle of Hastings, William the Conqueror, King.
1095. First Crusade.
1214. Roger Bacon born.
1215. Magna Charta signed at Runnymede.
1272. Edward I. King of England.
1295. First English House of Commons; Mandeville, 1300-1371.
1307. Edward II. King of England; Wycliffe, 1324-1384; Barbour, 1323-1396.
1327. Edward III.; Chaucer, 1328-1400; Gower, 1325-1408.
1377. Richard II.
1399. Henry IV.
1413. Henry V.; Caxton, 1413-1491.
1422. Henry VI.; Gutenberg introduces printing-press in 1438.
1461. Edward IV.; Dunbar, 1465-1530; Sir Thomas More, 1480-1535; Tyn-dale, 1477-1536; Latimer, 1475-1555.
1483. Edward V.; Richard III.
1485. Henry VII.; Wyatt, 1503-1542.
1509. Henry VIII.; Surrey, 1516-1547; Cheke, 1514-1557; Heywood, died 1565; Ascham, 1515-1568; Sackville, 1536-1608.
1547. Edward VI.; Raleigh, 1552-1618.
1553. Mary; Sidney, 1554-1586; Spenser, 1553-1599; Hooker, 1554-1600.
1558. Elizabeth; Lord Bacon, 1561-1626; Marlow, 1562-1592; Southwell, 1562-1595; Daniel, 1562-1619; Shakespeare, 1564-1616; Drayton, 1563-1631; Donne, 1573-1631; John Fletcher, 1579-1625; Beaumont, 1586-1616; Joseph Hall, 1574-1656; Ben Jonson, 1574-1637; Phineas Fletcher, 1584-1650; Drummond, 1585-1649; Giles Fletcher, 1588-1623; Herrick, 1591-1662; Quarles, 1592-1644; Walton, 1593-1683; Herbert, 1593-1633; Chillingworth, 1602-1644; Jeremy Taylor, 1602-1667; Browne, 1605-1692.
1603. James I.; Waller, 1605-1687; Fuller, 1608-1661; Milton, 1608-1674; Clarendon, 1608-1674; Hale, 1609-1676; Butler, 1612-1680; Leigh-ton, 1613-1684; Cowley, 1618-1667; Marvell, 1620-1678; Baxter 1615-1691; Vaughan, 1621-1695.
1625. Charles I., executed 1649; Boyle, 1626-1692; Bunyan, 1628-1688; Temple, 1628-1689; Barrow, 1630-1677; Felltham, died 1678; Til-otson, 1630-1694; Dryden, 1630-1700; Locke, 1632-1704; South 1633-1716.
1651. Charles II. crowned at Scone; reigns from 1660; De Foe, 1661-1731; Bentley, 1662-1742; Prior, 1665-1721; Swift, 1667-1745; Steele, 1671-1729; Addison, 1672-1719; Watts, 1674-1748; Arbuthnot,

- 1675-1735; Bolingbroke, 1678-1751; Sherlock, 1678-1761; Parnell, 1679-1717; Young, 1681-1765; Middleton, 1683-1750; Berkeley, 1684-1753.
- 1685.** James II.; King, 1685-1763; Gay, 1688-1732; Pope, 1688-1744.
- 1689.** William and Mary; Richardson, 1689-1761; Mary Wortley Montague, 1690-1762; Byrom, 1691-1763; Somerville, 1692-1742; Joseph Butler, 1692-1752; Robert Blair, 1699-1746; Thomson, 1700-1748.
- 1702.** Anne; Doddridge, 1702-1751; Dodsley, 1703-1764; Lord Chatham, 1708-1778; Samuel Johnson, 1709-1784; Lowth, 1710-1787; Hume, 1711-1776.
- 1714.** George I.; Shenstone, 1714-1763; Gray, 1716-1771; Elizabeth Carter, 1717-1806; Hugh Blair, 1718-1800; Hawkesworth, 1719-1773; Collins, 1720-1756; Catherine Talbot, 1720-1770; Mrs. E. Montague, 1720-1800; Akenside, 1721-1770; Robertson, 1721-1793; Smollet, 1721-1771; Joseph Warton, 1722-1800; Blackstone, 1723-1780; Falconer, 1730-1769; Burke, 1730-1797; Cowper, 1730-1800; Beattie, 1735-1803; Gibbon, 1737-1794; Paley, 1743-1805; Sir William Jones, 1746-1794; Chatterton, 1752-1770; Burns, 1759-1796.
- 1727.** George II.; Mrs. Chapone, 1727-1801; Goldsmith, 1728-1774; Thomas Warton, 1728-1790; Wolcott, 1738-1819; Barbauld, 1743-1825; Hannah More, 1745-1823; Mackenzie, 1745-1831; Charlotte Smith, 1749-1806; Erskine, 1750-1823; Charles Butler, 1750-1832; Crabbe, 1754-1832; Archibald Alison, 1756-1838; Wilberforce, 1759-1833; Brydges, 1762-1837; Bowles, 1762-1850; Joanna Baillie, 1762-1851; Rogers, 1762-1855; Robert Hall, 1764-1831; Bloomfield, 1766-1823; Maria Edgeworth, 1767-1849; Sydney Smith, 1769-1845; John Foster, 1770-1843; Wordsworth, 1770-1850; Walter Scott, 1771-1832; James Montgomery, 1771-1854; Amelia Opie, 1771-1854; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1772-1834; James Hogg, 1772-1835; Jeffrey, 1773-1850; Southey, 1774-1843; Dick, 1774-1857; Charles Lamb, 1775-1834; James Smith, 1775-1839; Lander, 1775- ; Campbell, 1777-1844; Thomas Brown, 1778-1820; Davy, 1778-1829; Hazlitt, 1778-1830; Thomas Moore, 1779-1852; Brougham, 1779- ; Croly, 1780- ; Horace Smith, 1780-1849; Chalmers, 1780-1847; Elliott, 1781-1849; Jane Taylor, 1783-1824; Heber, 1783-1826; Mitchell, 1783-1845; Allan Cunningham, 1784-1842; Barton, 1784-1849; Hunt, 1784-1859; Henry Kirke White, 1785-1806; De Quincey, 1786- ; Lord Byron, 1788-1824; John Wilson, 1788-1854; Keble, 1790- ; Wolfe, 1791-1823; Milman, 1791- ; Mrs. Hemans, 1793-1835; Arnold, 1795-1842; Carlyle, 1796- ; Hartley Coleridge, 1792-1840; Mrs. Jameson, 1797- ; Hood, 1798-1845; Moir, 1798-1851; Pollock, 1799-1827; Alaric Watts, 1799- ; Macaulay, 1800-1859.

## GLOSSARY.

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**Abalst**, *abashed*. C. T., 38, 137.  
**Aboute**, *about*. P. P., 58.  
**Aboven**, *above*. Mandeville, 2.  
**Abraid**, *removed*. C. T., 144.  
**Ac**, *but*. P. P., 69.  
**Acorse**, *accurse*. P. P., 198.  
**Addrest**, *prepared*. J. C., III. i.; S. A., 729.  
**Affect**, *to seek after*. Hooker, 7.  
**Affraied**, *afraid*. See Versions, 1.  
**Affray**, *affright*. See *Affraied*.  
**Aftirward**. Versions, 7.  
**Again**, *against*. C. T., 17.  
**Agast**, *aghast*. C. T., 143.  
**Agein**, *towards*. C. T., 123.  
**Ageins**, *against*. C. T., 38.  
**Agen**, *again*. Mandeville, 3.  
**Aghast**, F. Q., I. ix. 21.  
**Agreved**, *grieved*. C. T., 64.  
**Aim**, *conjecture*. J. C., I. ii.  
**Al**, *all*. P. P., 51; C. T., 7.  
**Alayes**, *alloys*. C. T., 159.  
**Albe**, *albeit*. F. Q., I. x. 44.  
**Algate**, *always*. C. T., 115.  
**Alleies**, *alleys*. F. Q., I. i. 7.  
**Almayne**, *Germany*. Mandeville, 3.  
**Als**, *also*. F. Q., I. ix. 21.  
**Also**. Versions, 7.  
**Am**. Versions, 3.  
**Amain**, *mightily, impetuously*. S. A., 627, 1304.  
**Amate**, *destroy*. F. Q., I. ix. 45.  
**Ameved**, *moved*. C. T., 64.  
**Among**. Versions, 25.  
**Amonges**. P. P., 205.  
**Amounted**, *rode away*. F. Q., I. ix., 54.  
**An**, *on*, prep. P. P., 26, 255.  
**An**, indef. art. P. P., 5.

**Ancores**, *anchorites*. P. P., 55.  
**And**. Versions, 3.  
**Andvile**, *anvil*. F. Q., I. xi. 42.  
**Answerid**. Versions, 23.  
**Apaid**, *repaid*. C. T., 143.  
**Apparailed**, *appareled*. P. P., 46.  
**Apply**, *ply*. F. Q., I. x. 46.  
**Appoint**, *arraign*. S. A., 373.  
**Appositees**, *opposites*. Mandeville, 8.  
**Apprehensive**, *intelligent*. J. C., III. i.  
**Arayd**, *arrayed*. F. Q., I. ix. 23.  
**Aread**, *make known, declare*. F. Q., I. ix. 23.  
**Arn**, *are*. P. P., 195; C. T., 41.  
**Arraoe**, *pull away*. C. T., 150.  
**Arraide**, *arrayed*. C. T., 31.  
**As**. Versions, 27.  
**Assoillen**, *absolve*. P. P., 140.  
**Astoned**, *astonished*. C. T., 38.  
**Astrolabre**. Mandeville, 3.  
**Aswound**, *in a swoon*. C. T., 147.  
**Attonce**, *at once*. F. Q., I. i. 18; xi. 53.  
**Aventaille**. C. T., 165.  
**Avisé**, *advise*. C. T., 26.  
**Avoves**, *vows*. P. P., 142.  
**Avys**, *advice, direction*. Mandeville, 1.  
**Away**, *away*. P. P., 332.  
**Awne**, *own*. Tyndale, 21.  
**Axen**, *ask*. Versions, 13.  
**Bagges**, *bags*. P. P., 81.  
**Bak**, *back*. C. T., 16.  
**Barme**, *bosom, lap*. C. T., 71.  
**Battaille**, *array or line of battle*. J. C., V. i.  
**Battel**, *batteill, battle*. F. Q., I. xi. 2; J. C., V. i.

- Bay.** J. C., III. i.; IV. i.  
**Be**, *by*, prep. denoting relation of condition; also intensive prefix.  
**Be**, v. Versions, 1.  
**Bedaffed**, *befooled*. C. T., 163.  
**Bedde**, *bed*. P. P., 86.  
**Bede**, *bid*. C. T., 44.  
**Beform**, *before*. Mandeville, 5.  
**Behight**, *entrusted*. F. Q., I. xi. 38.  
**Beholding**. J. C., III. i.  
**Behot**, *promised*. F. Q., I. xi. 38.  
**Beighe**, *ring, necklace*. P. P., 321.  
**Ben**, plu. of *be*. Versions, 2; C. T., 15.  
**Beren**, *bear*. P. P., 321.  
**Besey**, *seen*. C. T., 130, 133.  
**Bestedd**, *bestead, conditioned*. F. Q., I. i. 24.  
**Besy**, *busy, anxious*. C. T., 12.  
**Beth**, *be*, plu. imper. of *be*. C. T., 84.  
**Bettre**, *better*. P. P., 62.  
**Betwix**, *betwixt*. C. T., 99.  
**Bewme**, *Bohemia*. Mandeville, 3.  
**Bi**, *be*, prep. and intensive prefix.  
**Bidderes**, *petitioners*. P. P., 78.  
**Bifel**, *befell*. P. P., 11.  
**Bifor**, *before*. Versions, 29.  
**Biheeld**, *beheld*. P. P., 25.  
**Biknownen**, *acknowledged*. P. P., 407.  
**Bileuen**, *believe*. See Versions, 1.  
**Bitwene**, *between*. P. P., 34.  
**Blaze**, *blazon*. F. Q., I. xi. 7.  
**Blered**, *bleared*. P. P., 148.  
**Blisse**, *bless*. C. T., 71.  
**Blyth**, *glad*. F. Q., I. xi. 4.  
**Boistously**, *boisterously*. C. T., 105.  
**Bond**, *bound*. F. Q., I. i. 3.  
**Bouched**, *stopped the mouth*. P. P., 147.  
**Boughte**, *something bowed or bent, a fold*. F. Q., I. i. 15; xi. 11.  
**Bountee**, *bounty, goodness*. C. T., 15.  
**Bournes**, gen. of *bourn, a brook*. P. P., 16.  
**Boy**. P. P., 160.  
**Brast**, *burst*. C. T., 159; F. Q., I. ix. 21.  
**Breed**, *bread*. P. P., 82.  
**Brent**, *burnt*. F. Q., I. xi. 28.  
**Brevet**, *brief, warrant*. P. P., 147.  
**Briddes**, *birds*. C. T., 74.  
**Brigandine**, *coat of mail*. S. A., 1120.  
**Broche**, *brooch*. P. P., 150.  
**Brood**, *broad*. P. P., 15.  
**Brook**, *to bear, tolerate*. J. C., I. ii.  
**Brused**, *bruised*. F. Q., I. xi. 15; S. A., 1344.  
**Bugge**, *buy*. P. P., 335.  
**But**, *unless*. Versions, 6; P. P., 131; C. T., 17.  
**Buxom**, *yielding*. F. Q., I. xi. 37.  
**Buxomly**, *yieldingly, obediently*. C. T., 19.  
**Bynethe**. P. P., 29.  
**Cacceth**, *catcheth*. P. P., 384.  
**Can**, *began*. F. Q., I. i. 15; xi. 23.  
**Carien**, *care*. P. P., 58.  
**Caroyne**, *carrión*. P. P., 335.  
**Casten**, *determined*. P. P., 233; *cast* C. T., 88.  
**Catel**, *goods*. P. P., 406.  
**Cattes**, *cats*. P. P., 354.  
**Centonelle**, *sentinel*. F. Q., I. ix. 41.  
**Ceremonies**, *things pertaining to ceremonies, as vestments*. J. C. I. i Omens, J. C. II. i.; II. ii.  
**Certes**. C. T., 8.  
**Certeyn**, *certain*. Mandeville, 3.  
**Chace**, *chase*. C. T., 41.  
**Chaffare**, *merchandise, chaffering*. P. P., 61.  
**Chalangen**, *demand*. P. P., 136.  
**Chaffed**, *chafed*. F. Q., I. xi. 15.  
**Chearen**, *become cheerful*. F. Q., I. x. 2.  
**Cheker**, *exchequer*. P. P., 185; Task. ii. 162.  
**Chere**, *cheer, countenance, mien*. C. T., 13; F. Q., I. i. 2.  
**Chese**, *choose*. C. T., 11, 14.  
**Cheveden**, *achieved, succeeded*. P. P., 62.  
**Chichevache**. C. T., 162.  
**Cite**, *city*. P. P., 320.  
**Cleane**, *entirely*. J. C., I. iii.  
**Clepe**, v. *to call, name*, plu. *cleper*, pret. *clept*, part. *clept* and *y-clept*. Mandeville, 1.  
**Clergially**, *clerically, learnedly*. P. P. 248.  
**Clouches**, *clutches*. P. P., 308.  
**Cofre**, *coffer, chest*. C. T., 76.



**Collation, conference.** C. T., 39.  
**Comaundementis** Versions, 15.  
**Come.** Versions, 3. **Comen,** P. P., 48.  
**Compas, circle.** Mandeville.  
**Compleat, complete.** Hocker, § 16.  
**Conduyt, conduct, guidance.** Mandeville, 7.  
**Confynyes, confines.** Mandeville, 10.  
**Connen, know.** C. T., 81.  
**Consistory, a council, place of meeting of officers of state, tribunal.** P. P., 197.  
**Construwed, construed.** P. P., 122.  
**Contenaunce, appearance.** P. P., 47.  
**Contree, country.** P. P., 57; Mandeville; C. T., 1.  
**Contrefete, counterfeit.** C. T., 99.  
**Contreved, contrived.** P. P., 235.  
**Conynges, rabbits.** P. P., 384.  
**Copes, hoods.** P. P., 111.  
**Coroune, crown.** C. T., 47.  
**Counfortour, comforter.** Versions, 16.  
**Countertaille, counter-tally.** C. T., 163.  
**Coveiten, covet.** P. P., 57.  
**Coveitise, greedy desire.** P. P., 121.  
**Cowde, could.** Mandeville, 14.  
**Cownt, recount.** Mandeville, 10.  
**Cracchen, scratch.** P. P., 307.  
**Crall, crawl.** F. Q., I. i. 22.  
**Crist, Christ.** P. P., 175.  
**Crois, cross.** C. T., 72.  
**Cropen, crept.** P. P., 370.  
**Crudled, curdled.** F. Q., I. ix. 52.  
**Cure, charge, care.** P. P., 175; C. T., 4.  
**Daint, dainty.** F. Q., I. x. 2; I. xi. 48.  
**Damnifyde, injured.** F. Q., I. xi. 52.  
**Danger, harm.** J. C., II. i.  
**Dar, dare.** P. P., 304.  
**Day.** Versions, 20.  
**Daze, to dull, stupefy.** F. Q., I. i. 18.  
**Dear, sorely.** J. C., III. ii.  
**Dearer, worse.** J. C., III. i.  
**Deawed, bedewed.** F. Q., I. xi. 48.  
**Degised, disguised.** P. P., 48.  
**Deid, died.** C. T., 144.  
**Deintee, dainty, worthy.** C. T., 151.  
**Delit, delight.** C. T., 2.

**Delitable, delightful.** C. T., 1.  
**Demen, judge.** P. P., 192.  
**Depart, divide, separate.** Mandeville, 15; C. T., 81.  
**Depe, deep.** P. P., 81.  
**Derke, dark.** P. P., 31.  
**Despitously, pitilessly.** See *Pitous* C. T., 69.  
**Destruyeth, destroy.** P. P., 44.  
**Devised, divided.** Mandeville, 15.  
**Devoir, duty.** C. T., 130; Elaine, 119  
**Dew, due.** F. Q., I. ix. 29.  
**Diches, ditches.** P. P., 31.  
**Diffame, bad repute.** C. T., 70.  
**Dight, put in order.** C. T., 132; F. Q., I. xi. 9.  
**Disaventures, mishaps.** F. Q., I. ix. 45.  
**Digest, digest.** J. C., I. ii.  
**Displaide, displayed.** F. Q., I. i. 14  
**Distraught, distracted.** F. Q., I. ix. 38.  
**Divelish, devilish.** F. Q., I. ix. 53  
**Doith.** Versions, 10.  
**Dolours, griefs.** F. Q., I. xi. 27.  
**Don, do.** C. T., 7; Mandeville, 1.  
**Dongeon, dungeon; Fr. dongeon or donjon.** P. P., 30.  
**Doon, done.** P. P., 195.  
**Dorste, thirst.** P. P., 353.  
**Dest, doest.** J. C., I. i.  
**Doun, down.** C. T., 1.  
**Dowair, dower.** C. T., 114.  
**Drad, dreaded.** C. T., 2.  
**Drede, dread.** Versions, 1; P. P., 190.  
**Dredfulle, dreadful.** P. P., 32.  
**Dreriment, distress.** F. Q., I. xi. 32  
**Dresse, direct myself.** C. T., 136.  
**DrizePd, let fall in drops.** J. C., II. ii.  
**Dure, endure.** C. T., 110.  
**Dwellyngis.** Versions, 2.  
**Earne, yearn.** F. Q., I. i. 3.  
**Earst, erst, before.** F. Q., I. ix. 29  
 S. A., 339.  
**Ech, eche, each.** P. P., 101; C. T. 10.  
**Eest, east.** P. P., 25.  
**Effraide, frightened.** F. Q., I. i. 16.  
**Eft, afterwards, again.** F. Q., I. ix. 25.

- Eftstone, eftsoones, again, forth-**  
with, immediately. Versions, 3; F. Q.,  
I. i. 11.
- Egalle, equal.** Mandeville, 4.
- Eighen, eyes.** P. P., 148.
- Eke, also.** C. T., 4, 27.
- Elenge, ailing.** P. P., 378.
- Ellis, else.** Versions, 11; P. P., 182.
- Emboss, cover, hide.** F. Q., I. xi. 20.
- Embost, covered, overwhelmed.** F. Q.,  
I. ix. 29.
- Emboyled, chafed.** F. Q., I. xi. 28.
- Endevor, endeavor.** S. A., 766.
- Enforst.** F. Q., I. i. 7.
- Enfouldred, mixed with lightning**  
F. Q., I. xi. 40.
- Enhaunst, raised.** F. Q., I. xi. 17.
- Enquere, inquire.** C. T. 102; F. Q.,  
I. x. 56.
- Ensewen, ensue.** F. Q., I. ix. 44.
- Entent, intent.** C. T., 11.
- Ententifly, attentively.** C. T., 40.
- Entraile, fold.** F. Q., I. i. 16.
- Entreat, treat.** F. Q., I. x. 7.
- Enveigling, inveigling.** Hooker, 7.
- Er, ere, formerly.** C. T., 13, 84.
- Eris, ears.** C. T., 6; P. P., 156.
- Erst, before.** C. T., 40.
- Eugh, yew.** F. Q., I. i. 9.
- Ever.** Versions, 13.
- Everich, every one.** C. T., 10, 138.
- Ewghen, of yew.** F. Q., I. xi. 19.
- Eyas, new flegged.** F. Q., I. xi. 34.
- Eyen, eyne, eyes.** C. T., 26; F. Q.,  
I. ix. 35.
- Eyr, air.** P. P., 255.
- Factionous, active.** J. C., I. iii.
- Fadir, father.** Versions, 2.
- Fain, fayn, glad.** F. Q., I. i. 6; C.  
T., 32.
- Fairye, illusion.** P. P., 12.
- Faiteden, begged.** P. P., 83.
- Falshede, falsehood.** P. P., 141.
- Fane, a weathercock, a vane.** C. T., 135.
- Fare, gone.** C. T., 120.
- Favor, countenance.** J. C., I. ii.
- Fay, faith.** C. T., 140.
- Feeld, field.** P. P., 34.
- Feined, feigned.** C. T., 66.
- Felawes, companions.** C. T., 33.
- Fele, many.** C. T., 123.
- Fer, far.** Mandeville, 4; C. T., 21.
- Ferde, feared.** C. T., 144.
- Fere, companion. In fere, as com-**  
panion, in company. C. T., 151; F.  
Q., I. x. 4.
- Ferly, a strange thing.** P. P., 11, 129
- Fette, fetched.** C. T., 35.
- Faynen, feign.** P. P., 71.
- Flaggy, drooping.** F. Q., I. xi. 10
- Fleairing, trifling.** J. C., I. iii.
- Fleth, fleeth.** C. T., 9.
- Flockmel, in troops.** C. T., 5.
- Floure, flourish.** C. T., 10.
- Folk.** P. P., 33.
- Foming, foaming.** F. Q., I. i. 1.
- Fond, found.** P. P., 34, 115; J. C.,  
III. i.
- Fond, foolish.** F. Q., I. ix. 39.
- Fond, to be eager.** C. T., 33.
- For.** Versions, 3.
- Forbede, forbid.** C. T., 12.
- Foreby, near by.** F. Q., I. x. 36.
- Foreyn, foreign.** Mandeville.
- Forsothe, forsooth, truly.** Versions,  
28.
- Forthere, further.** Mandeville, 3.
- For-thi, therefore.** P. P., 221, 262.
- Forwandred, comp. of for, forth,**  
and wandered. P. P., 13.
- Forwasted, wasted.** F. Q., I. i. 5;  
xi. 1.
- Forwearied, wearied out.** F. Q., I.  
xi. 45.
- Foryelde, repay.** C. T., 111.
- Foryeve, forgive.** C. T., 65.
- Francklin, a country gentleman.** F.  
Q., I. x. 6.
- Freeletee, frailty.** C. T., 158.
- Freres, friars; Fr. frères, Lat. fratres**  
brothers. P. P., 115.
- Fret.** J. C., II. i.
- Fro, from.** Mandeville.
- Gage, pledge, prize.** F. Q., I. xi. 41.
- Gamen, game, sport.** P. P., 305.
- Gan, began, past tense of gin.** P. P.  
21, 285; F. Q., I. ix. 50.
- Gent, gentle.** F. Q., I. ix. 27.
- Gentillesse, kindness.** C. T., 6.
- Gentils, people.** C. T., 61.

- Gere, gear.** C. T., 46.  
**Gest, achievement.** F. Q., I. x. 15.  
**Gest, guest.** C. T., 41, 138.  
**Gie, guide.** C. T., 3.  
**Giltless, guiltless.** P. P., 68.  
**Gin, begin.** F. Q., I. i. 21.  
**Giusts, jousts or justs.** F. Q., I. i. 1.  
**Glooming, gloaming.** F. Q., I. i. 14.  
**Glosed, interpreted, glozed.** P. P., 119.  
**Glotonye, gluttony.** P. P., 44.  
**Go.** Versions, 3; P. P., 21.  
**Goist, goest.**  
**Goliardeis, parasite.** P. P., 277.  
**Goost, ghost.** Versions, 26.  
**Gost, spirit.** C. T., 125.  
**Gotten.** Hooker, § 7.  
**Grate, chafe.** F. Q., I. i. 19.  
**Grave, bury.** C. T., 90.  
**Gree, good heart.** C. T., 157.  
**Grete, great.** P. P., 109.  
**Grette, greeted.** C. T., 128.  
**Gretter, greater.** Versions, 12.  
**Grieved, grieved.** P. P., 277.  
**Griesie, greasy.** F. Q., I. ix. 35.  
**Griesly, grisly.** F. Q., I. ix. 21.  
**Grucche, grudge.** P. P., 305.  
**Grutch, grudge.** C. T., 17.  
  
**Habergeon, defense for the neck.** S. A., 1120.  
**Hability, ability.** Hooker. See *Hable*.  
**Hable, able, suitable, proper.** F. Q., I. x. 45; I. xi. 19.  
**Habundant, abounding.** C. T., 1.  
**Habundance, abundance.** C. T., 21.  
**Hadde, had.** Versions, 2. For use as a conditional followed by infinitive, as *had rather go*, etc., see Versions, 7.  
**Halfondelle, semi - circumference.** Mandeville, 5.  
**Hals, neck.** P. P., 355.  
**Han, 3 plu. of have.** Versions, 7; P. P., 73.  
**Happ, hap.** Mandeville, 14.  
**Hardiment, hardinesse, boldness.** F. Q., I. i. 14; C. T., 6.  
**Hardy, bold.**  
**Haughtie, lofty.** F. Q., I. xi. 7.  
**Heep, heap.** P. P., 105.  
**Hefte, raised.** F. Q., I. xi. 39.  
**Heghte, high.** Mandeville, 3.  
  
**Heigh, high.** P. P., 26.  
**Hem, them.** P. P., 39; C. T., 5.  
**Hemselves, themselves.** P. P., 118.  
**Hennes, hence.** Versions, 31.  
**Hent, seized.** C. T., 69, 89.  
**Herbergage, pasture.** C. T., 21.  
**Herde, heard.** Versions, 24.  
**Here, hear.** P. P., 8.  
**Here, her and their.** P. P., 55; Mandeville, 1, 8.  
**Heremite, hermit.** P. P., 5.  
**Heres, hairs.** C. T., 47.  
**Herte, heart.** Versions, 1.  
**Hertly, hearty.** C. T., 18.  
**Hery, praise.** C. T., 80.  
**Hest, behest, command.** C. T., 11.  
**Hevene, heaven.** P. P., 54.  
**Hie, high.** C. T., 52. *Hasten*, J. C., I. iii.  
**Hight, highte, bade.** P. P., 204. *Is called*, C. T., 1. *Promised*, C. T., 63.  
**Hii, they.** P. P., 131.  
**Hilles, hills.** P. P., 9.  
**Him, him and it;** A.-S. dat. masc. and neut. of 3 pers. pron. Mandeville, 1.  
**Hir, their.** C. T., 13, 47, 75. *Her*, C. T., 75.  
**Hire, their.** P. P., 56. *Her*, C. T., 47, 105.  
**His, his and its;** Old gen. masc. and neut. of 3 pers. pron. C. T., 132; F. Q., I. xi. 38; J. C., I. ii.; II. i.  
**Hoked, hooked.** P. P., 106.  
**Hole, whole.** C. T., 115.  
**Holi, holy.** Versions, 26.  
**Holt, holds.** Mandeville, 7, 14.  
**Honest, reputable, honorable.** C. T., 40; J. C., III. i.  
**Honestetee, repute.** C. T., 53.  
**Honesty, honor.** J. C., II. i.  
**Hong, hung.** F. Q., I. xi. 43.  
**Hot, was called.** See *Hight*. F. Q., I. xi. 29.  
**Hou, how.** Versions, 5.  
**Hous, house.** Versions, 3.  
**Howt, hoot.** J. C., I. ii.  
**Humane, human.** Hooker, 7.  
**Humblesse, humility.** C. T., 126.  
**Hurtled, clashed.** J. C., II. ii.  
**Hym.** Versions, 5.  
**Hyn, servant, hind.** P. P., 78.

- I**, *aye*. J. C., I. ii.  
**I**, *in*. C. T., 143.  
**If**, A.-S. *gif*, originally imp. of *gif-an*, to give. Versions, 2.  
**Ile**, *Full*. J. C., I. ii.  
**Imbattel'd**, *embattled, set in array*. S. A., 129.  
**Importable**, *unbearable*. C. T., 156.  
**Importune**, *urgent*. F. Q., I. xi. 53.  
**Innocents**, *intellectual imbeciles*. Hooker, § 6.  
**Intended**, *stretched out*. F. Q., I. xi. 38.  
**Ioie**, *joy*. Versions, 28.
- Jane**, *a small coin*. C. T., 135.  
**Jangeleres**, *praters*. P. P., 69.  
**Japeres**, *jesters*. P. P., 69.  
**Jigging**, *making low poetry*. J. C., IV. iii.  
**Jolly**. F. Q., I. i. 1.  
**Journall**, *daily*. F. Q., I. xi. 31.  
**Jugge**, *judge*. P. P., 259.
- Kaughte**, *caught*. P. P., 214.  
**Keepe**. Versions, 15.  
**Kempt**, *combed*. C. T., 47.  
**Kepe**, *heed*. C. T., 144.  
**Kest**, *cast*. F. Q., I. xi. 31.  
**Kind**, *nature*. J. C., I. iii.  
**Kitone**, *kitten*. P. P., 377.  
**Knelynge**, *kneeling*. P. P., 145.  
**Knowe**. Versions, 7.  
**Knowleche**, *acquaintance, knowledge*. Mandeville, 11.  
**Knyghthod**, *knighthood*. P. P., 224.  
**Knytten**, *knit, bind*. P. P., 337.  
**Konne**, *know, have skill in, be able*. P. P., 66.  
**Koude**, *knew*. P. P., 258.  
**Kouthe**, *know*. P. P., 362.  
**Kynde**, *natural*. P. P., 227, 236.  
**Kyngriche**, *kingdom*. P. P., 250.
- Ladde**, *led*. P. P., 224.  
**Laike**, *play*. P. P., 341.  
**Langage**, *language*. Mandeville, 11.  
**Lasie**, *lazy*. F. Q., I. i. 6.  
**Lasse**, *less*; A.-S. *læs*, comp. of *lytel*. Versions, 2.
- Lat**, *late, let*. P. P., 310; Mandeville, 16.  
**Least**, *lest*. F. Q., I. i. 12; J. C., II. i.  
**Leaute**, *loyalty*. P. P., 243.  
**Leeve**, *leve, believe*. P. P., 68, 143.  
**Lefe**, *beloved, dear*. C. T., 61.  
**Leide**, *laid*. C. T., 71.  
**Leiser**, *leisure*. C. T., 33.  
**Leman**, *lover*. F. Q., I. i. 6.  
**Lene**, *grant*. P. P., 251.  
**Lenede**, *leaned*. P. P., 17.  
**Lenger**, *longer*. C. T., 35; F. Q., I. i. 22.  
**Lest**, *least*. C. T., 74.  
**Lest**, *pleases*. C. T., 7. *Wish*, C. T., 81.  
**Let**, *hinder*. Elaine, 95.  
**Lette**, *hindrance*. C. T., 35.  
**Lettrure**, *learning, scripture*. P. P., 219.  
**Leve**, *leave*. Versions, 18.  
**Leved**, *believed*. P. P., 143.  
**Lever**, *rather*. C. T., 56. See *Lefe*, above F. Q., I. ix. 32.  
**Lewed**, *unlearned, lay*. P. P., 143.  
**Liable**, *subject*. J. C., II. ii.  
**Liefe**, *gladly*. J. C., I. ii. See *Lefe*.  
**Liflode**, *mode of life*. P. P., 59.  
**Liggen**, *lie*. P. P., 181.  
**Liif**. Versions, 6.  
**Likame**, *body*. P. P., 60.  
**Liked**, *seemed*. P. P., 120.  
**Likelyhed**, *likelihood*. C. T., 56.  
**Likerous**, *voluptuous*. P. P., 59; C. T., 23.  
**Liketh**, *pleaseth*. C. T., 8, 37.  
**Limmes**, *limbs*. C. T., 91.  
**Lin**, *give way*. F. Q., I. i. 24.  
**Lite**, *little*. C. T., 126.  
**Lith**, *lieth*. C. T., 64.  
**Litol**, *little*. Versions, 19.  
**Lobies**, *lubbers*. P. P., 109.  
**Loke**, *look*. P. P., 342. **Loked**. P. P., 18.  
**Long**. Versions, 19.  
**Lord**. Versions, 5.  
**Lorn**, *lost*. C. T., 145.  
**Losels**, *vagabonds*. P. P., 153.  
**Lothe**, *loth*. P. P., 110, 309; C. T., 44.  
**Lout**, *stoop, bow*. F. Q., I. x. 44.

**Loven.** Versions, 15.

**Lovye**, subj. of love. P. P. 252.

**Lowed**, bent, condescended. P. P., 257.

**Lust**, vigor, wish, pleasure. C. T.

**Lusty**, vigorous, fruitful. C. T., 1; J. C., I. ii.

**Lyen**, lie. P. P., 97.

**Lyve**, live. Versions, 19. **Lyveden**. P. P., 52.

**Maistre**, master. P. P., 123; J. C., III. ii.

**Maistresse**, mistress. C. T., 110.

**Make**. Versions, 3; Elaine, 1004.

**Maked**, made. C. T., 63.

**Manaseth**, menaces, threatens. C. T., 10.

**Manere**, manner, kind. P. P., 35; C. T., 45.

**Many**. Versions, 2. **Manye**. P. P., 50.

**Marchaundize**, merchandise. P. P., 125.

**Marches**, boundaries, territories. P. P., 126; Mandeville, 11.

**Markis**, marquis. C. T., 2.

**May**, is able. Versions, 17; Mandeville, 1.

**Maze**, wonder. P. P., 390.

**Me**, self. J. C., I. ii.

**Mealth**, melteth. F. Q., I. ix. 31.

**Meene**, mean, poor. P. P., 36.

**Mees**, mice. P. P., 293.

**Meeven**, move. Mandeville. See *Preve*.

**Mere**, pool, lake. Elaine, 1415.

**Mervaille**, marvel. C. T., 28.

**Merveillous**, marvelous. P. P., 22.

**Meschief**, mischief. P. P., 133.

**Message**, messenger. C. T., 98.

**Messe**, mass. P. P., 193.

**Mest**, most. C. T., 11.

**Mesured**, measured. Mandeville, 3.

**Metels**, dream. P. P., 414.

**Meten**, meet, experience. P. P., 21.

**Meve**, Meeven, move. Mandeville, 3. See *Preve*.

**Mightie**, mighty. F. Q., I. i. 1.

**Minisht**, diminished. F. Q., I. xi. 43.

**Mister**. F. Q., I. ix. 23.

**Mo**, me. C. T., 141.

**Mo**, Moe, more. P. P. 294; Mandeville, 4; C. T., 38; F. Q., I. i. 44; J. C., II. i.

**Mochel**, much. Mandeville, 4.

**Moder**, mother. C. T., 73.

**Molde**, earth. P. P., 133.

**Moneie**, money. P. P., 125.

**Moore**, more. P. P., 103.

**Mooste**, most. P. P., 133.

**Morwenynge**, morning. P. P., 9.

**Moste**, must. C. T., 13.

**Mote**, must. C. T., 17, 60, 72. *May*, night, F. Q., I. ix. 27.

**Moun**, may, can. Versions, 5.

**Mow**, may. C. T., 6.

**Mowen**, may. P. P., 342.

**Muchel**, much. P. P., 401.

**Murthes**, entertainments. P. P., 65.

**Murye**, merry. P. P., 20.

**Myd**, with. P. P., 293.

**Myddes**, midst. Mandeville, 9.

**Myghte**, might. P. P., 139, 331.

**Mynstralles**, minstrels. P. P., 66.

**Name**. Versions, 26.

**Namely**, particularly. C. T., 62.

**N'as**, was not. C. T., 50.

**Nat**, not. P. P., 76; C. T., 6.

**Natheles**, not the less, nevertheless. Mandeville, 14; Wye., John iv. 27.

**Nathemore**, none the more. F. Q., I. ix. 25.

**Naughty**, good for nothing. J. C., I. i.

**Ne**, not, nor. Versions, 1; Mandeville, 1.

**Negh**, nigh. C. T., 4.

**Nere**, were not. P. P., 396.

**Nelle**, will, be unwilling. P. P., 218.

**Nether**, neither. Versions, 17.

**Neven**, name. C. T., 79.

**Nevere**, never. P. P., 24.

**Nie**, nigh. C. T., 82.

**Nil**, N'ill, will not. C. T., 85.

**Nis**, n'is, is not. C. T., 45.

**Noblesse**, Noble, nobility, distinction. C. T., 59, 111.

**Noght**, not anything, not at all, not. P. P., 57.

**Nolde**, N'old, would not. P. P., 407; C. T., 4.

- Norice, nurse.** C. T., 73.  
**Nosethrill, nostril.** F. Q., I. xi. 22.  
**Not.** See Versions, 1.  
**Nother, neither.** C. T., 124.  
**Nouches, jeweled ornaments.** C. T., 47.  
**Now.** Versions, 19.  
**Noyance, annoyance.** F. Q., I. i. 23.  
**Noyd, annoyed.** F. Q., I. xi. 45.  
**Noyous, noxious.** F. Q., I. xi. 50.  
  
**O, one.** Mandeville, 2.  
**Of, off.** C. T., 76.  
**Ofter, again.** C. T., 81.  
**O-lofte, aloft.** See n. P. P., 313.  
**On, one.** C. T., 5, 23.  
**Ones, once.** P. P., 292.  
**On life, alive, exceedingly.** C. T., 12.  
**On loft, aloft.** C. T., 25.  
**Ony, any.** Versions, 2. C. T., 60.  
**Ope, open.** J. C., I. ii.  
**Or, ere.** C. T., 18, 36. Task, V. 765.  
**Or, either.** Task, V. 805.  
**Ought, aught.** C. T., 4; F. Q., I. i. 14; S. A., 376.  
**Outther, other, either, or.** P. P., 327; Mandeville, 13.  
**Outraie, be excessive.** C. T., 84.  
**Overcraw, crow over.** F. Q., I. ix. 50.  
**Overleap.** P. P., 299.  
**Oxes.** C. T., 22.  
  
**Pace, pass.** C. T., 148.  
**Paleis, palace.** C. T., 21.  
**Palmeres, pilgrims.** P. P., 91.  
**Palter.** J. C., II. i.  
**Paraventure, by chance, peradventure.** C. T., 26.  
**Parbreake, vomit.** F. Q., I. i. 20.  
**Parfitly, perfectly.** C. T., 91.  
**Parisshe, parish.** P. P., 161.  
**Parten, depart.** Mandeville, 10.  
**Peeren, appear.** P. P., 243.  
**Pees, peace.** Versions, 27; C. T., 53.  
**Penible, painstaking.** C. T., 94.  
**Peple, people.** P. P., 117; C. T., 5, 8, 45.  
**Perceable, pierceable.** F. Q., I. i. 7.  
**Perceyve, perceive.** Mandeville, 2.  
**Perfitely, perfectly.** Mandeville, 14.  
  
**Persaunt, piercing.** F. Q., I. x. 47.  
**Perswade, persuade.** F. Q., I. ix. 29.  
**Peyrefulle, wearing.** Mandeville, 12.  
**Pight, fixed, pitched.** F. Q., I. xi. 25, 43.  
**Pistell, epistle.** C. T., 157.  
**Pitee, pity.** C. T., 13.  
**Pitous, piteous, sorrowful.** C. T., 6.  
**Place.** Versions, 3.  
**Plaine, complain.** C. T., 83.  
**Pleiden, played.** P. P., 40.  
**Pleine, full.** C. T., 125.  
**Plese, please.** P. P., 60.  
**Plesance, satisfaction, pleasure.** C. T., 64, 129.  
**Pleyned, bewailed.** P. P., 166.  
**Plie, bend.** C. T., 159.  
**Plighen, pledge.** P. P., 92.  
**Plowghe, plough.** Mandeville, 11.  
**Points, appoints.** F. Q., I. ix. 41.  
**Poraille, poor.** P. P., 163.  
**Possed, pushed.** P. P., 302.  
**Pounces, claws.** F. Q., I. xi. 19.  
**Povere, poor.** P. P., 167.  
**Poyse, weight, force.** F. Q., I. xi. 54.  
**Pray, prey.** F. Q., I. xi. 9.  
**Preest, priest.** P. P., 161.  
**Prefe, proof.** C. T., 105.  
**Preie.** Versions, 16.  
**Preires, prayers.** P. P., 49.  
**Prestre John.** Mandeville, 9.  
**Prevent, anticipate.** J. C., II. i.  
**Prick, spur.** F. Q., I. i. 1.  
**Prikke, sting, goad, prick.** C. T., 141.  
**Preve, Preven, prove.** P. P., 76; Mandeville.  
**Proceeding, advancement.** J. C., II. ii.  
**Profre, proffer.** C. T., 114.  
**Psauterie, psalter.** Mandeville, 9.  
**Purway, provide.** C. T., 20.  
**Putten, put.** P. P., 39.  
**Pyned, wasted.** F. Q., I. x. 48.  
  
**Quicke, lively, alive.** J. C., I. ii.  
**Quites, repays.** F. Q., I. x. 15.  
**Quod, said.** P. P., 320; C. T., 13.  
  
**Raft, cut off, torn away.** F. Q., I. i. 24; ix. 26.



- Rageman.** P. P., 149.  
**Rancling, rankling.** F. Q., I. xi. 38  
**Rathe, early, soon.** Elaine, 339.  
**Ratons, rats.** P. P., 292.  
**Raught, reached.** P. P., 149; F. Q., I. ix. 51.  
**Ravin, prey.** F. Q., I. xi. 12.  
**Read, counsel, advise.** F. Q., I. i. 13.  
**Real, Really, royal, royally.** C. T., 31, 53.  
**Reasons, established modes, rules.** J. C., I. iii.  
**Reaume, realm.** P. P., 352.  
**Rebutted, thrust back.** F. Q., I. xi. 53.  
**Reccheles, reckless, indifferent.** C. T., 62.  
**Recured, recovered.** F. Q., I. x. 52.  
**Rede, counsel.** C. T., 86, 108. See *Read*.  
**Redi, Redy, ready.** Versions, 3; C. T., 2.  
**Redye, bring back.** Mandeville, 14.  
**Reed, discover.** F. Q., I. i. 21.  
**Reherced, rehearsed.** P. P., 366.  
**Relived, restored to life.** F. Q., I. ix. 52.  
**Render, throw back.** J. C., II. ii.  
**Renk, man.** P. P., 382.  
**Renne, run.** P. P., 332.  
**Renowmed, renowned.** F. Q., I. xi. 2.  
**Repeal, recall,** J. C., III. i.  
**Reprieft, reproof.** F. Q., I. ix. 29.  
**Repreve, reprove.** Mandeville, 15.  
**Resolve, show, explain, release from doubt.** J. C., III. i.: III. ii.  
**Resoun, reason.** Mandeville, 13.  
**Respect, repete, esteem.** J. C., I. ii.  
**Reste, rest.** P. P., 14.  
**Retrate, retreat.** F. Q., I. i. 13  
**Retyrd, drawn back.** F. Q., I. xi. 53.  
**Reule, rule.** C. T., 39.  
**Ribaldie, ribaldry.** P. P., 87.  
**Richesse, riches.** C. T., 127.  
**Right, adv. just** C. T., 1; Mandeville, 1.  
**Righte, adj. upright, erect.** Mandeville, 13.  
**Roberdes knaves.** P. P., 88.  
**Rombel, rumble, rumor.** C. T., 135.  
**Rote, root.** C. T., 1.  
**Rought, recked, cared.** C. T., 90.  
**Rout, company.** J. C., I. ii.  
**Route, irruption.** P. P., 291.  
**Routh, ruth, grief.** C. T., 73.  
**Ryt, ride.** P. P., 339.  
**Sad, constant, firm, set.** C. T., 24; F. Q., I. x. 7.  
**Sadness, constancy.** C. T., 57.  
**Saf, save.** Mandeville, 6.  
**Samite, a silk fabric.** Elaine, 437, 1140  
**Sauf, save.** C. T., 3.  
**Say, sees.** C. T., 88.  
**Scaur, cliff.** Elaine, 54.  
**Schal, shall.** Versions, 3.  
**Schapp, shape.** Mandeville.  
**Schewe, show.** Versions, 8  
**Schilde, shield.** C. T., 112.  
**Schuln, Schulle, shall.** Versions, 7.  
**Seare, scorching.** F. Q., I. xi. 13.  
**Segges, men.** P. P., 319.  
**Seid, said.** Versions, 2.  
**Seigh, saw.** P. P., 27, 99.  
**Seith, saith.**  
**Seld, Selde, Selden, seldom.** P. P., 40, C. T., 13.  
**Seles, seals.** P. P., 138.  
**Selles, cells.** P. P., 56.  
**Sely, good, happy, fortunate.** C. T., 127.  
**Serche, search.** Mandeville, 10.  
**Servauntz, servants.** P. P., 189.  
**Seson, seyson, season.** P. P., 1; Mandeville, 11.  
**Seweth, follow.** P. P., 90.  
**Sey, see.** C. T., 152.  
**Seye, say.** P. P., 103.  
**Seysons, seasons.** Mandeville, 11.  
**Sheep, a sheep, a shepherd.** P. P., 4.  
**Sherewe, shrew.** P. P., 391.  
**Shette, shut.** P. P., 210  
**Shewe, show.** P. P., 212. *Shewing*, Hooker, § 5.  
**Shieldes, scales.** F. Q., I. xi. 11.  
**Shilde, shield.** C. T., 112.  
**Sholde, should.** Versions, 7; P. P. 157.  
**Shonye, shun.** P. P., 347.  
**Shoop, shaped.** P. P., 3. The plu. is *shopen*. P. P., 113, 243.

- Shope, shaped.** C. T., 21, 121.  
**Shrewd.** J. C., II. i.  
**Shryve, shrive.** P. P., 128.  
**Shyre, a district, shire.** F. Q., I. xi. 14.  
**Sighte, sight.** P. P., 32.  
**Siked, sighed.** C. T., 70.  
**Sikely, sorrowfully.** C. T., 82.  
**Sikerly, certainly.** C. T., 19.  
**Silf, self.** Versions, 3.  
**Sin, since.** C. T., 42.  
**Sit, is suitable, becomes.** C. T., 57, 129.  
**Sithe, Sithen, Sithens, Sithence, time, since.** P. P., 127, 255; Mandeville, 16; C. T., 26; Hooker, 5, 6.  
**Slake, fail.** C. T., 12.  
**Sleth, slayeth.** C. T., 82.  
**Sleuthe, sloth.** P. P., 89.  
**Slombred, slumbered.** P. P., 19.  
**Smit, smites.** C. T., 10.  
**So.** Versions, 9.  
**Softe.** P. P., 2.  
**Somdel, somewhat, partly.** C. T., 137.  
**Somer, summer.** P. P., 1; F. Q., I. i. 7.  
**Somme, some.** P. P., 45.  
**Sonne, sun.** P. P., 2.  
**Sooth, truth.** P. P., 103; J. C., II. iv.  
**Sorwe, sorrow.** P. P., 389.  
**Sothfastnesse, truth.** C. T., 106.  
**Sothli Sothly, truly.** Versions, 7; C. T., 91.  
**Sotyle, subtle, subtle.** Mandeville, 2.  
**Speche.** P. P., 104.  
**Speke, speak.** Versions, 10.  
**Spill, spoil.** C. T., 64.  
**Spright, spirit.** F. Q., I. x. 47; R. L. i. 59.  
**Spurn.** J. C., II. i.  
**Stale, make vapid or insipid, or treat as such.** J. C., I. ii; IV. i.  
**Staves.** P. P., 106.  
**Stede, stead.** P. P., 191.  
**Stent, stinted.** C. T., 39.  
**Sterre, star.** Mandeville, 1.  
**Stint, be weary.** C. T., 93.  
**Stound, space of time.** C. T., 149; F. Q., I. xi. 36.  
**Streghte, strait, directly, exactly.** Mandeville, 7.  
**Stren, stock, lineage.** C. T., 15. *Strain* J. C., V. i.  
**Streyste, strictly.** P. P., 52.  
**Streyves, estrays.** P. P., 188.  
**Stroke, struck.** F. Q., I. i. 24.  
**Stye, rise.** A.-S. *stigun*, to ascend, to mount. F. Q., I. xi. 25.  
**Styward, steward.** P. P., 191.  
**Successe, result.** J. C., II. ii.  
**Suddeine, sudden.** F. Q., I. i. 6.  
**Sufficith, sufficeth.** Versions, 8.  
**Suffisance, sufficiency.** C. T., 101.  
**Suffisant, sufficient.** C. T., 130.  
**Suggetes, subjects.** C. T., 61.  
**Superficialitie, surface.** Mandeville, 10.  
**Suspecious, suspicious.** C. T., 70.  
**Sutor, suitor.** J. C., II. iii.  
**Swaged, assuaged.** S. A., 184.  
**Swevene, dream.** P. P., 22.  
**Sweyed, sounded.** P. P., 20.  
**Swich, pl. Swiche, such.** P. P., 64; C. T., 5.  
**Swinged, singed.** A.-S. *sencan*, to consume. F. Q., I. xi. 26.  
**Swink, labor, past. swonke.** P. P., 42.  
**Swough, stupor.** C. T., 150.  
**Swowne, swoon.** F. Q., I. ix. 52.  
**Swooded, swooned.** J. C. I. ii.  
**Swynke, labor.** P. P., 110.  
**Syde, side.** P. P., 16.  
**Table, picture.** F. Q., I. ix. 49.  
**Tag-ragge, rabble.** J. C., I. ii.  
**Take.** Versions, 3.  
**Talaunts, talons.** F. Q., I. xi. 41.  
**Teche, teach.** Versions, 26.  
**Teene, grievance, grief.** F. Q., I. ix. 34.  
**Tellen, tell, count.** P. P., 184.  
**Tempt, prove.** C. T., 57.  
**Than, then.** C. T., 6.  
**Thanne, than.** Versions, 12. *Then.* P. P., 21.  
**That.** Versions, 3; Mandeville 3.  
**The.** Versions, 2. **The--the.** P. P., 62; Mandeville, 14; S. A., 166.  
**Theigh, though.** P. P., 391.  
**Then, than.** F. Q., I. i. 13.  
**Thens, thence.** Mandeville, 11.

- Ther, there, where.** P. P., 34, 377; C. T., 1, 13, 14, 57.
- Therinne, therein** P. P., 30.
- Thewes, manners.** F. Q., I. x. 4. *Nerves*, J. C., I. i.
- Thidre, thither.** Mandeville, 10.
- Thilke, the same, the very.** Versions, 11; C. T., 21, 108.
- Thing.** Versions, 2.
- Thise, these.** P. P., 123; C. T., 41.
- Tho, those, they.** P. P., 88; Mandeville, 3, 16. *Then*, C. T., 70, 102; F. Q., I. i. 18.
- Thoghte, thought.** P. P., 12.
- Thonken, thank.** C. T., 19, 80.
- Thorpe, hamlet.** C. T., 21.
- Threswold, threshold.** C. T., 34.
- Thridde, third.** P. P., 242.
- Thrillant, piercing.** F. Q., I. xi. 20.
- Thoroughly, thoroughly.** F. Q., I. ix. 50.
- Throwe, a space of time.** C. T., 57.
- Thurgh, through.** C. T., 2, 12.
- Tillie, till.** P. P., 239.
- To, too.** Versions, 2.
- Toft, hill.** P. P., 27.
- Togidere, Togideres, together.** P. P., 92, 126.
- Tong, tongue.** P. P., 102; F. Q., I. ix. 31.
- To-race, tear to pieces.** C. T., 74.
- To-rent, rent.** C. T., 137.
- Tother, the other.** Mandeville, 3.
- Tour, tower.** P. P., 27; C. T., 1.
- Town.** C. T., 1.
- Transmewed, transformed.** C. T., 47.
- Travaille, labor.** P. P., 239.
- Treachour, deceiver, one who tricks.** F. Q., I. ix. 32.
- Trenchand, trenching, cutting.** F. Q., I. i. 17; I. xi. 24.
- Trepassable, that can be passed across, navigable.** Mandeville, 8.
- Tretee, treaty.** C. T., 40.
- Trieliche, truly, choicely, excellently.** P. P., 28.
- Trouble.** C. T., 59.
- Truly.** Versions, 12.
- Trusse, seize.** F. Q., I. xi. 19.
- Truthe.** Versions, 6.
- Tway, two.** C. T., 60.
- Tyme.** Versions, 9.
- Uncouth.** F. Q., I. i. 15; S. A., 333.
- Underne, dinner time.** C. T., 30.
- Un-devoutliche, undevoutly.** P. P., 195.
- Uneath, with difficulty.** F. Q., I. ix. 38. See *Unneth*.
- Uneath, beneath.** F. Q., I. xi. 4.
- Unmevable, immovable.** Mandeville, 1.
- Unneth, Unnethes, with difficulty.** C. T., 38; 47.
- Until.** F. Q., I. xi. 4.
- Upstart, started up.** F. Q., I. i. 16.
- Use, be wont.** J. C., I. ii.
- Vant-bras, covering for the arm.** S. A., 1121.
- Vele, veil.** F. Q., I. i. 4.
- Veray, very, true.** C. T., 101.
- Vertue, virtue.** F. Q., I. i. 12; Hooker.
- Vewen, view.** F. Q., I. i. 23.
- Vitaille, food.** C. T., 1.
- Vouchesauf, vouchsafe.** C. T., 36.
- Wardes, guards, keepers.** P. P., 187.
- Ward-mote, ward-meeting.** P. P., 187.
- Wastours, wasters.** P. P., 43.
- Watres, waters.** P. P., 18.
- Wedden, wed.** C. T., 4.
- Weed, clothing.** C. T., 116.
- Weere, were.** P. P., 4.
- Weet, know.** F. Q., I. ix. 23. See *Witen*.
- Weie.** See *Wey*.
- Wele, weal.** C. T., 60.
- Welke, decline, sink.** F. Q., I. i. 23.
- Wenches, young women.** P. P., 108.
- Wened. Wend, weened, thought.** C. T., 55, 91, 107.
- Wente.** P. P., 7.
- Werchyng, working.** P. P., 37.
- Werkis, Werkes, works.** Versions, 10; P. P., 6.
- Wery, weary, wearily.** P. P., 13.
- Wex, waxed.** C. T., 38.
- Wey, and Weie, way.** Versions, 4; P. P., 95.

- Weyves**, *waifs*. P. P., 188.  
**Whanne**, **Whan**, *when*. P. P., 2.  
**Where**, adv. Versions, 3.  
**Where**, *whether*. J. C., I. i.; V. ii.  
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